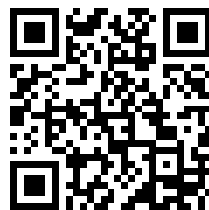
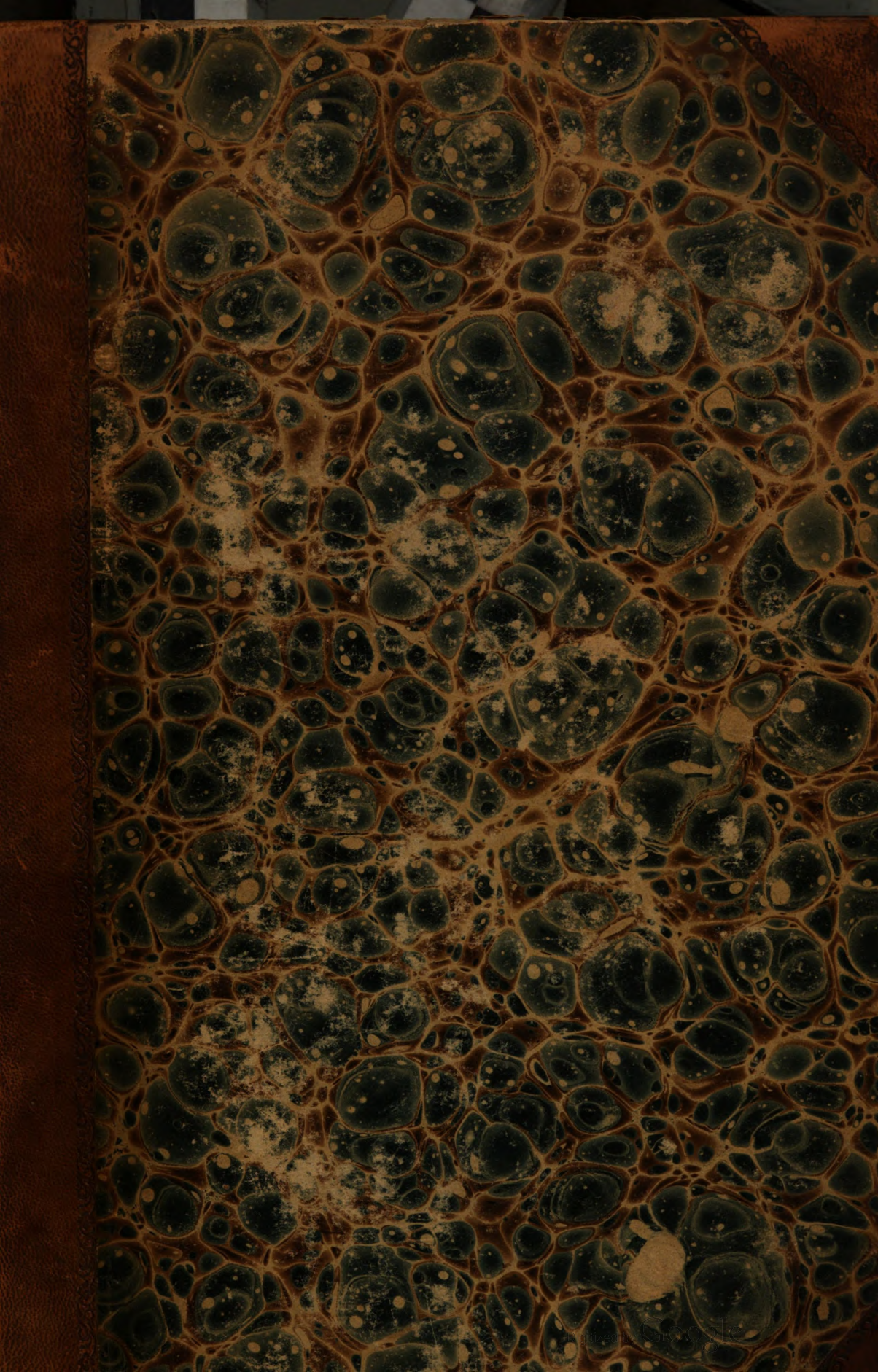

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THE
LADIES' COMPANION,

A MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

EMBRACING
EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,
— EMBELLISHED WITH —
ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XIII.

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

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1840.

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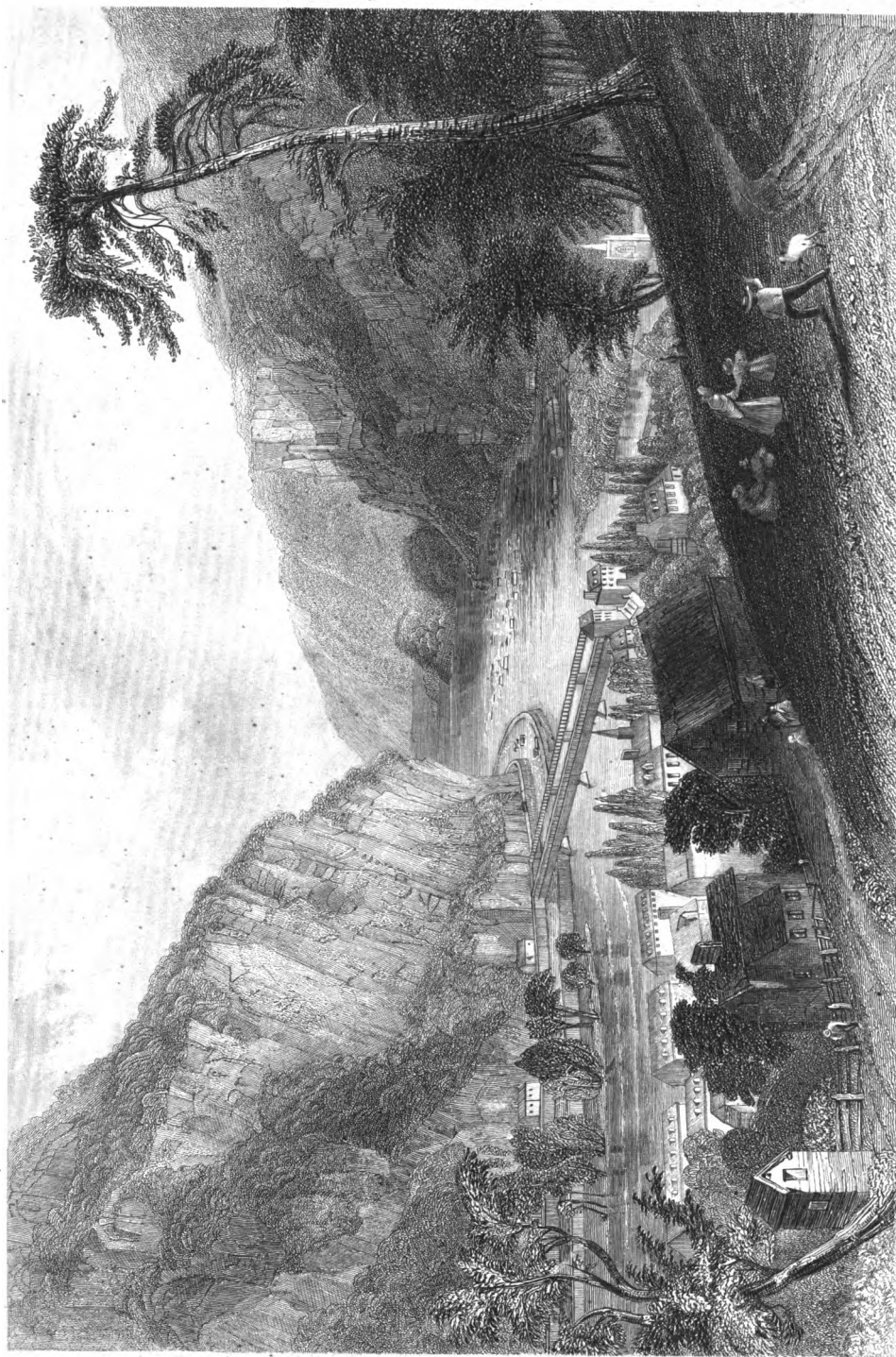
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THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER
(From the Putnam side)

Original for the Father Companion

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

MAY, 1848.

HARPER'S FERRY.

HARPER'S FERRY is situated on the Potomac River, near its junction with the Shenandoah, and between the counties of Jefferson in Virginia, and Frederick in Maryland, sixty-five miles W. N. W. from the city of Washington. It is noticeable as being connected with some historic recollections, but chiefly as being the location of a United States manufactory of arms, and for its remarkably grand and striking scenery. It is in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry that the Potomac crosses the first great range through the Blue Ridge. "This is, perhaps," says Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, "one of the most sublime scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountains a hundred miles, to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the absence of their junction, they rush together against the resistance, and pass off together. The front glasses of this scene harrow our senses, and the opinion that the mountains were formed first—time the river began to flow afterwards—that in this place, particularly, they have been disjoined up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continued to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have now the ocean down from its summit to its base. The sides of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, which bear the evident marks of their disruption and confusion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, contribute to the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very delicate character. It is a fine contrast to the foreground. It is plain and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being almost round, she presents to your eye through the sky, a smooth arch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, leaving you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate in the calm below. Here the eye distinctly composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along the side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrific precipices hanging in fragments over you. This scene is worth a stage across the Atlantic."

The point of view in our picture is, fortunately, probably not far from the point of view as that assumed by Mr. Jefferson; and the reader can readily apply his animated description to the scene as given in our picture. Still farther to enhance the beauty of the scene, on the north side, after the meeting of the two rivers, an impetuous torrent dashes against a forest of rocks, that have tumbled from the mountain's precipices; and, immediately below, the waters flow in unbroken calmness, forming an impressive contrast.

VOL. XIII.—I

The manufactory is situated at this place. The first building was erected in 1796, and now comprises two hundred and thirty acres. Eight large iron buildings are devoted to the manufactory, six on the Potomac side, and two on the Shenandoah, two miles distant. Two brick structures, likewise, are devoted to the purposes of an arsenal. The population of the village is a thousand.

It is an interesting incident connected with the history of Harper's Ferry, that it was at this place in 1846, that Washington first met the lady who was to be his wife.

Original.

KORNER'S BATTLE-PRAYER.

BY HENRI DAWES.

FATHER, I call to thee!

Wrapt in the battle-cloud's bellying fold,
Midst volleying lightnings that hurry around,
Leader of hosts I call upon thee,
Father, direct thou me!

Father, direct thou me!

Lead me to victory, lead me to death!
Lord, I acknowledge thy sovereign breath;
Lord, as thou guidest—so lead thou me,
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!

Midst the rush of the host, when the autumn winds blow,
Alike in the thunder of battle, I know
The fountain of grace, and I call upon thee:
Oh, Father, bless thou me!

Oh, Father, bless thou me!

My soul I commend to thy guardian sway;
'Tis thou, for thou gav'st and can'st take it away;
In life or in death, pour thy grace on me!
Father, I follow thee!

Father, I follow thee!

We fight not for conquest, we fight not for gain;
Our swords are laid bare for the right, are our sinners.
Thus falling and triumphing, praise be to thee,
God, I submit to thee!

God, I submit to thee!

When the thunder of war hushes my spirit in death,
And my veins leave my life-blood away with my breath,
My God, still acknowledge, I bow me to thee—
Father, I call to thee!

* From the German.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1840.

HARPER'S FERRY.

HARPER'S FERRY is situated on the Potomac River, near its junction with the Shenandoah, and between the counties of Jefferson in Virginia, and Frederick in Maryland, sixty-five miles W. N. W. from the city of Washington. It is noticeable as being connected with some historic recollections, but chiefly as being the location of a United States' manufactory of arms, and for its remarkably grand and striking scenery. It is in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry that the Potomac forces its turbulent passage through the Blue Ridge. "This is, perhaps," says Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, "one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles, to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off together. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that the mountains were formed first—that the rivers began to flow afterwards—that in this place, particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, which bear the evident marks of their disruption and convulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate in the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

The point of sight in our picture is, fortunately, probably the same, or nearly so, as that assumed by Mr. Jefferson; and the reader can readily apply his animated description to the view as given in our picture. Still farther to enhance the interest of the scene, on the north side, after the junction of the two rivers, an impetuous torrent dashes and foams over a bed of rocks, that have tumbled from the overhanging precipices; and, immediately below, the waters flow in unbroken calmness, forming an impressive contrast.

VOL. XIII.—1

The manufactory of arms at this place, was founded in 1798, and now employs two hundred and sixty workmen. Eight large brick buildings are devoted to the manufacture, six on the Potomac side, and two on the Shenandoah, two miles distant. Two brick structures, likewise, are devoted to the purposes of an arsenal. The population of the village is a thousand.

It is an interesting incident connected with the history of Harper's Ferry, that it was in crossing at this place, that Washington first met the lady afterwards his wife.

Original.

KORNER'S BATTLE-PRAYER.*

BY RUFUS DAWES.

FATHER, I call to thee!

Wrapt in the battle-cloud's bellowing sound,
Midst volleying lightnings that hurtle around,
Leader of battles I call upon thee,
Father, direct thou me!

Father, direct thou me!

Lead me to victory, lead me to death!
Lord, I acknowledge thy sovereign breath;
Lord, as thou guidest—so lead thou me,
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!

Midst the rush of the leaves, when the autumn winds blow,
Alike in the thunder of battle, I know
The fountain of grace, and I call upon thee;
Oh, Father, bless thou me!

Oh, Father, bless thou me!

My soul I commend to thy guardian sway;
'Tis thine, for thou gav'st and can'st take it away;
In life or in death, pour thy spirit on me;
Father, I hallow thee!

Father, I hallow thee!

We fight not for conquest, we fight not for gain;
Our swords are laid bare for the rights we maintain,
Thus falling and triumphing, praise be to thee,
God, I submit to thee!

God, I submit to thee!

When the thunder of war bows my spirit in death,
And my veins force my life-blood away with my breath,
My God, still submissive, I bow me to thee—
Father, I call to thee!

* From the German.

Original.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

I CHANCED to be at Vienna on business, which having successfully accomplished, I resolved to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing the lions, and enjoying the pleasures of the imperial city. Who knows, thought I, if I shall ever again visit Vienna?

I went much into company; I was admitted into domestic circles. The mothers received me very graciously, and I was smiled upon likewise, by the young ladies; being known to be a bachelor, and belonging to a respectable house. I was reported as the rich banker, and addressed universally as Herr *von* Walter.

I had never yet thought of marriage, and fluttered, fancy-free, from one beauty to another. I drank delight from the eyes of all, but knew not what it was to love.

"Mademoiselle de Tarnau is expected also," was the remark I heard one evening at an assembly, from an elderly lady near me, to her youthful neighbor.

"She is a lovely girl," replied the person addressed; "nay—she might be called even beautiful, if she had not that terrible defect."

"Ah!" said the elder lady—"you mean the mole, which she has on the lower part of her neck! They say it resembles a mouse."

"A mouse? Pardon me, dear lady, but if it were nothing worse, she would not find it necessary to muffle herself so up to the chin. No—no! 'tis a camel with two ears, a long neck, and four feet."

"You are quite mistaken," observed a third lady, who joined in the conversation; "I know all about it. It is a mole simply, but of monstrous size. The whole bosom is dark brown, of the color of coffee; and up to the neck, only imagine! quite up to the neck is covered with fine white hair!"

"How shocking!" exclaimed the elder lady.

"Oh, yes!" said one of the younger ones; "if such a misfortune had happened to me"—and she gleamed at her own lovely bust, shielded by thin gauze, like snow by a tender mist, "I am sure I could not survive it!"

Here others took part in the discourse, each confirming what I had heard, and all expressing the utmost pity for Mademoiselle de Tarnau. At length the door opened and the young lady entered, accompanied by her aunt. Even had not my attention been drawn to her by the strange history to which I had been listening—I should have been struck, at first sight, by her extraordinary beauty and grace. Suffice to say—she attracted universal admiration; but it seemed that all looked upon her with a sort of compassion. Her neck was covered; and that circumstance served to remind every one of the mouse, or of the camel. "How could nature be so cruel," was every man's thought—"thus frightfully to disfigure her most charming creation?" And, I deny it not, it was my thought likewise.

That evening the fairest neck unveiled its charms in vain for me; my thoughts dwelt on the deformity of the lovely maiden, my eyes strove to penetrate through

the folds of the envious cambric; I stood near her, I hardly removed my gaze from her person. The dance began. Many fair ones stood up with their partners; the lovely Tarnau was not asked. I claimed her hand; she gave it with winning grace; and we were partners for the rest of the evening.

How light and airy were her movements, like one of Titania's fairies! And then her smiles—her bright glances, her words, so full of inexpressible grace. Ah—shame on nature—thus, in cruel caprice, to spoil her choicest work!

It was late when I went home. I was completely charmed. She was so gentle, so cheerful—so frank and unaffected! Surely she knew not that I—that every one, was acquainted with her misfortune. The better for her, I was not enthusiastic enough to fall in love upon the spot, though well she deserved it. But I confessed that no woman had ever pleased me so well. My heart was moved by a deep sympathy—such an angel well merited sympathy!

My impressions would probably have worn off very soon, but the next day on returning from a walk, and ascending the steps of my hotel, I met, unexpectedly, Mademoiselle de Tarnau, with her aunt. As a matter of course we exchanged compliments; and surprise was expressed on both sides, on learning that we resided beneath the same roof. I was rejoiced to hear of it, and begged permission to visit the ladies occasionally in their parlor. I could not help observing, as I glanced at the young lady—that her neck and shoulders were completely concealed beneath the folds of a large shawl, carefully pinned under her chin. But the face was heavenly fair!

They went on down the steps; I hastened up to my chamber, and to the window, to catch a glimpse of her receding figure. They stepped into a carriage and drove off. I sighed, with mingled feelings of admiration and compassion.

It may readily be conceived that I availed myself of the permission I had received, and visited the ladies from time to time. They were, like myself, strangers in Vienna; I accompanied them to the theatre, and other places of amusement. The better I knew the fair Josephine, so her aunt called her—the more charming qualities I discovered in her. She was more perfectly feminine than any woman I had ever beheld—alas! nothing is perfect in this world!

As we met daily, there was daily less and less formality between us. I felt, at last, as if I belonged wholly to them. The aunt treated me with that confidence which a traveller so willingly bestows on a worthy fellow traveller. But in Josephine's manner I flattered myself I could discover the dawn of real friendship. If it happened that I was prevented, by business, from being with them at the appointed hour, I had to listen to gentle reproaches, and not unfrequently the fair girl would fix her eyes upon me long in silence, and abstractedly, as if she would look into my heart, then suddenly recover herself, after asking some question not exactly to the point. After this I suffered no business to interfere with my visits, but was punctual to the stroke of the bell.

My happiness lasted not long. A letter came to me

from home; my good father was ill from a stroke of apoplexy—he had inquired for me. I had no time to lose, if I wished to embrace him again in this world.

The letter came in the morning; in half an hour I was ready—the stage coach at the hotel door. The servant announced that all was adjusted; I went down in a dream—half frantic with anxiety and sorrow, and about to part without an adieu from my friends. I was just stepping into the coach, when a voice from above called to me—

“Where are you going?”

It was the sweet voice of Josephine. I looked up; she leaned from the window, and repeated her question. I recollected myself; I hastened back into the hotel, and up-stairs; common courtesy, as well as friendship, required this of me. I knocked softly; the door opened. Josephine, in a simple morning dress, came to meet me; but started suddenly back with surprise and fright.

“Heavens!” exclaimed she, “what is the matter? What has happened? you are pale and disordered!”

In the emotion with which she spoke, and while she stretched forth her hand to meet mine, the cashmere shawl, she had thrown lightly over her shoulders, parted, and revealed to my sight what caused me, for the instant, to forget my journey, and its cause. I had eyes only for the secret of that veiled bosom. Think what was my astonishment! The lovely neck was bared, white as the driven snow, save the brown mole, which lay on the swelling alabaster of her breast. But it was neither mouse nor camel, but a dark brown spot, of the size and exact shape of a *bean*.

I gave but one glance, for the fair girl, blushing, quickly drew her shawl around her. I could not speak, but stood, overpowered with various emotions, like a statue before her.

“For Heaven’s sake!” cried the aunt, “tell us, what has happened? Has any misfortune befallen you?”

“My father has had a stroke of apoplexy,” I answered, “he is at the point of death—I must leave you!”

It was all I could utter. I kissed the ladies’ hands, and took leave. Josephine held my hand a little—a very little moment, clasped in hers. I thought her cheek grew pale, and her eyes suffused. Perhaps it was not so—for I saw nothing clearly; all swam like shadows, before my sight.

Once in the coach, I forgot all but my father’s illness. I travelled day and night; I was in a fever of dread. That journey was terrible. Only in fleeting dreams, during my snatches of slumber, had I moment’s peace. When the carriage stopped before my paternal residence, my relations came out to meet me, in the apparel of mourning. All was over. My father’s remains were already committed to the earth.

I will not here attempt to paint my grief. I loved my father, with all his caprices, with true filial tenderness. The shock I experienced, and the agitation of my journey threw me into a violent fever. I forgot every thing. For three months I lay on a bed of sickness. As I slowly recovered, and the past gradually came to my recollection, like objects through dissolving mists, I was as cold and calm as if nothing had ever happened to disturb my equanimity.

By reason of my father’s sudden death and my long illness, the business of our house had become greatly embarrassed. This was fortunate for me, as occupation saved me from painful reflection. In time, all was established as before; I was at the head of my house. And soon as the mourning was laid aside—came cousins and aunts with their matrimonial schemes. I interfered not in their plans, nor troubled myself much with their advice or exertions. Neither aunt, cousin, nor any pledged advocate of Hymen, could do so much as one pretty maiden at the right time. In our whole town there was no pretty maiden—nay, that is a calumny—it was the *right time* that was wanting!

I now recurred to the past. I felt alone; felt that I needed something to make me happy. My house, since my father’s death, had become a desert. Yet among all the young ladies of my acquaintance, I could not select one with whom I should have been willing to share my solitude. I know not how it happened, but only like a long forgotten history did my visit to Vienna, and my acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Tarnau, rise to my remembrance. I was in my chamber, as good luck would have it. I sprang from the sofa in the ecstasy of my spirit; I stretched out my arms, as if to clasp her fair form—and uttered her name, with mixed feelings of sorrow and delight—of despondency and ardent love. That was the right time—the magic hour. Josephine was fair enough in herself; but my fancy invested her with unearthly charms. Do not laugh, when you learn, that though I had gone to bed in perfect sobriety, I was deeply in love the next morning.

My home seemed desolate to me. Every where I sought and seemed to see my beloved. I pictured her as my wife, now occupied in some household work, on the window-seat: now at the piano, while I listened behind her; now breakfasting with me at the little round table. All her unspeakable grace, her looks, her smiles, her bird-like voice, came back to me with increased power. I was overcome by turns with different feelings; now I floated in rapture and exulted in dreams of bliss; now I wept at the thought that Josephine might be lost to me. My condition became intolerable. I arranged my business, hired post-horses and proceeded forthwith to Vienna.

Now and then sober thoughts dissipated my fancies—What may not have happened, thought I, in sixteen months? Perhaps she loves another. Perhaps she is married. She is not, besides, entirely at liberty; she is young, has parents and relations, who may have their own views; again, she is of noble descent. Then I thought of the friendship that had begun between us; I consoled myself with the remembrance of her pale cheek, of her tearful eyes, of the involuntary pressure of her hand at our last adieu. I was fain to draw the inference that I was not indifferent to her; for I strove against despair. Better death—I thought, than life without her; better delirium and bliss, than sober sense and misery!

With such feelings I came once more to Vienna. My search through the city, I have already described to you. Mademoiselle de Tarnau was nowhere to be found. The hotel was kept by another landlord; I could gain from

him no information, nor from any of my acquaintances. Nor was I more successful with letters to Augsburg.

I was now in despair—and bitterly accused myself. Was it not my fault, that I had been so unpardonably negligent, during my first visit to Vienna, as not to inform myself of her family and place of residence? I dreamed not then, indeed, that I should be so deeply in love sixteen months afterwards.

It but added to my love and my sorrow to see her apartments—where I now took up my quarters. There was the same furniture; the same chair on which she had sat; the same table at which she had written. All the past rose so vividly before me, that I sometimes would start from my seat at a slight rustling—and look for herself or aunt to enter at the door of the little bed chamber. I sought over the rooms for some memorial of her; twenty times examined the walls, from the ceiling to the floor, in hopes of finding her name, perhaps that of her country, among the records of other travellers. But in vain! Yet, strange enough! the first day I occupied the apartments, I found in the drawer of the writing table—laugh not! a small shining brown *bean*. It was to me a sacred symbol, and found in Josephine's chamber! As I had now nearly given up the hope of finding my lovely girl, I took the bean, carried it to a jeweller, and had it set in gold, to wear constantly on my breast, as a memorial of the most charming of her sex—and my tragio romance.

I returned like a widower to my native city. I thought all young ladies intolerable; I buried myself in business; I shunned society. Josephine's image swept before me continually, like the vision of an angel, and I cherished the bean I wore on my breast, as sacredly, as if I had received the jewel from her own hand. The unhappy must be allowed his dreams! I persuaded myself at length that my fair one had intentionally placed the bean in the drawer. After all—fancy is as good as philosophy—if it can only make a man happy!

My friends thought I was growing melancholy and ill. Cousins and aunts presented me with invitations, solicitations and diversions; physicians were sent to me. I would have nothing to do with any of them. But to be rid of my tormentors, and show them that I was like other people—I once or twice in the week went into company, at the houses of my friends. One evening, I accepted the invitation of Counsellor Hildebrand. That was the crisis in my life.

I arrived late; business having detained me. A gentleman in company was introduced to me as a lieutenant Colonel in the Russian service, who had lately purchased a country seat in the vicinity of our town. I saluted him with distant civility, and took my seat. The conversation was lively, but I had no inclination to take part in it.

The Russian Colonel drew my attention. He was a tall, powerful man, of very commanding appearance, apparently upwards of sixty—but full of the fire of youth. He had a few scars and seams on his forehead and cheeks; and wore the badge of an order in his button hole. His voice was deep and stern; his whole exterior proclaimed the commanding officer. The discourse was now of Persia, now of Moldavia; the colonel had been in cam-

paigns there, and he was eagerly listened to—for he narrated well.

After supper, punch was sent round the table, and the conversation became more earnest and lively. The old officer told us of one of his battles—and how he was wounded in the breast, had fallen from his horse, and been taken prisoner by the Turks. In the warmth of his relation he tore open his vest to show us the scar; and it was observed that on the silken lace he wore a small gold breast pin. He himself took it off—and said, “the rascals robbed me of every thing: but this—the most precious of my treasures—I saved.” All supposed, of course, that it was a diamond of rare size, or a pearl of extraordinary value, an eastern jewel. “No indeed!” cried the colonel—“it is none of these;—it is only a *bean*!”

“A *bean*?” exclaimed all the company.

I know not whether the blood rushed into my face, or curdled at my heart; but I could scarcely master my emotion. “How comes he,” thought I “by a bean, set in gold, and worn like mine, in his bosom?” I would fain have asked him, but I was stupified, and could not utter a syllable. I swallowed eagerly a glass of punch to gain strength for the great question. But it was already on the lips of all present.

“I will tell you,” said the old officer, as he filled his pipe. “I fear only that the story will not have much interest for you. Your pipes, gentlemen!

“I was a cadet in my fifteenth year, a lieutenant in my twentieth;” continued he. “At five and twenty I was far more—as a man is, when in love. *That* I was.

“Our Colonel had a daughter, the loveliest and most accomplished girl in the whole kingdom, and I had a heart, as well as two eyes. The young Countess Von Obendorf—I preferred to call her by her Christian name, Sophie—for I was, *nota bene*! no Count! Sophie was sixteen years old. You may imagine the feelings likely to grow up between a youth of twenty-five, and a girl of sixteen; they were natural; but the old Colonel, who had the eye of a hawk for affairs of the regiment, saw nothing of them. He liked me much; treated me as a son, for he had known my parents, who were dead. I would have given the world to become really his son, but that was not to be hoped for. He was Colonel—I Lieutenant; he was a Count—I a Commoner; he was wealthy—I, poor as possible.

“The Countess Sophie placed not half so much stress upon title, property and dignity, as the old soldier, her father. I observed that her manner to me was more friendly than to any of the other officers; that she preferred my society; that in summer she accompanied me most willingly in garden walks, and in winter, chose me as her companion in sleighing excursions. I could not indeed infer thence that she loved me; but I knew too well, that I loved, adored, idolized her. Often I wished to fall at her feet and avow my passion, but, Heaven knows, I have since, I know not how many times, met the enemy's charge at the head of my regiment, with more courage than I could take one step towards the lovely Sophie. But I will not tire you by a history of my internal struggles.

“One evening I had to carry a report to my lord the

Colonel. He was not at home; that was no great misfortune, for the Countess Sophie sat alone in the parlor, and I was permitted to await the return of her father.

"I was strangely embarrassed. When we met in large companies, we could chat and talk endlessly; but here, alone, we knew not what to say to each other. I know not, gentlemen, if it has ever thus happened to any of you.

"Before the young Countess stood a table; and on the table, between the wax candles, a draught-board. There were also white and dark-colored beans, with which to play the game. At a pause—by no means a tedious one, however, in our conversation, the Countess invited me to play. She gave me the dark beans, and took the white, preferring the color of innocence. We played at merils; her mill was constantly full. This gave occasion for a little contention; and I was glad to dispute with her, for, in our wrangling, I could say much I would never have dared to say in quiet conversation.

"Our embarrassment was removed; we chatted freely as in the midst of company. Sophie had wit and spirit; she laughed, bantered me, and provoked me to repartee. In sport, I took up one of my brown beans, and threw it at her with a roguish laugh. My missive threatened her nose, but throwing back her pretty head, she avoided it, and it fell—ah, me! through the folds of her handkerchief into her bosom. How fortunate it was not an arrow!

"I was frightened, and felt my cheeks glow. Sophie also became crimson, and looked gravely on the floor. It was no time for jest. She was silent—I could not speak. I feared she was angry with me; I glanced slyly at her; she returned me a very grave look: I could bear no more. I started up; I fell on my knees before her, pressed her hand to my lips, and besought forgiveness. She answered not a syllable, but she suffered me to retain her hand.

'Oh, Countess—oh, dearest Sophie,' I cried, 'be not offended with me! I should die if I lost your esteem. I live only for you—only through you. Life is worthless without you. You are my soul—my heaven—my all.'

"The rest is soon told. I spoke with tears in my eyes, and she wept while she listened. I implored an answer from her, yet allowed her no time to answer. And, nota bene! my lord the Colonel stood three steps distant from us in the apartment, having entered without being heard or seen, either by Sophie or myself. He must have glided in like a ghost. Heaven rest his soul! he is now in Paradise.

"His terrible voice startled us like a burst oft hunder, as he poured forth upon us a whole volley of regiment oaths. I sprang up and stood before him; Sophie lost not her presence of mind. We attempted to pacify him, but he would not suffer us to speak.

'Silence!' cried he, with as stern an emphasis as if he had stood between two regiments of cavalry, instead of two trembling culprits. 'You, Sophie, leave here to-morrow morning. You, Mr. Lieutenant, apply for your dismissal, and quit the Province immediately; you stay at the peril of your life!'

"With that he turned him round, and strode from the chamber. I confess I thought it strange that he should allow us even another minute's conversation; but so it was. The young Countess stood in the middle of the room, her head sunk on her bosom, her hands clasped and hanging down, like a statue.

'Sophie!' I exclaimed, and hastening to her, clasped her in my arms, and pressed her passionately to my heart; 'Sophie! I lose you for ever!'

'No!' she replied, with firmness; 'not for ever. So long as I breathe, your image will live in my heart.' And this she said in a tone that pierced my very soul.

'Am I dear to you, Sophie?' I softly asked; and my lips pressed her rosy mouth. She said not yes—nor no—but returned my caress; I felt, at that moment, as if one of the seraphim. Her sobs recalled me to consciousness. 'Sophie!' I cried again, sinking at her feet, 'hear me swear to belong to *you* alone, as long as I breathe, and wherever fate may send me!'

There was a death-like silence; our souls joined in the vow. Suddenly some thing dropped from the folds of her kerchief to the ground. It was the unfortunate *bean*—the occasion of all our sorrow. I took it, arose, and held it towards Sophie, saying, 'This is the work of Providence. I will keep it as a memorial of this evening.'

The lovely girl threw herself into my arms; her eyes shone through her tears. "Yes, it is a Providence!" she whispered, and disengaging herself from my embrace, she left the room.

"Early the next morning she set out on her journey. The Colonel treated me at the parade with contemptuous coolness. I obtained my dismissal, and went away—whither, it was matter of indifference to me. Some friends gave me letters to Petersburg, and provided me with sufficient to bear my expenses. I went to the rude north. Sophie, I felt, was lost to me; I had nothing more of her than sad remembrance—and the fateful *bean*. This I had set in gold at Konningsberg, and have now worn it for two and forty years.

"I soon obtained a higher post. I cared not for life, so easily earned the reputation of bravery. I fought in Asia and Europe, and gained much spoil and honor, and many dignities—whatever was most pleasing to a soldier. At the end of twenty odd years I was a colonel. I had grown old; the history of my youth was as a forgotten tale. Yet I still cherished the *bean*. When taken prisoner at the battle of Kinburn, by the Janizaries—that was a hot day—and the Prince of Massau made good his cause! they plundered me of every thing—but discovered not my sacred relic. I was near dying; exhausted by wounds, and dragged about two days by the Infidels. But, pursued by our cavalry, they at length left me half dead on the field, where my people found me. I went to Lazareth, and, in order fully to re-establish myself, had to return, at the head of my transports, to Moscow. Quiet recovered me. Life began again to have charms for me. After twenty year's service, and so many honorable wounds, I could reasonably hope for an honorable dismissal. I received it, with a pension. But I was restless. Moscow is a fair city—but rather

tedious to one who has no mercantile business. Petersburg is pleasant, also, but all her magnificence could not cause me to forget the town where I had been in the garrison twenty-five years before, with Colonel Von Obendorf—and Sophie. I longed to revisit that town, and to behold once more, if possible, the beloved of my youth, who, if living, was now, perhaps, a grandmother. How full of vicissitudes is life, thought I.

"My passport came at length, and I revisited the scene of my former pleasures and suffering. When my eyes fell on the dark cupolas with gilded domes, rising from the midst of gardens and fruit-trees, how my heart beat! I thought upon Sophie, and that her grave might be near one of those churches.

"I had then no acquaintances in the town. A quarter of a century is a long while! The regiment to which I once belonged, was no longer here. The Colonel had been dead for many years; his daughter, it was said, had retired to her estate, not far from Brunn. None could tell me if she yet lived.

"I will go there! I mentally resolved. If she is dead I will visit her grave, take thence a bit of earth, have it set in gold, and wear it instead of the bean!

"In Brunn I learned, with a mixture of joy and dread, that she was yet living on her beautiful estate, five hours' journey from the city, and that she yet bore the name of the Countess Von Obendorf.

"I went thither. I was directed to a charming country seat—the mansion surrounded by tasteful gardens. I trembled in approaching it, as I had never done before the enemy.

"I alighted from the carriage. Already I beheld her as I saw her last, full of heavenly grace and loveliness. Does she love me still? thought I, as, with unsteady steps, I crossed the garden. Under a blooming acacia-tree before the door, sat two elderly ladies, with two younger ones. But I saw not Sophie. They were reading.

"I begged pardon for disturbing them, for they seemed surprised at my sudden appearance. 'Whom do you seek?' asked one of the elder ladies.

'Can I have the honor of paying my respects to the Countess Sophie Von Obendorf?' I asked.

'I am the Countess'—to my utter astonishment, replied the lady, whom I judged to be at least forty. My head reeled.

'Will you permit me to sit down?—I—I—am not well,' I faltered, and seated myself without waiting for an answer. What a change! Whither was fled the bright bloom of her beauty? I recollected myself; I thought of the fatal quarter of a century. It was Sophie; yes—but the faded Sophie.

'With whom have I the honor to speak?' asked she at length.

"Ah! even she did not recognize me! I did not wish to make a scene before the other ladies, and therefore begged for a moment's private interview. The Countess led the way into the house, and into a room on the left hand. The first object that met my eyes, was a large oil painting—a portrait of her father. It was long before I could find words to speak, for my heart was full. I stood looking at the Colonel's picture, till my sight

was dimmed with tears. 'Yes, old man!' I murmured, faintly, 'look now upon your Sophie! Oh, you dealt not well with us!'

"The Countess stood near me, much embarrassed, and seemed apprehensive at my strange demeanor. I could not collect myself sufficiently to let her know who I was; grief had overmastered me.

'You are not well, sir,' said she, and looked anxiously toward the door.

'Oh, perfectly well,' I sighed. 'Do you not know me?'

"She looked at me more earnestly, then gently shook her head. I then took the breast-pin from my bosom, knelt before her, and said, 'Sophie, do you remember this bean, which caused our separation five and twenty years ago? I have treasured it faithfully. Sophie, you then said it was a Providence. Yes, it was so.'

'Great Heavens!' she exclaimed in a feeble voice, and sinking back upon the sofa, strove to cover her pale face, but had not strength to do so. She had recognized me. She loved me still.

"I called for help, and the other ladies came in, not a little surprised to find their friend in a swoon, and a strange officer, in tears, kneeling beside her. But before they could bring water and cordials to restore her, the Countess had come to herself. She rubbed her eyes like one in a dream; then burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed violently, till uttering my name, she threw her arms round my neck, and wept upon my bosom. It was a moment in which angels might have wept over us.

"I became the guest of the Countess, for we thought not of another parting. How much had we to relate—how truly had we loved! There was none now to divide us. Sophie gave me her hand in marriage; it was somewhat late, and yet not too late. Our hearts were united with youthful ardor.

"My story, or rather the story of the bean, is near an end—but not quite. I must tell you that the daughter my Sophie presented me with in due time, was marked with a mole on the breast, exactly the shape of a bean. Strange freak of nature! But the girl is only so much the dearer to me."

Such was the Colonel's story. I heard no more; all seemed to spin around me; there was a rushing, as of waters, in my ears. I only caught, once or twice, in the discourse, the name of *Josephine*. The Colonel's carriage was announced.

"You must not leave us to-night!" said our host.

"Oh, yes!" replied the old man, "it is a lovely night, and we have a fine moon."

My carriage was announced. I rose, went to the Colonel, took him by the hand, and said, "Your name is Von Tarnau?" He bowed an affirmative. "I beseech you," I continued, "go home with me to-night. You must not return to your own residence. I have something of importance to say to you." I spoke so earnestly, and trembled so violently, that the old man knew not what to make of me. He was resolved to leave us. I was in despair. "Come, then," I cried, and drawing

him apart a few paces, I showed him the talisman I wore in my bosom. "Look! 'tis not merely the sport of nature—the sport of destiny. I also wear a *bean*!"

The old man opened his eyes in astonishment; he examined my treasure, shook his head and said, "With such a talisman you might conjure up my spirit after death. I will remain and go with you." He went with the counsellor to dismiss his carriage. On the way he took occasion to make sundry inquiries about me. The counsellor was kind enough to say only what was good and agreeable of me. I remarked that he was more cordial in manner to me than before. He handed me a glass of punch and said, "Here's to the beans!" As we drank, my courage and hope returned.

"So—your name is Her Von Walter?" asked he, after a while.

"Walter, simply."

"And you were in Vienna a year or so ago?"

"I was," I answered, and it seemed that a fire pervaded my whole frame.

"So, so," he observed. "My sister-in-law told me much of you. You were at the hotel with them. You paid much attention to the good ladies—for which they shall thank you with their own lips."

The conversation now became general, till the company broke up. The Colonel went with me to my house. I conducted him to the chamber appointed for him. "Well!" he said, "I have followed you obediently. What have you of importance to say to me?"

"I began to tell him of my visit to Vienna—of the aunt—of Josephine; but he interrupted me with—"I know all that! But what the mischief has it all to do with the bean you showed me?"

I then began a general confession. He still exclaimed, "all that I know—but the bean—the *bean*!"

I told him of my second journey to Vienna. He burst into a laugh, and cordially embraced me. "No more! to-morrow we will speak more of the matter. You understand—I have *nothing* to do with it. What would you have of *me*? To-morrow you must go with me to my country seat. There you shall see Josephine; there I will present you to my Sophie. One must form acquaintances for one's self."

We parted; I went to bed—but not to sleep.

"Master Walter! let us understand each other, and have the plump truth!" said Herr Von Tarnau, the next morning at breakfast. "I know you are a rich man; I see you are a young man, such as ladies do not run away from in affright; I hear you are an honest man, esteemed by every body; I learn now from you, that you are really in love. But all that, sir, does not quite come up to the mark—"

"I lack the patent of nobility," said I, interrupting him.

"No, sir! when the heart and soul bear the impress of Heaven's nobility, that of man's creation is superfluous. I was only a common gentleman when the Countess Sophie loved me."

"What then is wanting?" asked I.

"I will tell you, now it is morning. In the evening, when one is oppressed with the burden of the day—

when the strongest is somewhat enfeebled—the greatest somewhat lessened, one should not lay a straw on the wearied shoulder. Now hear me; it is quite another thing with your bean than with mine. Mine was first a stone of stumbling; then the corner-stone and chief pillar of true love; then a world to divide two united hearts, and, at last, the compass, which brought us again together. Your love is the sport of fantasy. From the moment I beheld my Sophie, I lived but for her; it only occurs to you, after a year's absence, to love Josephine. That you cannot gainsay. You will awake from your dream when you again see my daughter, and find the creature of your imagination changed into an earthly, common-place maiden. And, after all—not a bene!—Josephine loves you not!"

"That is hard," sighed I, "but are you certain of it?"

"We will go to-day to my house, where you shall judge for yourself. What I know of your Vienna visit, I learned from my sister-in-law, not from my daughter, who may hardly remember your name. Still more; we have a dangerous neighbor; the young Count Von Holten. He visits us often, and Josephine seems to like his society. I have frequently observed her fix her eyes for several minutes together upon him, and if she saw I noticed her attention, she would crimson to the temples, and turn away laughing or humming."

"If such is the case, my lord Colonel," said I, after a long pause, during which I was struggling for composure, "I will not accompany you. It is better for me not to see your daughter again."

"You are wrong. I am anxious for your happiness. You must see her to correct your fancy, and accelerate your recovery to sound reason."

After some debate I took my seat in the carriage with him. To say truth, I began to suspect my fantasy had played me a trick. I had lived so long alone in my dreamings—had cherished my ideal so dearly—had invested the image of Josephine with such wonderful charms—and now, for the first time, when the name of a third person was mentioned in connection with hers, I felt that the half of my history had been furnished by my own imagination. So long as a thought or feeling is unexpressed, we know it not. It is words, the integument of thought, that give substance and form to the idea, separate illusion from reality, and place the soul in a condition to judge of itself.

It was a lovely morning in June when we set out for the Tarnau estate, and, to my surprise, I found myself in a calm and serene frame of mind, such as I had not enjoyed for a year past. The relations in which, as a stranger and a gentleman merely, I had stood to the ladies during my stay in Vienna, appeared now so clear to me, that I could hardly understand how no longer ago than yesterday—and for weeks and months I had been so feverish on the subject. It vexed me, however, to discover, after all, that I had not loved Josephine in Vienna; that I loved her not even now, though I might find her very worthy of love.

The carriage stopped before a handsome villa; the servants came to receive us. The Colonel led me into a parlor, where two old ladies welcomed me in a very

friendly manner. He mentioned my name; then presenting me to the elder lady, said, "This is my Sophie." I bowed low to the excellent matron, so interesting on account of the narration I had heard the preceding evening. "Ah!" thought I, "what are youth and beauty?"

It seemed that the veteran guessed the meaning of my sigh. He kissed his lady's hand, and said, "Eh, friend! when one sees old people, one can hardly persuade himself that they were once young, or that the maiden in her first bloom must come to wrinkles and grey hairs."

'Josephine's aunt recognized me at once; she spoke very kindly to me, and we seated ourselves at the table, to breakfast a second time, in compliment to the ladies.

"And where is Josephine?" said the mother; "she will be pleased to see her Viennese acquaintance."

"She is with Count Holten in the garden," replied the aunt; "there are auriculas to water, before the sun is too high;" and I shivered a little. All my old fancies vanished. Yet I quickly recollected myself. I had never possessed a claim here; I had none to lose. I began almost to be ashamed of my folly. I assumed a gay and unembarrassed deportment; conversed in the most sprightly manner, and told the aunt how sadly I had missed them on my second visit to Vienna.

While we talked, a young man entered of noble exterior. He was pale, and there was something constrained and disturbed in his demeanor.

"Dear ladies," said he, with forced suavity, "I beg permission to take leave of you. I have to go to-day to the capital—I have—I am—I shall, perhaps, be some time absent. It is a tedious journey."

"The Colonel looked round at him surprised. "What has happened, Count Holten?" cried he. "You look like one who has committed a murder."

"Nay," answered the young man with a constrained laugh, "like one on whom a murder has been committed." He kissed the ladies' hands, embraced the Colonel, and hastened away without saying another word. The father went after him. The ladies were bewildered. I learned that the youth was their neighbor, Count Holten, who often spent the evening with them; that an hour before he had seemed very cheerful, and now was quite unlike himself.

"What has disturbed him?" asked they of the Colonel, when, after some time, he returned. He looked grave, shook his head, and, at length, smiling on his Sophie, replied, "Ask Josephine."

"Has she offended him?" inquired the aunt.

"As one takes it. It is a long story, but the Count gave it me in a few words—'I loved, and was not loved again.'"

Here the door opened, and the young lady entered. 'Twas she! and far more beautiful than I had known her in Vienna—than I had pictured her in my wild dreams. I rose and went towards her, but my knees tottered; I seemed tied hand and foot; I stammered a few incoherent words.

Josephine stood blushing by the door, gazing on me as on an apparition, but soon approached the table, smiling, and recovered from her surprise. After the

first salutations were exchanged, the riddle was solved. I told her how I had only yesterday learned her residence, and she explained to me how her father had recently purchased this estate from a distinguished family, and retired from the world to this charming spot. "Ah, aunt! dear aunt!" cried she, while she seized the good lady's hand and pressed it in both hers, then to her heart, glancing at me the while with eyes in which joy danced—"did I not tell you so? Was I not right?"

The good aunt was silent, but she cast a meaning look at her niece. The mother looked down, to conceal a certain embarrassment. The father observed the exchange of glances; he rose, and coming to me, said in a loud whisper, "Master Walter! it appears to me you did find the bean in the right place. But you—Josephine—what have you done to the Count, that he is gone away in such a storm?"

The young lady evaded the question. We now adjourned to the garden. The old gentleman showed me his buildings, fields, meadows, stables, etc, while the ladies were engaged in the pavilion in earnest conversation. After a tedious half hour, we returned to them. The Colonel now stepped aside a little, and I was left with Josephine. I had determined to be reserved, for I dreaded the fate of Count Von Holten. We talked of our acquaintance in Vienna, and of the little occurrences that then took place.

"Ah!" cried Josephine, "if you had but known what I suffered on your account, when you were forced to leave us so suddenly! Surely, since then—yes—we have often spoken of you!"

Now—how could I do otherwise? now I told her the whole history of my second journey to Vienna—my occupying her apartments, and, lastly—not without trepidation—of my discovery of the bean—my return home, and the tale of the preceding evening. I was at length silent. I ventured not to look up, but made crosses with my foot in the sand. Her silence lasted long. At length I heard her sob. I looked up; her face was hid in her pocket-handkerchief. With trembling voice I asked if my sincerity displeased her? She removed the handkerchief from her face, and looked at me with tearful yet smiling eyes. "Is it all true," asked she, after a pause. I took the breast-pin containing the bean, from my neck, and gave it to her, saying, "Let this convince you."

She took the pin, as if curious to examine its golden setting. She wept again. Then leaning on my arm, she laid her head on my shoulder and murmured,—“I believe in a Providence, Walter!”

I clasped the lovely girl to my bosom, crying—"Oh! I could die at this moment!" She seemed surprised at me, and a rustling in the bushes reminded us, just then, of the presence of others. Josephine still held the pin with the bean, as we came up to her parents. The Colonel saw it and burst into a laugh. Josephine hid her lovely face on her mother's bosom. But what is the use of further talk? You all know that Josephine is now my wife. I have thus acquainted you with the romance of my history.

Original.

DAVIE MC'CRACKER'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

DAVIE MC'CRACKER is now twenty-three years of age. He is not actually *nou compos*, but as he is fully conscious himself, lacks motive power in his mental composition. Give him an impetus, and superintend him as you would a machine, and he may be very serviceable; but of himself, he is nothing. He was born in the city of New-York, and never was outside of its limits. Never, again, until a certain occasion, to be hereafter related, had he known the exstasy of so large a fraction of a dollar as a two shilling piece. His mother was a washer-woman of low English origin; of decidedly pugnacious and bibatory propensities; which latter imparted a rich rubicundity to her visage, and, in common with the former, compelled her, not altogether in consonance with her inclinations, to divide her time between the occupation by which she sought to live, and the amiable and convenient institutions, erected for the especial benefit of those who indulge a pugilistic bias beyond the particular enjoyment of those subjected to its sphere of operation, or who libate so freely upon strong potations, that the guardianship of the law is considered to be imperatively demanded. As she was never united to any one 'for richer or for poorer,' in the holy state of matrimony, Davie knew no object upon which to pour out the fountain of filial affection welling up within him, which wouldn't be poured out upon his brutal mother; and which progenies in general, when one parent is the south pole of the magnet in attraction, may lavish upon the other. Davie had none to love him. He was an outcast from his very cradle—cradle, do I say?—from his carpet-rag—for it was such a covering which invested his infant anatomy, and seldom, to the years of his maturity, did he know the luxury of a bed. His mother, who had afforded him a kind of *quasi* support and protection, died of delirium tremens when he was about ten years of age.

From that period, to the time of the adventure we are about to describe, Davie can hardly be said to have lived; he only existed, and that very precariously—for his dependence, as far as food was concerned, was upon the meals he might receive in remuneration for little efforts of his genius in the way of getting pails of water, or running of errands; and for his nocturnal slumbers, the softest cellar-door he could espy, concealed from the prying eyes of the watchmen, or the interior of an empty hoghead; the attainment of which last was a luxury indeed. It is true, there were ever a number of these unambitious tenements for single gentlemen in various quarters, but they were usually appropriated by loafers of more imposing magnitude, resolution, or strength, than were possessed by Davie; and he dared not resist, however comfortably he might have bestowed himself, when any one of them gathered up his protruding beels, and dragging him out into the dim starlight or lamp-light, proceeded to occupy his place; so that he could count on undisturbed repose in one of these cylindrical palaces, only when he exultingly crept into that, the

accustomed occupant of which, had, for his offences, been made a denizen of the Egyptian tombs, or when a new receptacle of the kind had been provided by some grocer, or other appropriator of the contents of hogsheds.

Davie's besetting sin is, and has been, vanity. He has been always more eager to receive a second hand garment, provided it were not too conspicuously decayed, and had been constructed of showy materials, in requital for his little services, than to be possessed of the means to satisfy his hunger, albeit he might have fasted an indefinite period. With this brief exposition of his rise and progress, we proceed to describe his apparel and appearance, on the twenty-fifth of October last, the unfortunate period on which the dart of love first transfixed his too susceptible bosom. His head, of which the unregulated and untrimmed locks were of a dazzling carrot hue, was surmounted by a straw hat, with a very high crown, and very narrow brim, in a strikingly dilapidated condition. It was truly a "raw and gusty" day, giving token that old King Winter entertained no idea of indulging the earth in an interregnum; and Davie was conscious that the material of his castor was rather too delicate for the season. Nevertheless, as he had been, as yet, unable to make an appropriation of a winter beaver, he consoled himself with the reflection, that October was not November, and that it was to be a great deal colder; and that, before a much intenser degree of frigidity had supervened, he could probably supply himself with a more appropriate covering to his cranium. So the straw hat was set jauntily on.

His coat was black—of fashionable cut, but much the worse for wear. His neck was enveloped in a 'kerchief "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," the holes skilfully concealed, and the ends, which, fortunately, were comparatively uninjured, spread out over his bosom, to conceal the fragments of his shirt; for, alas! that garment, fragile when it first came into his possession, had maintained, for some months, uninterrupted intimacy with his back, until it had become indeed but a tissue of fragments in every quarter; that would scarcely have borne the shock of a removal from his body corporate. His vest was of crimson velvet, in a passably good condition; for he had received the exstastic prize from a spendthrift dandy, in compensation for a chance service. His nether integuments were of fine broadcloth, and had been constructed to display a well-turned limb in the precincts of a ball-room. They cased Davie's bow legs as tightly as the fitting of any thing that fits exactly, and in connection with his upper arrangements, and stockings once white, and slippers once whole, the *toute ensemble*, as he walked, especially as proud of the blue neck-erchief, and the velvet vest, he gave himself some tonish airs, was ludicrous in the extreme.

Thus apparelled, on the morning of the designated twenty-fifth of October, Davie reclined on a cellar-door, on the sunny side of Chatham Street, obtaining the greatest possible degree of bodily comfort, attainable under the circumstances of his case; viz: his destitution of a lodging and an outer garment. His mind soon fell into a philosophic reverie upon matters and things in general, and his own peculiar condition in particular; and thus he speculated, half aloud:

"Now isn't it too wenemous prowokin', that calculatin' and expectin' to work for a livin', as I be, there aint nobody to come along and set a feller a goin'! I'm all wound up like a church clock, an' on'y vaitin' for some gemman to set the pend'lum a swingin'. There's anuf on 'em to do it, if they vas on'y a mind to. That 'ere's the rub, an' no mistake! John Jacob Astor might do it, jest as vell as not, on'y he do't know a feller, and I can't git no interduction to him, coz I knows nobody as knows 'im. I'd set up a r'apple an' candy-stand at the corner o' some street, ef any body'd on'y pony up the phoenix to start vith. But that ered be no go, neither; coz I 'as such a mortal likin' for r'apples and candy, that I should sartin' remove the deposites afore a 'alf a day's bisness; and that ere'd be a funny go! It wouldn't pay interest, no 'ow you could fix it! It 'ud be like the men as gits up a bank for the good o' the public, an' then makes their own particklar selves the d'rectors, and ven the commissioners comes to zamine into their apple-cart, they find these d'rectors 'as used all the phoenix, and left the public to vistle. Vell, it's too bad to be a vastin' the days in this ere kind o' vay! Ef any body on'y *could* set a feller a goin'! I'm lik a ingine aboard a steamboat, as 'as got the steam up, an' ven the last bell rings, the feller as tends it, turns a crank and sets it all a fizin'! Jest so mysteam's up, an' I on'y need to be set a fizin'! I'd take a sitivation rite off to sweep streets, on'y them places is gin out by the corporation, and that ere makes 'em a mernop'ly; and I does 'bominate mernop'lies so, that I vont 'ave nothin' to do vith 'em! 'Taint the vay it works as I partic'larly cares for, but it's the principle o' the thing, an' I'll starve afore I 'ave any thing to do vith em, an' violate principle—by Solomon!"

Here Davie, in a considerable state of mental and bodily excitement, brought his clenched fist down on the cellar door with a violent impetus, to give greater effect to his ebullition of virtuous resolve; but, unfortunately, his hand struck upon the head of a protuberant nail, which inflicted sufficient injury suddenly to interrupt the current of his feelings, and elicit, a second time, the valiant exclamation—while he rubbed the spot with the other hand—"Oh, Solomon!" Let it be told to his credit, that he never swore, or used any other qualifying phrase than the above. After a cessation of the pain, he continued:

"Wot else is there to think on, as a feller might do? I spects them folks as picks up bits o' paper an' old rags in the gutters, to sell for a 'alf a cent a pound, 'as to vork werry stiddy to git a livin'; but then there aint no mernop'ly in the streets! No, to the everlastin' credit o' this ere great city, it can be said—an' it is a real bles-sin', an' no mistake!—the streets o' New-York is as free to men, vimin, chil'ren, four footed creturs, 'oga, dogs and cats, as is alive or dead, an' all sorts o' rubbish an' slops, as ever they was ven they wasn't streets—ven there vant nothin' o' no 'ouses, on'y troes an' Ingins—ven natur was natur, an' no mistake—an' no great city hadn't mernop'ized the ground, an' set up shops in this 'ere place! That ere's a grent consid'rashun attendin' pickin' up paper an' old rags. But then the creturs wot 'as took up that bisness, seems to be loafers o' the

worst kind, as it wouldn't be reg'lar for vun wot 'as suthin' o' the gemman 'bout 'im, to 'sociate vith; so I 'smiss that, as o' no 'count. Suthin' might be made, p'raps, out o' complainin' o' dogs as 'asn't no collars, an' 'asn't paid their tax; but come to think on't, that's no go! coz I 'as a kind of a feelin' ven I sees a dog comin', even ef 'e's a consider'ble distance off, as makes me turn down the nearest street till 'e's got by. There is suthin' voracious to me in the look of a dog, as I cant git over, no vay I can fix it! There aint no 'count-in', I've 'eard 'em say, for the partic'lar feelin's as different people 'as on seein' wariuous creturs. Vun's afeard of a 'orse, as kicks up violent; another's 'alf scart to death ven he sees a mad bull. Now my antipathy is to dogs. It sartin' is sing'lar, the vay it works!"

A placid smile lighted up Davie's countenance at this decision upon the mystery of human antipathies. The question whether he would not be half or indeed wholly paralyzed by fear at the sight of a mad bull or a kicking horse, I cannot answer; as he made no reference to the point in his soliloquy. He continued:

"Wouldn't I like to be 'ired by vun o' the rich svelle as lets their servants wear them great buttons, an' a gold band round their 'ats! Wouldn't I strut consider'ble, ef I could cut vun o' them ere figurs! I've 'zamin'd them 'ere dresses wery partic'lar, a good many times, an' I considers 'em complete! Hows'ever, I'd be glad o' sarvice o' any shape—coachman, 'ackman, 'ouseman, omnibuster driver—any thing wotsomever; but—just to think on't!—ere I've been a valkin' the streets all the season, in a stragglin' sort of a 'aint goin no veres' kind of a vay, that said, jest as plain as if it was rit in great big letters on this 'at, 'This 'ere gemman's to let,' but nobody haint took me up, an' 'ere's vinter a comin', an' I spects it'll be like all the winters sence I remember, werry uncomfortable to poor Davie! But I vont set on this suller door no longer. Loafin' on suller doors is a kind o' bisness as aint o' no 'count; 'specially sence the sun's got round, so't dont shine on't. It'll never set a feller a fizin' 's long 's he lives! I knows wot I'll do! I'll promivade down to Fulton Market, and see the good things as wot other folks 'as to eat, an' p'raps I'll git a real good smell out o' some cookshop, ven some feller 'appens to come out, an' leaves the door open. I'm werry 'ungry an' no mistake! I vunder who vants a pail o' vater got? I must git suthin' of a job this mornin', or else my dinner'll be quits vith my breakfast—nothin' o' neither."

Thus closing his protracted reflections, which might have continued, however, an hour longer, but for a succession of chills running through his frame, which warned him that active locomotion was essential to the retention of a due quantum of caloric, Davie gently dusted those portions of his garments which had come in contact with the cellar door, with a white handkerchief, that would have miserably served the office of a screen; and returning it to the pocket of his coat, taking especial care to leave one corner dangling out, in the most approved Broadway style, he started for the designated market. But fortune had destined him to be engaged in a more exciting occupation than casting

admiring glances at the viands of a market, or even inhaling the savory exhalations of cookery. He had proceeded but a short distance, before a gentleman, who had reined up his horse by the side-walk, beckoned to him to exercise his prowess in holding the beast. Davie's eyes sparkled as he sprung to the horse's head. He had now obtained security for a dinner; and he could muse with confidence upon the bread and cheese, the sixpence that would be tossed to him, would procure. This pleasant theme occupied his mind for some time. But the gentleman was absent a considerable period, and he tired even of such a subject, long before his return. The horse proved himself a well-behaved animal, requiring little exertion to secure his stillness, and Davie, with his hand, by way of precaution, and as a testimony of his office, resting on the end of the shaft, began to examine the passers by, and gaudy shops. All at once his eye fell upon a female form, standing at the entrance of an *omnivium gatherum* store, directly opposite. She was evidently looking at him, and her countenance was wreathed in a gentle smile. Her diminutive, rotund figure, low forehead, nose elevated at the extremity, and mouth enthusiastically elongated, would scarcely have obtained the premium for beauty by the fiat of a committee promiscuously selected, but to Davie's vision, there never was such a woman—such a smile! He felt a strange sensation thrill through his frame as he looked bashfully away, stole a second glance at her, and then a third, and found her still contemplating him—still preserving that angelic and enchanting smile. So wrapt and enthralled did he become, that he did not observe the return of his employer, and was not aroused, until a violent shake of his arm restored him to his senses. Joy for Davie! Instead of sixpence, he was rewarded with a shilling! The idea of the bread and cheese was discarded at once, and his imagination revelled in the anticipation of more luxurious fare, commensurate with his increased resources. But the image of the beautiful being, who had so captured his heart, more than divided his attention with the darling shilling. He wondered what could have been her inducement to regard him so attentively—and to wear so pleasant a smile all the time. Poor fellow! It never entered his brain that, if placed for exhibition in one of the museums, his *outré* appearance would have attracted crowds at a sixpence a head!

"Vell," said he to himself, as he sauntered along, "I vunders who that voman is! Wot a cretur! Oh, dear, me, I 'as never felt afore as I feels now! I've seen lots o' vimin', but I never took no partic'lar notice on 'em, wotsomever good chance I might a' 'ad. Now 'ere I sees a voman, in really a permissuous sort of a vay, 'spection' nothin' o' the kind, an' I'm used all up, down to the werry 'eels of my shoes. It's astonishin' 'ow ve 'eels o' chance! I must see that voman agin! 'Ow 'eels, an' tho't I couldn't never no more, it 'ud spile my appetite for a week, an' there's no knowin' but wot I'd commit suicide, an' jump into the dock, an' be drowned. Then wouldn't there be the afflictin' intelligence in the penny papers, 'eaded, 'Suicide for love!' 'Ow the boys ud sell 'em that day! P'r'aps, ef it vas to come to that, I could make a bargain with 'em before and,

an' git suthin out on 'em—a sort of a r'anti mortim pay for suicidin' myself. But I'll git suthin to eat, an' then I'll promivade on the opposite side o' the vay, an' get a shy at that 'ere angel agin. It's plain to my mind, wotsomever any body else might insinivate—it's plain to my mind that she 'as seen suthin' takin' about me, else, wot in natur was she a smilin' at! Oh, Solomon! Sartin true, she's 'nokilatad with the same feelin' as I! It aint any vay unpossible, for I've hearn o' many a feller as cant hold a candle to me for looks, as has took the eyes o' ladies o' the tallest kind—an' they 'as married 'em, an' elewated 'em to be real gemmans. Who knows wot'll 'appen! 'Owsever, I'll git suthin to eat now."

Davie turned into Duane Street, and disappeared in a dirty cellar, whence, in due time, he emanated, chewing the last morsel his shilling had furnished, and looking especially self-satisfied. He directed his steps towards Chatham Street, and might soon after have been seen lounging on the walk opposite the shop that had the felicity to contain his inamorata. But he was doomed to disappointment. The wind had freshened, clouds had obscured the sun, and shop doors were closely shut. Not a glimpse did he obtain of her, and when two hours had elapsed, he abandoned the endeavor, and with chattering teeth, and a chilled frame—what will not ardent swains endure for love!—he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away. We will not pursue him through his devious meanderings in search of a retreat for the night. Suffice it that a rough board served the office of bed and pillow, and a heap of shavings piled above him for the blankets and coverlids of more fortunate sleepers. Yet Davie slept very soundly until morning—dreaming, in an interesting confusion, of pails of water, horses' heads, shilling dinners, the angel in Chatham Street, and his crimson velvet vest.

CHAPTER II.

The succeeding morning was warm and delightful; and Davie, after a successful effort for a breakfast, directed his steps, as by magnetic influence, to a particular section of Chatham Street, where he seated himself on a threshold, patiently to await the gratification of those hopes, which had now become the only joy of his existence. He sat with his eyes fixed on the door of the shop of shops, his susceptible bosom laboring with sighs to a remarkable degree. The door of the shop was finally set open—and by the angelic object of his adoration! In a moment he was on his feet! How his pulse fluttered! After securing the door, she busied herself for a half hour in arranging goods to attract the gaze of the passing multitude—and when this portion of duty was completed, she folded her arms, took her position in the doorway, and employed a second half hour in the indulgence of her curiosity. What a feast for Davie! Stationed against a lamp-post, almost directly opposite, he revelled on her charms, becoming, with every look, and the lapse of every moment, more and more entangled in Cupid's meshes. How he longed to speak a word to her—or to hear her speak! But he would have sooner dared to interrupt the Mayor in a speech, than to venture to accost her. By and bye, her eyes, in

their indefinite roaming, rested upon him. He felt her first glance to his very fingers' ends; and for some moments, dared not look up; but when he did venture to raise his eyes, he saw that she wore a smile even broader and more encouraging than that of the day before. He was now convinced of the ecstatic fact, which he had, thus far, only suggested to himself as a possibility, that she loved him. He felt bound to give her testimony of his own feelings—he feared to chill her by cold reserve; he made a tremendous effort to nerve himself—put his hat a little more on one side—pulled down his vest—threw his head forward—and—smiled in return! Such a smile! Oh, that a caricaturist had been by to catch it!

His unknown beloved instantly retired from the door after the sight of his bold endeavor, leaving him in painful suspense whether he had not been too precipitate, and offended her by his daring. But her speedy return, with the smile merged into an apparent laugh, removed his depressing anxiety; and, being in rather an embarrassing position, he sauntered on to recover his self-possession, and to meditate what course it was best to pursue in the delectable crisis of his fate, which he was convinced was hastening to a consummation. At one moment he entertained the idea of a Gretna Green flight to the Jerseys; a scheme, which he had no misgiving that his charmer would instantly and joyfully accede to. He felt much curiosity to know her situation, now entirely a matter of speculation with him. Whether she was proprietress of the shop—which he ardently hoped—or daughter to the proprietor, or simply shopwoman, he had no single clue to determine. But that she loved him he was well assured; and that thought was ecstasy. He had now but to pluck up courage, and when next he saw her, boldly to approach her, and enjoy delicious converse, in which all could be explained. He resolved "By Solomon," to address her the very next morning. He spent half the night in fashioning a salutatory phrase; and the other half beneath a baker's cart.

The weather of the next morning, big with fate to Davie, was pleasant, and encouraging to his momentous purposes. He was most unusually careful in his ablutions at the nearest street pump to the place of his repose, and he spent full a half hour in the cleansing and arrangement of his dress. He then hunted the side-walk until he found pins enough to unite the gaping interstices of his hat, to render it in a degree, of a more passable appearance. Breathing hard with oppressive sensibility at the delicate effort before him, he proceeded, at a proper hour, to Chatham Street, and as an approach to its completion, ventured to walk up and down before the store itself. He even had the temerity to glance in at the door, and, as he glanced, he caught the eye of his adored, who was sitting behind the counter. She instantly smiled, and Davie's confidence increased. He paused a little above the shop, out of sight of its occupant, to summon up the quantum of courage required to complete the necessary measure to nerve him to enter, when a stout man paused a moment before the shop, then went within. Davie, under cover of this advanced guard, sidled up to the door-post, and thrusting his head carefully forward, scrutinized the interior. His beloved was

smiling upon the stranger, and talking rapidly to him, and he smiled in return. Davie forgot that it is a part of the business of shopwomen to array their faces in the most enticing expression, thereby to secure customers for their goods, who might otherwise buy nothing—he forgot that she was a shopwoman—that she was in a shop—all, but that she was smiling on the stranger, and that he smiled in return! He was filled to overflowing with green-eyed jealousy. He would have given worlds to be able to meet the intruder upon his rights and peace of mind, at night, in some dark place, where he could give him a fierce knock from behind, and run away and not be discovered. He resolutely maintained his position by the post, until the stranger issued from the shop, and walked rapidly towards Chatham Square; then, looking for an instant after him, with a countenance full of wrath, he walked as rapidly in the opposite direction. He had proceeded but a short distance, when a lad touched his arm, placed a purse, cane and pair of gloves in his hand, and simply articulating, "Your purse and things," turned back. Davie looked after him with an expression of petrified amazement, his hands unconsciously remaining outstretched, in the same position in which they had received the articles, until the lad vanished into the very shop that contained his charmer. Then in a moment he recovered himself. His heart overflowed with joy. "She saw me a standin' by the post, an' no mistake," said he, to himself; "and saw, too, that I warn't to be played vith, so she's sent these 'ere as a sort o' make-up. Oh, Solomon, 'ow 'appy I be!"

On ensconcing himself in a corner, and inspecting his treasures, he found that the purse contained two five dollar bills, and some small change. The cane was a peculiar one, of high finish and beauty. The gloves were of a yellow tinge, and somewhat worn. "That's o' no 'count," thought Davie; "she cotched up the fust as come 'andy, I know, an' they 'appened to be these 'ere as isn't quite new. 'Taint no matter!"

He felt like a very prince. He drew on the gloves, and with a strut and swing of the cane so magnificent, that a group of boys followed him, clapping their hands and shouting in glee, he proceeded towards Park Row. As he had tasted no food during the day, he determined first to eat the best meal one of the tip-top restaurants could furnish, and to exchange his dilapidated straw for a fashionable beaver. He descended into one of the eating-houses in Park Row, and had no sooner obtained footing within the door, than two waiters grasped him on either side, and gave him an impetus up the steps, which landed him horizontally on the walk, with some infliction upon his body corporate, and considerable injury to his habiliments. Full of his fresh-acquired, ten dollar dignity, Davie felt himself desperately aggrieved and insulted. The tears gathered in his eyes, words of reproof stuck in his throat, and he could only vent to his indignation, for a time, only by most expressive gestures. He obtained, at length, voice to utter, as he displayed, in full, the 'open sesame' to all places on earth, restaurants included—his money, "I'd a spent a tall slice o' that 'ere among yer, but now you may go to grass vith your old shop, afore yer gits a penny on't!"

He certainly had the best of it, and departed for another and more hospitable place of entertainment; entering it cautiously, however, from the warning he had received, with some silver in his hand as a passport. He took the bill of fare, and spelled out its contents with more exstatic delight than a bookworm, 'dyed in the wool,' scans, with spectacles on nose, the pages of some newly-discovered illuminated missal, the precious relic of many centuries gone by. He called for viands, the names of which he had heard of, and the taste of which he had dreamed of, but never before experienced. Twelve shillings was the charge against him, when his hour's unintermitted repast was ended—and the bare idea that he should have consumed, at one meal, the value of such a fortune, made him start, and draw a long breath. But the thought of the many good dollars that would still remain, restored his composure.

He sallied forth—and as, in full imitation of the genteel life into which he was now introduced by the potent influence of money, he had indulged in two or three glasses of wine, he set his straw more jauntily on the side of his head, and the flourish of his cane, and the elasticity of his gait exceeded anything that he had ever before attempted in the way of a swell. The boys again pursued and shouted, but where before he had shaken the cane at them in fierce anger, he now turned and smiled a gentle and conciliatory reproof, that made them shout the louder. Poor Davie! He was not accustomed to indulge in any more potent fluid than pump-water!

Mindful, even in his present state of exhilaration, to combine economy with appearances, he purchased a second-hand hat, which looked, however, as good as new, and taking advantage of the anti-monopoly of the streets, on which he had, a day or two before, so eloquently commented, he consigned his straw to the gutter. The act excited his philosophical and contemplative mind to some reflections upon the ungratefulness of mankind—of which he was then a notable example—in using whatever may be of convenience to them—friend, beast, or inanimate thing, until they have become old or inefficient—and then casting them forth to indignity and disgrace. He shook his head at the humiliating truth, and in so shaking, felt, that in place of the discarded straw, his caput was surmounted with a glossy beaver. Contemplation and philosophy vanished—the change thrilled at once through every nerve, and, in a moment, as if touched by electricity, arms and legs started, as it seemed, into spasmodic action, and he was in glorious career for the Battery, as the most fashionable lounge to enjoy the beautiful sunset.

He slept, that night, upon a bed—after a good supper of veritable toast and tea; and he welcomed the morning with a breakfast of muffins and coffee. Like the poor cobbler whom we read of in the Arabian Tales, who was transported, in his sleep, to the palace of the caliph—was placed in the ruler's bed, and, to his amazement, was greeted as caliph in the morning, so Davie felt as though his very being had undergone a change; and he could scarcely rest assured of his own identity. But, at least, the good cheer set before him was real, and when he had feasted to his satisfaction, he resolved to present

himself, without further ado, before his beloved—for, surely, now, all hesitation would be foolishness. He had provided himself, on the preceding evening, with sundry articles of apparel, such as he stood most in need of, and now, with a flaunting shirt-collar, that, from its height, grazed his ears, and, being starched very stiffly, was by no means comfortable to those appendages—with ruffles standing forth like the comb of a rooster, and wristbands that reached nearly to the extremities of his fingers—if he exhibited less of the loafer than before, his appearance had lost none of its ludicrousness. To himself, he was the pink of perfection. He had never heard of Adonis or the Belvidere Apollo—or he would have sneered at the bare idea of a comparison with such insignificant models of manly beauty.

His lodging-house was near Centre Street; and as he pursued his way along that avenue, he encountered no less a personage than the stranger who had so excited his jealousy. His ire was somewhat stirred at the sight of him, and he braced himself into a particularly imposing attitude, and flourished his cane most pompously, as he passed him. That flourish was his ruin. A different feeling took possession of him, when, as he slightly turned his head, he saw the stranger look, for a moment, intently after him, then turn and directly follow him! What could it mean? He quickened his pace—but the stranger quickened his in proportion; he turned into Chamber Street—so did the stranger; he almost ran—making the cane of use as well as ornament, in assisting his flight; the patter—patter—patter, of the stranger's boots was yet fearfully audible. He crossed Broadway, and went rapidly towards the Battery; dodging among the crowd, to escape the eyes of his pursuer; patter—patter—patter still, whenever a break in the passers by enabled him to hear distinct sounds—and even the quickened breathing of his rival was at last to be heard!

Fear, that was almost agony in its intensity, had, by this time, bathed Davie's frame in flowing perspiration; and the despairing energy with which he fled onward, making him forgetful of every thing but escape, imparted an agitation to his whole system, as he ran, like the contortions of a Merry Andrew. He felt certain that his close-following rival had discovered his love—that he had been planning, all night, how to accomplish his destruction—that he would not leave him now until some fearful tragedy upon his devoted person had been consummated. He remembered with what a rapid step the dreaded Unknown had left the shop on the afternoon before. Perhaps his adored had sent the money to enable him to make his escape from this ruthless assassin—and had added the gloves and cane—they being travelling accompaniments—as a sign that it was to be devoted to such a purpose. Why hadn't he taken the hint? He was lost! lost!

He reached the Battery—just so far behind was the stranger, puffing and blowing—for he was of somewhat unwieldy size. A pause in Davie's rapid locomotion would have diminished the space between them; so on he went, pell mell—the drops running down his face like rain, although there was a fresh west wind—round the corner, and into Greenwich Street, up which he pur-

sued his vigorous course. The stranger as vigorously followed.

When was this race to end? Every instant Davie expected to feel a bullet in his back from a murderous pistol. So strong did this horrid hallucination become, that with open mouth, and expanded nostrils, he glared constantly behind him, alternately over one shoulder and the other, still maintaining his rapid flight, while his pursuer silently followed. But Davie's agitation and suffering preyed upon his strength, and added to his fatigue; while the stranger was of firm build, and did not yield in the slightest degree. Davie saw that the intervening distance between them gradually diminished, and his despair almost overcame him. The thought that he could consign himself to the sheltering arms of the police, and find protection there, inspired him, for a few moments, with renewed vigor, and he somewhat regained the advantage he had lost. He turned into Duane Street, and strove, with tremendous effort, to reach the Egyptian tombs. But the ascent to Broadway was his stumbling-block. Exhausted, he slackened in his progress, while the stranger came nearer and nearer—the patter sounded louder and louder—a dreadful knell in his ears—and by the time he reached Broadway, he could feel the stranger's breath upon his neck!

He crossed—and had no sooner prepared to regain, in the descent to Centre Street, a sufficient distance ahead of his tormentor to ensure his safety—he had just drawn a long breath, preparatory to a dive down the hill, when his collar was grasped by an iron hand, and with the throttling tightness of the hold, he was brought to, as suddenly as a ship by her anchor, when under full head-way. Thus he was set face to face with the death-dealing wretch who thirsted for his life! It was an awful moment! Yet no pistols were drawn forth—no dirk flashed in the sunbeams. The dreaded one stood some five minutes to breathe and calm himself; then, still grasping Davie by his coat-collar, turned his face Centre-Street-ward, and giving him an impetus, descended the hill with him, at a slow and steady pace. Davie was confounded. He could not imagine, for a time, his captor's intentions. All at once, it flashed upon him, that he was forcing him to some nefarious den, where he might the more easily and securely despatch him. A crowd began to follow them, attracted by the delectable spectacle of one man in the power of another; yet Davie dared not shout for aid. A pistol might finish him in a moment, if he did!

With horrid anticipations, that chilled the blood in his veins, he was forced along. At the corner of Centre Street, instead of crossing, as he expected, his possessor directed him in the very course that he would have, himself, pursued—right onward towards the Tombs. "If he on'y goes as far as the Tombs, I'll holler for a constable, ef he shoots me the next minit," said Davie to himself. The tombs were reached, and behold, before he could draw in breath to cry out for an officer to rescue him, he was jerked half way up the steps. "Werry sing'ler," thought he, taking courage from his propinquity to the seat of Justice; "Wot the feller's totin' me 'ere for I'm bothered ef I can make out. He's sartin out ov 'is 'ead;

for ef he was 'imself, 'ed know as 'ow I can 'and 'im rite smack over to the constables, for merlestrin me wen I was in the streets vere all is liberty—an' no mistake! Vont I be into 'im like a thousan' o' brick, in a minit or two! I knows suthin; anuf to make 'im look two ways of a Sund'y, that's a fact!"

Into the police court Davie was thrust; and what was his petrification, when his persecutor, having given his name as Samuel K. Snubbins, and been sworn, with all the measured and impressive solemnity usually observed in police courts, testified that he, the complainant, was, yesterday, in possession of the gloves and cane now in the hands of the prisoner—that he missed them all at once—that he had passed the prisoner with them, about an hour before, and that he had pursued him, and after a long chase, succeeded in securing him. He further testified that his purse had disappeared at the same time with his gloves and cane.

Upon this, at a wink from the Justice, an officer stepped up to Davie, thrust his hands into his several pockets in a very unceremonious manner, without so much as asking leave, and drew forth the purse, which he held up.

"That's my purse," said the complainant; "there should be in it, two five-dollar bills, and some small change." Only about six dollars could be found, of which a five-dollar note formed a part, and said note was forthwith identified by the complainant as one of the two, that were two no longer. A clear case seemed to be made out against Davie, who was so bewildered by the turn things had taken, that when he was asked what he had to say for himself, he stammered, and could utter nothing articulate. His confusion was interpreted in his disfavor; and he was ordered into confinement, to be forthcoming on the morrow for further examination. What a dreadful fate! How his bosom swelled, and his tears fell, at the desolation of delight that had at once laid waste the fair garden of his hopes! His overburdened feelings found vent as the officer was conducting him to his cell, and he related, circumstantially, the whole affair—avowing that he firmly believed, "By Solomon," that it was jealousy which had set the man to make this false complaint—that the rascal had no more to do with the things that had been taken from him, than Adam, and that just so soon as he was discharged, he would have him where he would pay well for his perjury.

It was fortunate for Davie that the turnkey, who had him in custody, knowing him well, and his innocent habits, had listened attentively to his relation, and seeing, in a moment, where the error might be, had resolved to unravel the matter, if Davie's story should prove true. But our hero had to indulge in the luxuries of a cell for the night, which, however widely they might contrast with his fare of that preceding, were so much superior to his ordinary obtainings, as to raise a question in his mind, "Vether bein' locked up was, arter all, so 'orrid as it was cracked up to be." But the thought of his love made the bolts and bars hateful to him; and liberty seemed to be preferred to the daintiest black soup the prison could afford. Could she but know his sufferings now, how would she fly to relieve, to console, to cheer him! He dreamed more of her that night than of any thing else.

In the morning, at the stated hour, he was conducted to the police court, in full expectation of permission to visit Blackwell's Island for six months, and hammer stone for exercise, notwithstanding the very peculiar smile of the turnkey as he brought him forth. What was his surprise, to see there his love—his charmer—his adored—the beautiful one of Chatham Street! She, the Judge, and his tormentor, were in earnest conversation within the bar, and Davie noticed that the latter looked angrily at her. But by and bye he laughed, and whispered to the Judge, who forthwith told Davie that he might have the hat, and to go away. "'Orrid perverted justice is," said Davie to himself, as he hastily retired; "'ere is that dear cretur 'as com 'ere to tell the Judge 'as 'ow that feller 'as lied, an' that she gin me them things; yet, notwithstanding my injured innocence, justice keeps all my little parti'lars 'cept this 'ere 'at! But wot a r'angel that cretur is, for comin' an' windecatin' me! 'Ow deep 'er love must be! I'll foller 'er, and spress, on my knees, the bilin feelin's I 'as for her."

Gratitude, conjoined with love, conquered bashfulness altogether, and trampled it under foot. He kept his eye on her as she went—saw her vanish within the shop—gave her only time to disrobe herself of her bonnet and shawl, and then entered. She was alone. He went to the rear, towards her, "looking unutterable things." She seemed alarmed, and shrunk back; and when he stumbled over a mat in his impetuosity, and almost fell at his length, she turned pale; but when he came within two feet of her, and went plump down on both knees—he tore them both, by the bye, entirely across, in the act—clasping his hands before his breast, she shrieked aloud! A fierce-looking man instantly issued from a rear door that communicated with an inner room, and only ejaculating, "What are you about, you rascal, with my wife?" gave Davie a shake by the collar, as he continued kneeling, that almost drove the breath out of his body, and then lifting him up, assisted him to the street by a succession of kicks, most muscularly bestowed, the last of which sent him prostrate into the moist gutter. He expeditiously gathered himself up, and fled for ever from the scene. He uttered not a syllable until he was a mile away; and then, eyeing ruefully his darling vest, soiled with filth, and his gaping knees, shook his head, and murmured sorrowfully, "That's settin' a feller a fizzin beautiful! Wot a pictur I be! I'm een jest ruinated for ever! Oh, Solomon, wot shall I do! Wot shall I do!"

He sat down and wept, until he felt relieved; and then scanning the events of the two past days, he consoled himself, philosophically, with the reflection that he was as well off as before; for the beaver would compensate for other injuries, and he certainly had had two or three meals, upon the recollection of which he could survive a week. But sorrow and mortification predominated as he slowly turned away.

I have seen him this spring. He is still Davie—the same velvet vest envelops him—the second-hand beaver rests on his head. He seems to be still "a gemman to let," with no one, in his expressive phrase, poor fellow, "to set him a fizzin'!"

Original.

LINES FROM A SCHOOL-GIRL TO A NEW FRIEND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

WILL you let me love you, Fanny?
 There are very few,
 In my soul's still temple cherished—
 May it cherish you?
 Many make a fleeting visit,
 Wearying ere long—
 Far too wild and dreamy is it,
 For the worldly throng.
 But if you will come and rest
 In its dim recesses,
 It will give its stranger-guest
 Welcome and caresses.
 Gentle is the group you'll meet;
 Pray do not refuse them;
 They will always love you, sweet;
 Let me introduce them!
 You will see their faces only—
 Angels are drawn so;
 And the heart makes angels ever
 Of its friends, you know.
 One with eyes like starlit clouds,
 Beautiful as Truth,
 In whose face her rich soul smiles
 With undying youth.
 Then with brown and braided hair,
 Head of classic grace,
 Brow serene, and tranquil eyes,
 Comes a seraph face.
 You can see that she has sorrowed,
 From the world apart:
 Pure and lovely as her forehead,
 So the maiden's heart.
 Next with glance upraised, inspired,
 Music in her eyes,
 Soft in grief—in passion fired—
 See Julie arise!
 On her cheek, unearthly bloom;
 Round her brow so fair,
 Glossy as a raven's plume,
 Sweeps her wealth of hair.
 Next appears my pride and idol,
 One, within whose soul,
 Love and Truth have met in bridal,
 Free from earth's control.
 Guileless, trusting as a child,
 Playful, dauntless, daring,
 Full of romance, high and wild,
 Ne'er in woe despairing!
 Far apart from all and hidden—
 Frowning on them too,
 There is one, who came unbidden,
 That is—you know who!
 Now you'll let me love you, Fanny!
 Since you see how few,
 In my heart's far depths are treasured,
 Let it treasure you!

\$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

AT the very pressing solicitation of many of our present subscribers, we have been induced to re-publish the Prize Tale of "*Mary Derwent*." At the time of its former publication, there were only four thousand, five hundred copies issued, now the "*Ladies' Companion*" has a circulation of *seventeen thousand*.

—
MARY DERWENT.*

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

—
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

—
CHAPTER I.

"To sit on rocks, to muse on flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominions dwell,
And mortal foot has ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Above air deep and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her storms unroled."

CHILDE HAROLD.

MONOCKONOK Island lies in the stream of the Susquehannah; its trees cast their shadow with a dreamy beauty over the waters, as they sweep onward toward their outlet, and its green slopes, broken into little hillocks and enamelled with wild flowers, lie sleeping in the sunlight like a vast pile of emeralds drifted up from the bed of the river, and heaped like a miniature paradise upon its bosom. On either side are hills, burthened with rocks and abundance of foliage, sometimes crowding to the very brink of the river, in ragged cliffs, and then falling back with a majestic sweep, and sloping down to the waters in a broad meadow, or a breezy grove. Down a few miles from the island, nestled in between a bold curve of the river and a picturesque mountain, lies the little town of Wilkesbarre, a gem of a village set in a haven of loveliness. But the valley of Wyoming is classical ground; our pen glides timidly over its beauties, conscious that a mightier has gone before. More than half a century ago, a few log cabins stood on the site of the beautiful village. A clearing, now and then, with its humble dwelling was scattered along the brink of the stream; and one log hut, sheltered by a huge sugar maple, with a grass plot slooping to the water in front, and a garden made cheerful by a few hollyhocks and marigolds behind, stood like a mammoth bird's nest, on Monockonok Island. Its resident was an aged and infirm woman, who had moved into the valley among its first settlers, with an only son, and his two motherless daughters. While the son was yet laboring to clear the fifty-acre lot, which he had purchased with the intention of forming a home for his aged parent and his orphan girls, death called him suddenly from his labors, and old mother Derwent, was thrown on the world, burthened with two helpless children. But the sympathies of our nature take deeper root and flourish more kindly among the hardy settlers of our forests, than in our crowded and fashionable cities. A tenant was soon found to work the cleared land, "on shares," and the neighbors collected together, and erected a dwell-

ing, of two rooms, on the little island, which the old lady selected for her residence. Mrs. Derwent had chosen this location, for other reasons than its surpassing loveliness. Yet, with a natural taste for the sublime, and beautiful, there brought into close neighborhood, she exerted all her ingenuity in ornamenting her little house. The native fruit trees, which grew in abundance among the wild rocks, and on the brink of the river, were transplanted to her domain; the brush-wood and stunted trees were cleared away; a few sugar maples, and one magnificent oak, flung their shadows over the stream; and in the autumn, when the trees were burthened with fruit, when the crab-apples hung in crimson clusters on the boughs, when the luxurious peach, the purple grape, and the wild plum, blushed together, and ripened in the same sun-shine, the little island might have been mistaken for a floating garden of the East, lost among the stupendous mountain-scenery of our colder climate.

Mother Derwent was happy in her new dwelling. She had contrived to purchase implements for spinning and weaving the coarse cloth, which constituted the principal clothing of the settlers. The inhabitants gave her plenty of work, and the share of produce from her farm supplied her little household with grain and vegetables. Even the two little girls, who under many circumstances would have been a burthen, were in reality an assistance to her. Jane, the eldest, was a bright and beautiful child, with dark silky hair, pleasant eyes, and lips like the damp petals of a red rose. She was withal, a tidy, active little maiden, and, as mother Derwent was wont to say, "saved grandma a great many steps," by running to the spring for water, winding *quills*, and doing what Miss Sedgwick calls the odds and ends of housework. Jane led a pleasant life on the island. She was a creature of frolic and mirthfulness, and it suited her joyous nature to paddle her canoe on the bosom of the broad river, or even to urge it down the current, when "grandma" wanted a piece of cloth carried to the village, or was anxious to procure from thence, tea and other little delicacies for her household. When mother Derwent's quill-box was full, and "the work all done up," Jane might be found clambering among the wild rocks, which frowned along the shore, looking over the face of some bold precipice, at her image reflected in the stream below; or, perchance, perched in the foliage of a grape-vine, with her rosy face peering out from the leaves, and her laugh ringing merrily from cliff to cliff, while her little hands showered down the purple clusters, to her sister below. Such was Jane Derwent, at the age of fourteen; but different, far different, was her younger sister, Mary. Poor little Mary Derwent! as she was called in the neighborhood. While her sister was endowed with rare beauty and unclouded cheerfulness, she, poor delicate thing—shrunk instinctively from the eyes of her fellow creatures, and sought companionship, only, with the inanimate things of nature; she could not bear that strange eyes should gaze on her deformity.

From her birth, the little girl had presented a strange mixture of the hideous and the beautiful. Her oval face, with its marvellous symmetry of features, might have been the original, from which *Dubufe* drew the chaste

* Copy-right secured, according to law.

and heavenly features of Eve, in his glorious picture of "The Temptation." The same sweetness and purity was there, but the expression—that was chastened and melancholy. Her soft blue eyes were always sad, and almost always moist; their heavy lashes drooped over them, with an expression of languid misery. A smile never brightened her delicate mouth—the same chastened expression of hopelessness, sat for ever on that calm, white forehead; the faint color would often die away from her cheek, but it seldom deepened there, and her tresses, bright as a sunbeam and silky as thistle-down, seemed too free and sunny to shadow that joyless face, or to perform the office of concealment, when they fell in shining radiance over the unseemly hump, and the distorted limbs, which rendered her misshapen person almost hideous to look upon. Nature, as if to inflict the greatest injury with the most cruel consciousness of it, had imbued her spirit with that subtle fire, which men call genius, but which mingles with the delicate nature of woman, like the holy flame which lighted the altars of the ancients, consuming the heart it preys upon, with a rapidity proportioned to its brightness.

It is almost startling to learn the strength of feeling, and the hoard of bitter thoughts, which are sometimes exposed lurking in the bosom of a child. Mary was ten years of age before any person supposed her conscious of her horrible malformation, or was aware of the deep sensitiveness of nature. The event which brought both to life, occurred a few months, before the death of her father. It was on the clearing, before the little log school-house of the village. Mary was chosen into the centre of the merry ring, by Edward Clark, a bright-eyed, handsome boy, with a gay, open countenance, and with manners bold and frank almost to carelessness.

The kind-hearted boy drew her gently into the ring, pressed his lips to her innocent forehead, and joined the circle, without the laugh and joyous bound which usually accompanied his movements. There was an instinctive feeling of delicacy and tenderness towards the little girl, which forbade all boisterous merriment when she was his partner. The feelings which were to form the misery of the woman breathed in the bosom of the child even at this early age; a slight tremor stirred her heart, and when those frank lips were raised from her forehead, a flush more rosy than the light pressure could have warranted remained upon its surface. It was her turn to select a partner; she extended her hand timidly towards a boy somewhat older than herself, he drew back with an insulting laugh, and refused to stand up with the *lunch-back*. Instantly the ring was broken up. Edward Clark leaped forward, with the bound of a panther, and with a blow, rendered powerful by his honest indignation, smote the insulter to the ground. For one moment Mary looked around bewildered, as if she did not comprehend the nature of the taunt; then the blood rushed up to her face, her soft blue eyes blazed as with a flash of hidden fire, the little hand was clenched, and her unseemly trunk dilated with passion a moment, then the blood flowed back upon her heart, her white lips closed over the clenched teeth, and she fell forward with her face upon the ground, as one stricken by unseen lightning. The

group gathered around her, awe-stricken and afraid. They could not comprehend this fearful burst of passion in a creature, habitually gentle and sweet-tempered to a fault.

Her brave defender knelt and raised her head to his bosom, while tears of generous indignation still lingered on his burning cheek, and his form shook with scarcely abated excitement. Unmindful of the threats, and hostile gestures of his cousin, he fanned the pale face, which lay so like marble upon his bosom, rubbed the cold hands, and exerted all his little skill to re-animate her. Jane stood by, wringing her hands and moaning like a demented thing; for, poor child, she was ignorant of the strength of human passions, and thought that nothing but death could take a form so appalling. At length Mary Derwent arose with the calmness of a hushed earthquake upon her face, and bent her way to her father's house. She was henceforth a changed being. One great shock had thrust her forward, as it were, to a maturity of suffering; her smile became mournful and sad in its expression, as if the poor creature had become weary of life and of all living things; she never again joined in the childish sports of her companions. When their shouts of merriment rang loudest on the green, she was alone among the wild, high rocks, or away by the river's brink, gazing upon the perpetual flow of its waters, and musing, hour after hour, upon the beautiful fancies, which at that period dawned upon her intellect, as if to compensate for the evils that had been heaped upon her person. In the solitude of nature, alone, could she escape the terrible consciousness of her deformity; a consciousness so suddenly and cruelly brought home to her delicate spirit. The flowers had no eyes to mock at her unshapely form, as it bent over them; the moss received her weary frame, as lovingly as if limbs of the most perfect symmetry pressed its green bosom. There was no hollow mockery in the gurgle of the rivulet, as it leaped like a shower of liquid light from its basin in the wild rocks—no disgust in the heavy greenness of the trees, or the fluttering birds that congregated, with their bright plumage and sweet voices, among the leaves. She held communion with nature, till her spirit became imbued with its poetry, as the young grass receives its color from the light in which it exists. Her heart became gentle, delicate as a flower, yet in the unfathomed depths thereof, lay strength and passion, and fervency of feeling; with the vivid imagination which lavishes a portion of its own brightness on all earthly things. To the few beings who had been the cherishers of her helpless state, her heart twined with a double intensity, from the repulse she had met with elsewhere. She clung to the love of her grandmother with the trusting fondness of a sickly infant. To her sister, Jane, she was at once a dependant, from physical weakness, and a monitress in intellect. Though exceedingly sweet and affectionate in her nature, she retained an influence over the headstrong will and more common-place propensities of her beautiful and healthy sister, which the lofty and strong mind always possesses over those of a more earthly mould. Her spirit mingled with the coarser and more buoyant mind of her sister, as the sweet song which rises and swells from the heart of a

nightingale, while she sits panting with the love of her own music among the thick branches, may charm the notes of a louder and stronger bird, hushing him to silence by the sweetness of a richer and more thrilling melody. With her father, there was more of equality and companionship. Her helplessness had rendered her a thing of almost holy attachment to him, and with her quick feelings and almost intuitive perception of his own, she had won for herself a portion of confidence and respect, which gave to the tie between them, a dignity almost proportioned to its immeasurable tenderness.

Mr. Derwent was an educated man, and one of strong natural understanding; yet he was not fully capable of appreciating the strange combination of weakness and strength—the spiritual and the passionate, which formed the character of his child. At times, his strong spirit would become absolutely subdued by the depth and fervency of hers. He was occasionally startled almost out of his protecting love by the vivid flashes of intellect which broke upon him from the frail child, whom he had cherished the more dearly for her very helplessness and supposed inferiority. When the poetry, which was its essence, would break up from her heart, like a fire from a kindling altar, he would take her to his arms almost in fear, as one who has fostered some feeble object, believing it a creature of weaker powers and kindred sympathies, but who suddenly finds that an angel—a spirit of a far off and beautiful world, higher and brighter than he can comprehend, has been nestled lovingly in his bosom, the object of kindly feelings and the creature of its fostering love.

While this feeling of mingled tenderness and veneration was springing up in the bosom of the father, he died, and she was left without companionship and without preceptor, with the elements of good and evil slumbering in her heart, like a mine of rough gems bedded in earth, and but partially lain open to the sunshine.

From the time of her father's death, the love of solitude became a passion with the deformed girl. Exempted by the tenderness of her grandmother, from the labors of the household, she spent her time in summer constantly among the hills. She could manage a canoe, and was familiar with every mossy hollow and flowery nook for miles up the river. She had but two books—the Bible and an old volume of Milton; one of these was her constant companion. With a refinement of taste inherent in her nature, she selected such portions of Holy Writ as contain, perhaps, the highest and holiest poetry out of heaven, and over them she pondered with a thirst for the beautiful and intense longing for something higher and more lofty than she had yet known, till her heart drooped with a sense of its own feebleness. The genius within was struggling for utterance. She knew nothing of poetry as a science—nay, was almost ignorant that the thoughts, which sometimes filled her heart with the sweetness of "unwritten music," were not natural to all. She only wondered that she had never heard them spoken of. Then, remembering the sensitive feeling, which caused her own heart to conceal its bright hoard of ideas, she supposed others to be actuated by the same shrinking impulse, and went on, dreaming and filling the paradise of her mind with images and aspira-

tions of more than earthly beauty and intensity. Her thoughts turned continually on themes too spiritual and visionary for mere humanity; yet, with which the few earthly objects, which were left to her love, were interwoven, till her attachments were refined and concentrated to a degree of affection almost painful to its possessor. The objects of her earthly love became the idols of the ideal world pictured in the depths of her mind. One being had so entwined himself with her every thought—had been to her heart so like a kindred harmony—that she loved him with an impulse as natural and as innocent, as that which turns the sun-flower to the west when the day closes. That being was Edward Clark—he who had avenged her insulted feelings so bravely. I have said that she loved him—and it was with a passion deep and holy as an angel's prayer—yet passionate, sincere, and self-devoting, "as woman's love." All these elements of misery had ripened in her heart while she was a mere child, and the current of her young existence flowed on, colored and mellowed by them, as waters receive a tint from the minerals over which they flow.

Mary never dreamed of the nature of the unquiet guest she had taken to her bosom. Edward Clark was the only being, of the other sex, with whom she had associated since the death of her father. If a tremor like a soft breeze rippling the surface of a bright lake, stole through her heart, at the sound of his footsteps—if every heart-string vibrated, as with a thrill of music, when he read to her, in his deep, rich voice, the passages she loved most in Milton—could she, a child, full of strange impulses, be supposed to understand the mysterious throbbings of that mysterious creation—the heart? She only knew that a sensation, tremulous, blissful and very strange—a commingling of all the sweet and sensitive feelings she had ever known before—had broken up from the depths of her heart. It might be poetry—it might be prayer—but it could *not* be love! Had she supposed it possible, she would have sunk to the earth shuddering with self-disgust, as one who had committed a deadly sin against nature. For what had she, a creature flung out from the rest of her kindred—branded, and set apart, with a fearful mark upon her—to do with the feelings which link human beings together?

"It is a fearful trust, the trust of love.
In fear, not hope, should woman's heart receive
A guest so terrible. Ah! never more
Will thy young spirit know its joyous hours
Of quiet hopes and innocent delight:
Its childhood is departed."

Poor Mary Derwent! better had she wandered away a harmless life, among the high rocks and the lovely wild-flowers which made her home a sheltered paradise, dreaming of the future, and of that Heaven which is the only quiet hereafter to a spirit like hers, than to have cast her all of hope on a being changeable and wayward as man. For what man ever returned, or rewarded, the devotion of a heart like that? Love is a dangerous and a fearful trust even to the quiet and the beautiful. And what had she to hope for, with her lofty mind and hideous person? A return of love! There are men who can appreciate intellect and goodness even in a form like hers! A broken or a hardened heart? Why should we question? Her destiny was before her.

CHAPTER II.

"Where is the heart that has not bowed
A slave, eternal love, to thee!
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?"

"And what must love be in the heart,
All passions' fiery depths revealing,
Which has in its minutest part,
More than another's whole of feeling?"

"And so you *will* go, Mary, dear—though this is my birth-day? I have a great mind to cut the canoe loose and set it adrift."

"And then how will your company get to the island?" said Mary Derwent, raising her eyes to the blooming face of her sister, while a quiet smile stole unto their blue depths.

"I don't care for company! I don't care for any thing—you are so contrary—so hateful. You *never* stay at home when the young folks are coming—it's too bad!" And Jane flung herself on the grass which surrounded a little cove where a bark canoe lay rocking in the water, and indulged her petulance by tearing up a bed of strawberry-vines which her sister had planted there.

"Don't spoil my strawberry bed," said Mary, bending over the wayward girl and kissing her forehead. "Come, do be good-natured and let me go, I will bring you some honeysuckle-apples, and a whole canoe full of wood-lilies. Come, I can't bear to see you discontented to-day!"

"I would not care about it so much—though it is hard that you will never go to frolic, nor enjoy yourself like other folks—but Edward Clark made me promise to keep you at home to-day."

A color like the delicate tinting of a shell, stole into Mary's cheek, as it lay caressingly against the rich damask of her sister's. "If no one but Edward were coming, I should be glad to stay," she replied, in a soft, sweet voice: but you have invited a great many, haven't you? Who will be here from the village?"

Jane began to enumerate the young men who had been invited to her birth-day party: they held precedence in her heart, and consequently in her speech; for, to own the truth, Jane Derwent was a perfect specimen of the rustic coquette; a beauty, and a spoiled one; but a warm-hearted, kind girl notwithstanding. "There are the Ward boys, and John Smith, and Walter Butler to—" Jane stopped, for she felt a shiver run over the form around which her arms were flung, as she pronounced the last name, and she saw that the cheek of her sister was blanched to the whiteness of snow. "I had forgotten," she said, timidly, after a moment; "I am sorry I asked him. You are not angry, with me, Mary, are you?"

"Angry, no! I never am angry with you, Jane. I don't want to refuse you any thing on your birth-day—but I cannot meet these people. You cannot guess—you can have no idea of my sufferings when any one looks upon me except those I love very, very dearly."

"That is just what they say," replied Jane, while a flush of generous feeling spread over her forehead.

"What, who says?" inquired Mary, for her heart trembled with a dread that some allusion was to be made

to her person, and she felt as if the sister whom she loved so dearly, would be shut out from her heart for ever, were she to repeat the unfeeling remarks which she suspected to have been made on her deformity, by those who had been the playmates of her childhood. After her question, there was a moment's silence. They had both arisen, and the deformed girl stood before her sister with a tremulous lip and a wavering, anxious eye. The expression of her face was like that of a troubled angel. Yet with the jealous restlessness of spirit, which in some, never tastes one drop of a bitter cup without draining it to the dregs, as if enamored with soul-torture, she could not help putting her question again somewhat impatiently. "Why will you not tell me what they say?"

"Jane was quick witted, and with many faults; very kind of heart. When she saw the distress, visible in her unfortunate sister's face, she formed her reply with more of tact and kind feeling, than of strict regard to truth. "Why it is nothing," she said, "the girls always loved you, and petted you so much, when we were little children in school together, that they don't like it when you go away without seeing them. They think that you are grown proud since you have taken to reading and talking fine language. You don't have to work like the rest of us, and they feel slighted and think you put on airs."

Oh, it is happiness to feel that we are still cared for and sought after by those whom we have supposed estranged from us; and the highly gifted—those whom we might suppose the most independent from their mental resources, are perhaps the most susceptible to kindly feelings in others; the most unwilling to break any of those sacred ties which keep the heart young. Tears stole into the eyes of the deformed girl, and a sudden light, the sunshine of an affectionate heart, broke over her face, as she said,—

"It is not that, my sister—I have loved them very much, all these years that I have not seen them, but since that day—sister, you are very good, and oh, how beautiful; but you cannot dream of the feelings of a poor creature like myself. Without sympathy, without companions, hunch-back and crooked. Tell me, Jane, am I not hideous to look upon?"

This was the first time in her life that Mary had permitted a consciousness of her malformation to escape her in words. The last question was put in a voice of mingled agony and bitterness, wrung from the very depths of her heart. She fell upon the grass, as she spoke, and with her face to the ground, lay grovelling at her sister's feet, like some wounded animal; for now that the loveliness of her face was concealed, her form seemed scarcely human.

All that was generous in the nature of Jane Derwent, swelled in her heart, as she bent over her sister. She wept like an infant, and with broken words and half stifled sobs, strove to raise her from the ground.

"Hideous! oh, Mary, how can you talk so?" she said, kneeling down and raising the head of the unfortunate tenderly to her bosom. "Don't shake and tremble

in this manner. You are not frightful nor homely; only think how beautiful your hair is. Edward Clark says he never saw any thing so bright and silky as your curls; he said so, indeed he did, Mary, and the other day, when he was reading about Eve in the little book you love so well, he told grandmother, that he fancied Eve must have had a face just like yours."

"Did Edward say this, murmured the poor deformed, as Jane half lifted, half persuaded her from the ground, and with her arms flung over her neck, was pressing the face she had been praising to her heaving bosom. For Mary, though naturally tall, was so distorted, that when she stood upright, her head scarcely reached a level with the graceful bust of her sister.

"Did he say it, Mary." "Yes, he certainly did, and so do I say it. Look here." And eagerly gathering the folds of a large shawl over the shoulders of the deformed, she gently drew her to the brink of the basin, where the canoe still lay moored. "Look there," she exclaimed, as they bent together over the edge of the green-sward, "can you wish for any thing handsomer than that face?"

The two young girls did indeed, form a beautiful picture as they stood, with their arms interlaced, bending over the tranquil waters. Never had that smooth surface mirrored two faces more strikingly lovely, yet more unlike in their beauty. Unconsciously they had taken the attitude a painter would have chosen. The head and half the form of the elder, from the finely rounded shoulders down to the graceful outline of the waist, was flung back with the exactness of life. Her eighteenth birthday had brought its richest bloom to her cheek, and recent excitement had lent a brilliancy to her eyes, and an intellectual beauty to the forehead, which was scarcely natural to them. Her head was partly bent, and a profusion of rich curls fell over her graceful neck. A few white blossoms had been twined among them in honor of her party, and thus she was mirrored, half concealing the form of her sister, whose face, in all its pale spiritual loveliness, beamed out from the protection of her arm. It was like the head of a cherub, sheltered and cherished by a form of earthly beauty. A green tree waved its branches over them, and the sunshine came shimmering through the leaves with a wavy light. The waters were tranquil as the arch of a summer sky, and the sisters were still gazing on the lovely faces, speaking to theirs from their clear depths, when a canoe swept suddenly round the grassy promontory, which formed one side of the cove. With a dash of the oar, it shot, like an arrow, into the basin, and its occupant, a young man of perhaps two-and-twenty, leaped upon the green-sward. The sisters started from the embrace. Both blushed, and a glad smile dimpled the round cheek of the elder, as she stepped forward to greet the new comer. But Mary drew her shawl more closely over her person and shrunk timidly back; but with a quickened pulse and a soft welcome beaming from her eyes.

"I have just come in time to keep you at home, for once," said the youth, approaching the timid girl, after having gaily shaken hands with her sister. "I am sure we shall persuade you—" He was interrupted by a

call from Jane, who had run off to the other side of the cove; probably with the hopes of being speedily followed by her visitor.

"Come here, Edward, do, and break me some of this sweet-briar; it scratches my fingers so." Clark dropped Mary's hand, and went to obey this capricious summons.

"Don't try to persuade Mary to stay," said Jane, as she took a quantity of the sweet-briar from the hands of her companion. "She is as restless when we have company as the mocking-bird you gave us; besides," she added, with a little hesitation, "Walter Butler, will be here and she don't like him."

"It were strange if she did," replied the youth; and a frown passed over his fine forehead; "but tell me, Jane, how it happened that you invited him, when you know that I dislike him almost as much as she does."

Jane looked confused, and like most people, when they intend to persist in a wrong, began to get into a passion.

"I am sure I thought I had the right, to ask any one I pleased," she said, petulently.

"Yes, but one might expect, that it would scarcely please you, to encourage a man, who has so shamefully insulted your sister. My blood boils when I think of the wretch! Poor Mary, I had hoped to have seen her enjoy herself to-day; but now she must wander off alone as usual. I have a great mind to go with her." And turning swiftly away from the angry beauty, he went to Mary, spoke a few words, and they stepped into his canoe together. But, he had scarcely pushed it from the shore when, Jane ran forward and leaped in after them. "If you go, so will I!" she said, angrily seating herself in the bottom of the canoe. Mary was amazed and perplexed. She looked into the stern, displeased face of the young man, and then at the sullen brow of her sister.

"What does this mean?" she inquired, gently, "what is the matter, Jane?" Jane began to sob, but gave no answer, and they rowed across the river in silence. They landed at the foot of the broken precipice, that hung over the river like a ruined battlement. Clark assisted Mary to the shore, and was about to accompany her up the foot-path, which wound over the precipice, but Jane, who had angrily refused his help to leave the boat, began to fear that she had carried her anger too far, and timidly called him back to her. There was a few angry words from the young man—expostulation and tears from the maiden, all of which, a bend in the path prevented Mary observing; and then, Clark went up the hill—told the solitary girl not to wander far—to be careful and not sit on the damp ground—and that he would come for her by sun down; the young folks would have left the island by that time, he said. They were all going down to Wilkesbarre, to have a dance, in the old school-house. He and Jane, were going, but they would wait and take her home first. Edward was almost out of breath, as he said all this, and he appeared anxious to go back to the canoe. But Mary, had not expected him to join her lonely wanderings, and his solicitude about her safety, was so considerate and kind. It went to her heart like a breath of summer air. She turned up the mountain-

path, lonely and companionless; but very happy. Her eyes were full of pleasant tears, and her heart was like a flower unfolding to the sunshine. There is a pleasure in complying with the slightest request, from those we love; and Mary, confined her ramble to the precipice and the shore, merely because, Edward Clark, had asked her not to wander far. She saw him land on the island with her sister, while half sitting, half reclining on a crag of the broken rock, at whose foot she had landed. Then, she saw the boat sent again, and again, to the opposite shore, returning each time, laden with her former companions. By degrees she became very sad. She felt the melancholy, and loneliness of her position; she would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to have mingled in equality with the gay beings, flitting through the trees, and wandering over the green sward of her island home. The ringing laugh, and the music of cheerful words, came swelling on the wind, to her isolated seat. Happiness and sunshine were all around her; budding moss, bird-songs and flowers; but her heart was weighed down with a sense of its utter loneliness. Then she would think of Edward Clark, and of his late kind words, and wonder why they had ceased to make her happy. In dwelling on them, she became quiet and contented, and dropped asleep under the shadow of a drooping birch, which grew in a cleft in the rock on which she lay. Her sleep was very sweet, and refreshing. A mocking-bird had perched himself in the tree, above her, and his melody floated in her dreams. They were of a far off world; Edward Clark was there, and it was her home; but her form was changed and she had become beautiful—beautiful as her sister Jane. She was aroused by the rustling of branches over her head; there was a bounding step, as of a deer in flight, and then a young girl sprang out upon a point of rock which shot over the platform on which she lay, and bending over the edge, gazed eagerly down upon the river. Mary held her breath, and remained motionless, for her poetical fancy was aroused by the singular beauty, and picturesque attitude of the figure. There was a wildness and a grace in it, which she had never witnessed before. At the first glance, she supposed the stranger to be a wandering Indian girl, belonging to some of the tribes that roamed the neighboring forests. But her complexion, though darker than the darkest brunette of our own race, was still too light, for any of the savage nations, yet seen in the wilderness. It was of a clear, rich, brown, and the blood glowed through the round cheeks like the blush of a ripe peach. Her hair was long, profusely braided, and of a deep black; not the dull lustreless color, common to the Indians; but with a bloom upon it like that shed by the sunlight on the wing of a flying raven. She appeared to be neither Indian, nor white, but of a mixed race. The spirited and wild grace of the savage, was blended with a delicacy of feature, and nameless elegance, more peculiar to the whites. In her dress, also, might be traced the same union of barbarism and refinement—a string of bright scarlet berries, defining the edge of her clear forehead, and interwoven with the long braids of her hair, now and then glanced in the sunlight, as she moved her head, like a chain of burning rubies and polished

garnet stones. A robe of gorgeous chintz, where crimson and deep brown were the predominating colors, was confined at the waist, by a narrow belt of wampum, and terminated a little below the knee, in a double row of heavy fringe, leaving the firm slender ankles free and uncovered. Her robe fell open at the shoulders; but the swelling outline of the neck, thus exposed, was unbroken, except by a necklace of cherry-colored cornelian, from which a small heart of the same blood-red stone, fell to her bosom. The round and tapering beauty of her arms was fully revealed and unencumbered, by a single ornament. Her moccasins were of dressed deerskin, fringed and wrought with tiny beads; but interwoven, was a vine of silken buds, and leaves done in such needlework, as was in those days, only taught to the most refined and highly educated class of whites. Mary had never seen any thing so exquisitely beautiful in its workmanship, as that embroidery, or so picturesque and poetical as the whole appearance of the stranger.

For more than a minute the wild girl retained the position, which her last bounding step had left her in. There was something statue-like in the tension of those rounded and slender limbs, as she stood on the shelf of rock, bending eagerly over the edge, with her weight thrown on one foot and the other strained back, as if preparing for a spring. There was the grace, but not the chilliness of marble, for they were full of warm, healthy life. There was spirit and fire in their very repose, as after an eager glance up and down the river, she settled back, and with her arms folded, remained for a moment in an attitude of dejection and disappointment. A merry laugh, which came ringing over the waters, from the direction of the island, drew her attention to the group of revelers, glancing in and out of the shrubbery which surrounded mother Derwent's dwelling. Flinging back her hair with a gesture of fiery impatience, she sprang upward, and dragged down the branch of a young tree, to which she grasped for support, while throwing herself still more boldly over the very edge of the cliff. Mary almost screamed with affright. But there was something grand in the daring of the girl, which aroused her admiration, even more than her fear. She knew that the breaking of that slender branch, would precipitate her down a sheer descent of more than one hundred feet. But she felt as if the very sound of her voice would startle her into eternity.

Motionless with dread, she fixed her eyes, like a fascinated bird, on the strange being thus hovering over death, so fearlessly, and so beautiful. All at once, those bright, dark eyes kindled, one arm was flung eagerly outward—her red lips parted, and a gush of music, like the song of a mocking-bird, but clearer and richer, burst from them.

Mary started forward in amazement. She could not convince herself that it was not the notes of a real bird. She turned her head and peered among the leaves of the birch, where the songster, which lulled her to sleep, had nestled itself; but it had flown on the approach of the stranger. Before she could lift her eyes to the cliff again, a low, shrill whistle came sharply up from the direction of the Island. She caught one glance of the kindling cheeks,

and flashing eyes, of the strange girl, as she leaped back from the cliff—a flash of sun light on her long hair, as she darted into a thicket of wild cherry-trees—and then there was no sign of her remaining, save the rustling of the young trees as the bent limb swayed back to its fellows. Again the notes, as of a wild, eager bird, arose from a hollow bark, on the side of the mountain; and after a moment, that shrill whistle was repeated from the water, and Mary distinctly heard the dipping of an oar. She crept to the edge of the rock, which had formed her concealment, and looked down upon the river. A canoe, rowed by a single oarsman, was making its way, swiftly, from the island. She could not distinguish the face of the occupant; but there was a band of red paint around the edge of the canoe, and she remembered that Edward Clark's alone, was so ornamented. It was the same that had brought her from the Island. Did the signal come from him—from Edward Clark? What had he in common with the wild, strange girl, who had broken upon her solitude? A thrill of pain, such as she had never dreamed of before, shot through her heart, as she asked these questions. She would have marked the landing of the canoe, but her strength had suddenly left her, and she sunk back to a fragment of stone, almost powerless, and in extreme suffering. In a little more than an hour, she saw the same solitary rower crossing the river, but with more deliberate motion. She watched him while he moored the canoe in the little cove, and then she caught another glimpse of him as he turned a corner of her dwelling, and mingled with the group of young persons who were drinking tea on the green sward in front.

It was a weary hour to the deformed girl, before the party broke up, and were transported to the opposite shore; where farm wagons stood ready to convey them to Wilkesbarre. The sun was almost down, and the Island quiet again, when she saw two persons, a male and a female, coming from the house to the cove. She arose, and folding her shawl about her, prepared to descend to the river. The ledge, on which she had spent the afternoon, towered back from the precipice in a mass of broken rocks, crowned by a thick growth of stunted pines and hemlocks. The side along which the footpath wound, fell with an abrupt descent, to a deep ravine which opened to the river—covered with loose soil, interspersed with fragments of rocks, and cut up into hollows, where the mountain stream had washed away the soil. The whole was covered with a luxuriant undergrowth, and a few large, white pines had anchored themselves in the hollows. Mary had walked half way down the ledge, when she stopped abruptly in the path; for sitting on the moss beneath one of these pines was the strange girl, who had so excited her wonder. Mary's slow step had not disturbed her, and unconscious of a witness, she was unbraiding the string of berries from her hair, and supplying their place with a rope of twisted coral. The strings of scarlet riband with which she knotted it on her temple, were bright, and had evidently never been tied before. Mary's heart beat quickly, and she hurried forward as if some wild animal had sprung up in her path. She felt an uncontrollable repulsion to

that wild and beautiful girl, which she neither understood nor tried to account for. When she reached the shore, the canoe, with Edward Clark, and her sister seated in it, was making leisurely towards the mouth of the ravine, and she sat down on the shadowy side of the oak to await their coming. Their approach was so motionless, that she did not know that they had reached the shore till the voice of Edward Clark apprised her of it. He was speaking earnestly to her sister, and there was agitation and deep tenderness in his voice—a breaking forth of the heart's best feelings, which she had never witnessed in him before.

"No, Jane," he said, in a resolute but slightly tremulous voice, "you must now choose between that man and me; there can be nothing of rivalry between us; I do heartily despise him! I am not jealous—I could not be of a creature so unworthy; but it grieves me to feel that you can place him for a moment on a level with yourself. If you persist in this degrading coquetry, you are unworthy of the pure and faithful love which I have given you—forgive me, Jane, if I speak harshly—don't cry, it grieves me to wound your feelings, but—" he was interrupted by a sound as of some one falling heavily to the ground. He leaped from the canoe, and there, by the trunk of an oak, lay Mary Derwent helpless and insensible.

"She has wandered too far, and exhausted herself," said the agitated young man, as he bore her to the canoe. "Sit down, Jane, and take her head in your lap—your grandmother will know what to do for her."

They were half way across the river, when Mary began to recover animation. Edward laid down his oar, and taking her hand in his, was about to speak; but she drew it away with a faint shudder, and burying her face in her sister's bosom, remained still and silent as before. The unfortunate girl had begun to comprehend the workings of her own heart. It was a fearful knowledge to her.

To be continued.

Original.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

WELCOME, sweet flower! Young herald of the Spring,
An emblem, too, of Winter's gone career;
What though no fragrance thou, fair gem! dost fling—
Oh! yet to me thy chalice'd blossom's dear
As richest rose-bud, bathed in balmy dews:
Yea! dearer far! for thy pale leaves forestell
That Summer comes, in guise of glorious hue,
To deck the mountain, forest, mead and dell.
Dear pledge of beauty, how I love thy form!
A ray thou seem'st 'twixt cloud and sunshine fair—
Formed in the womb of glory and of storm,
And called to life by Nature's holy care.
Oh! gently breathe the breeze upon thy leaf—
Loved be thy form—for oh! thy day is brief.

Original.

THE TRIALS OF MRS. TABITHA TROTT TUBBS.

THE history of this lady is what your technical biographers call an 'eventful.' It began with an event, for that matter. It is impossible to give any other name to such an occurrence. The truth is, it must have been an event, and it is our duty to maintain it. Without farther fact or argument, therefore, gentle reader, you will please to consider that matter settled. The morning (or evening, we forget which,) that little Tabitha Trott Timpy—that is the name she was born by—made her terrestrial *débüt*, was some time during the first day of April, seventeen hundred and—no matter. It is not for us, that we know of, to make a matron of her calibre, fifty years old. Let her have the advantage of all the lustrous she falls short of it. It is enough for our purpose that she did not consent to be born at all, without much mooted of the matter of duty. It was, of course a condescension on her part, to favor the world with such an advent, and if the family Bible is of authority in such a case, there was still more doubt on the part of the parents as to the propriety of so early an appearance; especially as the blank leaf of that blessed book, commonly denominated the "Family Record," was obliged to bear on its face a very awkward anachronism. There was great discrepancy in the premises. It would be invidious to point it out, but the marriage of the mother, and the birth of the daughter, were in a very inconvenient juxtaposition as to dates.

Little Tabby, as she was familiarly called at that time, (since changed rather irreverently to *old* Tabby,) was, from her very origin, a child of "trials," as we have intimated in the title to her memoirs. The first trial commenced, as we have already hinted, before she became *citizeness* of the freest of all possible republics, and when she had overcome her scruples; and "yielded to the duty" of being born under any circumstances, her "trials" began rapidly to accumulate. In the first place, her fond parents *tried* hard to beat a little brains into her head, and a modicum of obedience into her disposition. She was, in fact, "tried" at every thing, and, for a long time, with very little success, until she arrived at the age of fifteen; when she commenced "trying" for herself—'trying,' in the first place, to get a husband, which finally proved successful in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and thirty, when her prayers were answered, and her perseverance rewarded by a matrimonial bargain with Mr. Timothy Titus Tubbs, a godly singing-master of the peripatetic order, who opened a semiquaver shop in the village of Tubbsburgh, where the heroine resided. After this consummation, the "trials" of Mrs. Tubbs came upon her apace; and from that time to this, they have been sorer than those of old Job, and more numerous than the arraignments of the boldest rogue that ever figured in the police court.

Her very honeymoon was fraught with foretaste of the bliss to be brought about by her marriage. Her happy husband found out, even in its first week, that there was to be a regular "division of labor" between his helpmate and himself—she to provide torments, and he to assist in applying them, with as much patience as he could muster.

As Fluellen or Madame Quickly says, (we really forget which,) she became peevish about this time, and, unluckily, her caprices ran into what is frequently mis-called religion. She took it into her head that she had "a call." It was her well settled opinion that she was 'called' to overlook the general destitution of the entire Christian church. The *particular* privations of the "home interest" never happened to enter into her calculations. The minister of the parish might suffer with utter impunity for aught she cared, and the church might be shut up without any attempt to urge the clergyman to starve longer upon an unpaid salary, provided she could prevail with the parishioners to raise funds for the support of a missionary in Cochin China, or make up clothing for the destitute ragamuffins in the Sandwich Islands. No matter what became of domestic destitution, if foreign vagabondism could be provided for! The whole native population might become heathen as soon as it pleased Heaven, if Paganism abroad could be attended to. Missionary labor must be paid, and it was her opinion that modern benevolence being so very 'expansive' in its scope, there was very little consequence in the welfare of those living in the centre. Charity, according to her creed, does *not* begin at home. Benevolence is praiseworthy only in proportion to the distance at which it exercises good deeds!

Now, we disagree with Mrs. Tubbs in this opinion, and we expect to gain considerable credit with the "reading public," for so impartial an exhibition of biographical magnanimity. Your sketcher of memoirs is generally so carried away with the good qualities of his subject, that he rarely ventures upon blame. He paints every thing relating to it, *couleur de rose*. Not so with us. We have, of course, a tremendous partiality for Mrs. Tubbs, but—the genius of true history be praised—we can recognize faults wherever we find them, even though they obtrude themselves into the character of a heroine. Mrs. Tabitha Tubbs must not presume too far upon our good nature! Our views are as "expansive" as her own, we can tell her. With all our admiration—such as it is—we are not blind to blemishes, and it is a duty which we shall not shrink from—the duty of pointing them out, even in *apparent* a case as this. Mrs. Tubbs had better have minded her own business, and especially would it have been better if she had taken care of her own children. We will not be misunderstood if we can help it. Our holy religion receives all our reverence, and it is impossible for any one to wish more ardently than we do, to see it extended to every quarter of the world; but we do not recognize the policy of frittering away the efforts of its friends, by leaving it to languish at home, by extra exertions to *present its excellence through the instrumentality of a very incompetent agency abroad*.

This, however, is digression, and return we, therefore, to Mrs. Tubbs; and brief must be the return, for we have very little more space to bestow upon her. Her "trials were many," and the trials of her spouse were more yet; for he had to go to a Justice's Court in Connecticut—Tubbsburgh is in — County, in that State—much oftener than he found it either convenient or profitable.

The perquisites of his pitchpipe were very soon swallowed up in the cost and charges incident to the jurisprudence of a justice of the peace, and the bills brought against Mr. T., soon reduced his bill of fare at dinner. Here, indeed, did that "eminent saint," his wife, find the first startling inconvenience of being a "woman of trials." Her husband's income being incompetent to the outlay which "duty dictated" to her charities, it was found impossible to carry on the 'labor of love' without resort to stronger means, and good Mrs. Tabitha Trott Tubbs only escaped her last "trial," by running away from an indictment for stealing silver spoons! There are several other females of her family, whose history it may be well to write hereafter, and it shall go hard with us, but we do it.

C. F. D.

Original.

THE UPWARD WAY.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEEN.

HALF the people of the little village were accustomed to throw themselves in the way of the holy man, as he went up to the confessional; clinging to his robe, as they would be borne along with him, and asking him, with a scripture sincerity, what they should do to be saved. He ever answered like a father.—CESAROTTI. TRANS.

AY—pass ye on with me—

Children of sin—pale pilgrims of a day—
My staff is golden—and I mind the way—
'Tis to Eternity!

Not like the path of Earth
Is that I've trodden, since my hair grew pale,
And mighty things came round me, like a veil,
Over my years of mirth.

I felt the shadow come,
And weave itself about me, like a cloud—
Till I stood like a marble in that shroud—
In child-like awe—and dumb!

Then, as it passed away,
And glory compass'd me—like the great crown
Of radiance that from the North looks down,
Earth seem'd with me to pray!

I rose a pilgrim man.
I join'd in the broad worship of a world—
A sunbeam banner round my head unfurl'd—
Another morn began!

CHRIST and the CROSS were mine.
New dedicate to these, up to that Fount
That springs Eternal on the Golden Mount,
I pass'd, as to a shrine.

And thither must ye tread,
So ye would gather from the land of graves
Up to the uncreated Light that saves—
Come, children, from the Dead!

Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. I.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"An hour's gossip about old pictures;
'You may come and see the picture,' she says, 'that you wot of.'"
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

GENTLE reader, are we not, by this time, sufficiently well acquainted to lay aside the restrictions of ceremony, and meet as friends? I have presented myself before thee, sometimes arrayed in the gorgeous robes of antique stateliness, sometimes tricked out in the trappings of modern fashion and folly, sometimes in the linsey-woolsey of the peasant, sometimes in the velvet of a princess, and now I claim the privilege of appearing in the simple household garb which is ever most becoming to one of my sex. I have visited thee full often in my masquerading dress, and I would now admit thee into my retirement, and talk with thee in the familiar accents of womanly kindness. Come—enter with me into the pleasant room which is dignified with the title of "our library." Sit down in that great chair which seems to extend its arms so lovingly to receive thee, and let us commune together. There are moments when an overflowing heart, or an o'erfraught brain requires the relief which is only to be found in a social, unrestrained interchange of thought and feeling. At such times, there is nothing more agreeable than that desultory style of conversation, which the ruder sex, in their pride, style '*gossiping*.' But then it must be gossip of the right sort; not the petty detail of a neighbor's frailties, or of an enemy's misfortunes, but a pouring out of the bosom's full tide of feeling into the ear of a friend, tried and true. Many such an hour have I spent even in my girlhood, when I was little skilled in the analyzation of the feelings of the friends who then listened to my wayward fancies; some have gone to people the '*inania regria*'—the shadowy realms of death, some have waxed cold and forgetful of our girlish confidences, and two yet are left—the one, a happy wife and mother, the other, a sorrowing and heart-broken sojourner in life, to sympathise, in later days, with the companion of their childhood. But in the intercourse between the friends of childhood, there is always a slight drawback. They are inexpressibly dear to us as the associates of our early youth, but we cannot forget that they were the confidants of many a fancy which we have since discarded, and many a sentiment which we have learned to regard as worthless. We remember, too, with a sensation nearly approaching to shame, the many *Chateaux en Espagne* which we used to build beneath their eyes, and which have long since vanished into thin air; and we shrink from fully revealing to them, in latter life, the joys and sorrows of our hearts, lest the recollection of our early follies should lead them to doubt the durability or the reality of our present impressions. The changes which we are conscious have taken place in ourselves, lead us to the belief that there must have been equal changes in them, and while affection may abide as warm as ever, yet the mutations which have taken place in character may have diminished the capacity for entire sympathy and unity of

feeling. Therefore it is, that the friends of our youth know us as we *were*, but rarely as we *are*—therefore it is, that we always seek *them* in the hour when *memory* rules the ascendant; while the friends of later days are more frequently our companions in the moments of unrestrained confidence which the heart demands in every epoch of existence. Sometimes the feelings overflow their bounds even in solitude, when the presence of a friend is an unattainable gratification. In such cases, I turn to my common-place book, and make its pages the receptacle of the fancies that haunt, or the emotions that oppress me. But then I cannot frame a tale, or weave together the incidents of a romance. Thought must flow free and unfettered—it must be the mountain torrent, not the artificial cascade. The reminiscences and reflections which come thronging around the mind, must be uttered in the language of simplicity, and the feelings which spring from the heart must address themselves to the heart.

Gentle reader, wilt thou be the shadowy friend to whom shall be revealed the dreams and remembrances, the melancholy fancies, and the ‘surprises of sudden joy’ which come to the heart of one who has learned to look on the things of life with a thoughtful eye, a cheerful temper, and a hopeful spirit? Shall I open to thee the pages of my little book, and disclose the vagaries of the mind, and of the pen—the desultory reflections, the vague speculations, the faintly-sketched romances, the many-colored realities to be found within its narrow bounds? Shall I imagine thee seated by my side, in the cheerful room of which I have spoken, with the warm spring sunshine lying around our feet, while I tell thee of things I have seen and known—of those I have only fancied—of those which I have learned in the hours of active duty—and those which have come to me in the hours of reverie when the mind reposes amid waking dreams?

* * * * *

How many lessons of life may be learned in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city—lessons which he who runs may read; lessons which impress themselves upon the heart as well as the mind, and, if rightly applied, may influence to good purposes the mind of him who studies them. We seek abroad for knowledge—we delve the field of classic lore—we search the musty records of history—we penetrate into the arcana of science, and gather up treasures of wisdom from many an ancient storehouse; but how rarely do we hie up the honey which lies in the humble wild-flower that blossoms in our daily path! how seldom do we stoop to collect the gems which the ocean of life is daily casting up on the shore of time! If we can find

“Tongues in the running brook
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,”

(and, that we *can* do so, no person with an eye to see—a heart to feel the influence of nature, can deny,) surely we may discover as many important truths in the ‘human face divine,’ or learn as much real wisdom from the contemplation of the virtues and the vices—the strength and the weakness of our fellow beings. “I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Besheba, and say all is

barren;” then surely he is equally to be pitied who can walk through this changeful world without imbibing knowledge as unconsciously as he does the breath of life. He who treads the busy streets with his eye and his heart fully awake, must see many a moral truth personified, many a proverb acted out before him in the throng of commerce, the hurry of pleasure, or amid the squalor of penury. For my own part, though far from being a philosopher, and much more disposed, by nature, to be a humble follower of the merry Democritus than of the lugubrious Heraclitus—I rarely take my usual walk without meeting with something which enables me to “chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy” during many an after hour.

A few days since, I had occasion to visit my dress-maker; and, as I slowly wended my way along, thinking of nothing more important than the contending claims of silk and satin, and endeavoring to decide whether I should have a trimming of folds or flounces, I found myself approaching one of those receptacles for the refuse of all household, a petty auction-room. I should probably have passed it without notice, had I not been attracted by the appearance of two old pictures which surmounted a pile of tin kettles, rusty fire-irons, and broken Dutch ovens. They were evidently portraits, for, though well-looking figures, they lacked the exceeding beauty which characterizes the ideal images that visit a painter’s brain; and, struck by the antique costume in which they were attired, I paused an instant to contemplate them. The lady, a fair and stately dame, shone in all the dignity of a satin robe, with a richly-embroidered stomacher; her hair was powdered and dressed over a high cushion, after a fashion which prevailed, (if we may believe old family legends,) in the days of our great grandmothers, while the gentleman looked most condescendingly affable in a velvet coat, full-bottomed wig, and cocked hat. The cracked and broken surface of the pictures, bore witness to their antiquity, but the coloring still retained much of its softness and brilliancy. The flesh tints were somewhat yellowed by time, but the soft blue eye, and the pouting rosy lip of the lady were as bright as if fresh from the easel. There was an air of repose, too, in the figures, which forms a striking trait in the portraits of the last century, and contrasts very strongly with the excessive animation which is now admired. It is the fashion, now, to look most *violently intellectual*—to *call up an expression*, for the especial use of the long-suffering painter, who sees that it is like ‘calling up spirits from the vasty deep,’ and yet is compelled, if he would please his sitter, to transfer this exaggerated effect to his canvass. Most of the modern portraits in this country, however beautifully painted, are but images of busy men and bustling women—people who live in the midst of a working-day world. But the portraits which come down to us from the olden time, before we were such a ‘*great nation*,’ and felt ourselves so hurried on by *locomotives*, all seem like so many ladies and gentlemen. Quiet and aristocratic in manners, as well as in mind, they seem to have sat themselves calmly down in their great high-backed chairs, conscious that they were well dressed, and never

dreaming of the possibility of adding other charms to the face than those of rouge and pearl powder.

I have a great fondness for old pictures. I mean such as carry the imagination back to the traditionary times of our ancestors; not the wretched daubs of saints and crucifixions and holy families, which bear the names of the '*old masters*,' and are therefore bought up by would-be amateurs, to decorate their drawing-rooms, while the most exquisite works of our great modern masters are allowed to stand unpurchased in their studios. My detestation for *such* old pictures, is quite equal to my liking for *old portraits*: and I have often turned from an antique *martyrdom* which I suppose I ought to have admired, to speculate upon the gentle countenance of some nameless beauty of other times. In a gallery of modern paintings, I seek out those pictures which possess a highly poetic sentiment, and if the execution be equal to the design, can lose myself for hours in the contemplation of a single work of art. But in a collection of antiques, I turn from the varied groups of historic design, which so rarely equal the mental pictures which each one has depicted in his own fancy, to the graceful portraits of those who have lived in a preceding age; and while I look upon the loveliness which has past for ever from the earth, Imagination busies herself with weaving the many-colored webs of conjectural biography.

As I gazed on the old portraits now flung down upon the earth, unheeded and valueless, Fancy presented before me her magic mirror, in which I beheld the living and breathing originals. I seemed to see the stately dame selecting her favorite dress, '*the pea-green paduasoy*,' and arraying herself for that immortality which every painter fondly hopes his pencil will create. The complacent smile which sat on her pretty lip as she turned from her toilet, still dwells upon the canvass, and her countenance, no less than her attire, bespeaks the gentlewoman of a by-gone age. I could not help thinking of the many changes which these pictures had witnessed from the time, when, decorated with rich carving and gilding, they had looked down from their high eminence upon the Turkey carpets, cumbrous furniture, and all the formal magnificence of an old-fashioned drawing-room; until now, when, stripped of all ornament, they were thrown upon a pile of useless lumber, the refuse of kitchens. I could almost trace the progress of their banishment from the drawing-room to the best bed-room—from the best bed-room to a vacant apartment in the attic—and finally, from the garret to the rubbish of a pawnbroker's shop, as succeeding generations sprung up and decayed. Their lot had been to experience the regular gradations of veneration, regard, indifference, contempt, according as they outlasted children and grandchildren, and remained but useless relics of the past, in the hands of those who had never known their living forms.

I could have moralized deeply and sadly upon such a text. Alas! alas! is such the end of earthly love? One generation passeth away, another taketh its place, and the past is as if it had never been. Yes, the hour will come when the existence of each one of us will be

but as a legend of olden time. The struggles of our hearts—the sorrows which bow down our spirits—the loves which bind us to earth with ties that seem too strong for even Death to sever, all will pass away like a dream, and a faded portrait, or perhaps a curious piece of old needlework, preserved only for its quaint antiquity, will be the only traces left of the once young and blooming and happy wife and mother.

But I fear me, gentle reader, thou art well nigh wearied of my prosing. Bear with my tediousness yet a little longer, and, since we are upon the subject of old pictures, I will tell thee a tale which, if thou hast the same passion for antique legends that has ever been my besetting sin, will perhaps reward thy patience. So settle thyself again in thy softly-cushioned chair, and listen to the most veritable history of

THE PRIOR'S PORTRAIT.

About two years since, I came into possession of some antiquarian relics belonging to a deceased relative, and among them was a half-length portrait of a man of middle age, attired in the robes of ecclesiastical dignity. His white lawn sleeves and violet tunic, are half concealed beneath the murray-colored velvet cloak, richly embroidered with pearls, which covers his shoulders, his curiously-enchased golden crook rests between his clasped hands, and his mitre and scarf lie on a massive table beside his illuminated missal and crucifix. The accessories of the picture show him to have been possessed of high ecclesiastic rank, and a faintly-traced halo which appears above his head, like the dim yet luminous circle which we sometimes see surrounding the Queen of Night, seems to denote that the honors of canonization had also been bestowed upon him. His features are eminently handsome, and yet there is a singular contradiction in their expression. The soft and beautiful curve of his full red lips bespeaks a nature prone to earthly pleasure, while the large, dark, deep-set eyes gleamed from beneath their heavy brows, with a pride that tells as truly of worldly ambition; yet the prayerful attitude, and the meekly-folded hands seem to bear witness to habitual piety and humility. Beneath the picture, which is painted on canvass, is a long Latin inscription, purporting to be,

"The true similitude of the most holy Father Aubertius, Bishop of Brienne, Prior of the Monastery of Croye, Superior of the Abbey of Clugny, Founder of the most pious order of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre, etc. etc., who died January 22. A. D. 1007."

The picture is tolerably well painted, and would no doubt appear to much better advantage if renovated according to modern usage, but as the portrait of an old priest would possess little interest for the inmates of a drawing-room, it has always occupied a nook on the wall of an upper apartment, which is appropriated to quaint and curious remnants of by-gone years. A few months since it was found necessary to remove it from its usual place, and, owing to some carelessness in handling it, the cloth which covered the back, was slightly rent. While examining the extent of the injury, I felt some hard substance between the two surfaces of the picture, and carefully inserting my hand in the aper-

ture made by the broom-handle, I drew forth a roll of parchment. It was closely written over, and as well as I could ascertain, from a hasty glance, seemed an old monkish legend, told in the barbarous Latin which was the only written language of the middle ages, and which is far more puzzling to a scholar than the pure and beautiful specimens of the Latin tongue that have come down to us from the days of Rome's latest glories. A closer examination, however, enabled me to ascertain that there was more to be discovered in the scroll than I had at first perceived—and I seated myself to the task of deciphering it, with the same glee that a child might be supposed to feel, if he should suddenly find a bewitching fairy tale inserted between the pages of a dull lesson on English Grammar.

In early times, before the invention of paper, the monks found a resource from the dearth of parchment in the old manuscripts, which, during the lapse of years, had accumulated in the libraries. In many instances, they extracted, by a chemical process, the characters already traced upon the parchment, and doubtless many a valuable relic of classic lore has been thus destroyed to make room for some saintly legend. But sometimes they contented themselves with merely *interlining* their lucubrations, and such was the case with the one over which I was pondering. The original manuscript seemed to be a detail of the miracles performed by a certain Saint Hildebert, who, among other things, accomplished the astonishing feat of transporting himself from Byzantium to Rome, after having been flayed alive. But between the lines which recorded the wonders of monkish faith, was a *second* legend written in old French, which, from the faded color of the ink, and the obsolete mode of spelling, was almost as difficult to decipher as the first-named record. However, my curiosity was highly excited, and by dint of perseverance and patience, I at length became fully acquainted with the contents of the French manuscript, and as the story of human passions is always more interesting than the tales of superhuman perfections, I thought no more of the miraculous saint, while I commenced the translation of the

“MANUSCRIPT OF FATHER AUBERTIUS.”

“I am alone in my cell; alone, did I say?—ay—alone with my conscience—alone with the spectres of the past! The meddling fools who cross my path daily and hourly, are buried in slumber; all, save the few who are wending their way to Heaven by the painful path of penance. I only am left to the temptations of doubt and despair. I—whom men call the pious—the holy—the saint-like father. I—whom they have loaded with honors, and placed on high, as one to be almost worshipped. I am left to the tortures of an unquenchable fire, which must rage in heart and brain till both are ashes! But to no human ear will I breathe my thoughts of bitterness. No drivelling confessor shall ever hold in his hands the fame and glory of the holy Father Aubertius—he whom kings delight to honor. My whole life has been a lie, and so it must be to the end. But the impulse which compels me to pen this record of the past, is one which I dare not resist. It is as the voice of an unseen spirit—whether of good or ill, I know not—but I

feel it must be obeyed. Ages will pass away ere this dark tale shall meet the eye of mortal man. Buried in the deep recesses of cloistered learning, it shall be hidden from those of this generation, and long ere the scrolls of history shall be brought forth into the light of day, there will be such fearful things enacted upon the earth, that the sins of him who now sits beneath the Church's outspread wing, will be but as a grain of sand in the balance of worldly crime. But thou who may hereafter behold this outpouring of a broken spirit—thou to whom my name is as a word from an unknown tongue—to whom my very being will be but as a doubtful legend of the past—do thou take to heart the lessons of truth which my life affords. Guard thy soul from the temptations of Lucifer, son of the Morning, whose sin was ambition; and whatever be thy thoughts of duty, see that thou *do not evil that good may come*.

“The Sieur d' Argenteuil was the father of five sons. The eldest was born to inherit the princely estates of the family, the second was devoted to the Church, and the rest were destined to seek honor and fortune in the field of battle. Such were the paths marked out for us by our father, but nature seemed to have framed us for very different pursuits. The heir of the house of Argenteuil was a cold, phlegmatic sensualist, who cared little for the hereditary glories of his name and race; the churchman was a brave, bold, free-hearted boy, who burned for martial renown—and I, the next in age, shrunk from the array of battle with a feeling of almost womanish terror. My eldest brother was an object of perfect indifference to me, but the second—the proud and passionate creature, who turned with loathing from the studies which were my delight, and longed to share in the manly exercises which I detested—he was my best beloved among them all. The dissimilitude of our tastes and habits, was perhaps the cause of our strong affection, for we sympathised in each other's dislike to the life which lay before us. In vain my father was implored to change our destinies. There were certain rich livings and Abbacies which belonged, by long established privilege, to the *second* son of the Argenteuil family, and *therefore* was my brother's stately form to be hidden beneath the serge frock of the friar, and his free spirit to be imprisoned in the cloistered cell.

“Yet what was this to the destiny which threatened me? Was it not a lighter task to subdue the impulses of a heroic nature, than to overcome the timidity of a coward? Aldobrand might hide his warlike temper beneath the overshadowing cowl, but how could I arouse within my breast the daring spirit which alone could enable me to lead armies to battle? My part was to be played in the broad arena of the world, and in the sight of assembled multitudes. How then could I wield the sword when a cold shiver ran through my whole frame at the very sight of the deadly weapon? I was ambitious of renown, but I could not win it at the point of the lance; I thirsted for glory, but I sought not to bind my brows with the blood-stained laurels of the warrior. No—I would have entered the Church—I would have devoted myself to painful study—I would have practised humiliation and penance—I would have become renowned

for piety and zeal, and the highest honors which the Church could bestow, would, in time, be placed within my grasp. Such was the path I would have chosen.

"At an early age my brother Aldobrand was sent to the Monastery of Croye, and I was compelled to abandon my books for the warlike discipline of my brothers. How bitterly did I loathe the life I then led! I saw myself far outstripped in the practice of all athletic and martial exercises, by my companions, and I hated them for their success, while I despised myself for the infirmity of temperament which even the all-powerful will was unable to overcome. In vain I endeavored to subdue the antipathies which seemed so unnatural in one of my age and rank. Timidity was a part of my birthright—an inheritance from my weak and trembling mother, who, in giving me her own gentle visage, had also imparted her feeble and womanish cowardice.

"Time passed on until I had almost attained my eighteenth year, the term, fixed upon by my father, for entering upon the active duties of a soldier's life. But a new passion had now sprung up in my heart, which only increased my repugnance to the dangers of a warrior's career. In my lonely walks, I had met with a young, fair girl, who lived alone with her widowed mother. She was of a noble but ruined family, and her loveliness soon won the heart of one who was pining for companionship. I loved her passionately, but with a purity of affection which has never since lighted up the darkness of my selfish and fickle nature. I dreamed not of the possibility of wronging the gentle creature who loved me so tenderly, and when her mother, anxious to secure to her fair child a station befitting her birth, urged us to a secret marriage, her artifices were speedily successful. Ildegonda had seen but sixteen summers, and I was but two years her elder, when we plighted our faith in secrecy at the midnight altar. It was my first love. I had never even thought of the passion until it took entire possession of me, and then it seemed to consume my very heart. Alas! I have since learned to measure the duration of a passion by its intensity, and to know that the fiercer is the flame, the sooner will it be extinguished.

"A few brief months of wild and maddening enjoyment—of happiness such as I had never dreamed, and then I turned with utter coldness from the object of my short-lived affection. The innocent caresses of Ildegonda became wearisome and oppressive to me, and I looked back to the moments of my intoxication with a feeling of wonder at my own folly. Just at this period my father commanded me to join the army of our king, and, as much as I dreaded to enter upon the career of a soldier, it was with a feeling of relief that I parted from Ildegonda. I was wearied—thoroughly wearied of my child-like wife, and the very thought of our late plighted vows seemed to sting me like an adder. I had not then learned the deep hypocrisy of eye and lip which now clothes my features as with a mask, and Ildegonda was not slow in perceiving my indifference. She uttered no reproach, but she bade me farewell as if she had a presentiment that we were to meet no more upon earth, and as I rode out from beneath the shadow of our old ancestral towers with a noble retinue of men-at-arms—I

caught a last glimpse of her fair, pale face, looking out upon me from a wood which skirted our path.

"I arrived in camp on the eve which preceded a severe and bloody conflict, and all thought of Ildegonda was speedily forgotten in the horrors of that fearful day. I know little of what occurred during the battle. A dim and confused vision of flashing swords and gleaming lances, of blood poured out like water, and men cut down like wheat-sheaves before the sickle, is all I now remember. I believe I was maddened by my terrors, for they told me, afterwards, that I had rushed forward into the enemy's ranks, and seized a standard from the very midst of them, while the stroke of many a heavy battle-axe rained harmlessly upon my proof-mailed head and breast. My rash bravery was extolled, my unrivalled boldness was the theme of all praise, and there—even on that bloody field—I was knighted by my prince for the valor I had displayed. Valor forsooth! the valor of a coward, driven to desperation by his fears!

"But I was not destined to be tried again in the day of battle. My brother—my poor Aldobrand, had pined like a caged eagle in his lonely cell, until his vain regrets had eaten into his young heart, and he died on the very day—nay, on the very hour when I was invested with the golden spurs of knighthood. I was now the *second son*, and my father summoned me from the camp to the cloister. In vain my companions in arms besought me to pursue the splendid career which had now opened before me; in vain I was urged to await the chances of one more battle. I left my retinue of soldiers in command of the prince until my younger brother should come to occupy my place, and returned solitary, but with a lightened heart, to my home. The thought of Ildegonda now overwhelmed me with vexation. Her image appeared to me as that of an evil spirit, prepared to snatch from my grasp the prize which I had almost gained. Was I to relinquish the honors of the Church—the renown which I was sure to win in the peaceful retirement of a cloister, for a mere boyish fancy which I looked back upon with disgust? Was I to allow my family to be stripped of the rich Church gifts which had so long belonged to our race, and which were to revert to the Holy See, if the *second son* refused to enter upon a religious vocation? No—ambition had ever been my ruling passion, and Ildegonda was but as a dove in the cloudy pathway of the eagle. I stood before my father as a penitent; I told him of my marriage; I besought his forgiveness, and offered, as an atonement, to renounce the world at once. He demanded from me a promise that I would not seek an interview with my wife. The promise was easily given, for I shrunk from the reproachful tenderness of her whom I had wronged. I wrote to her, announcing my resolution to enter the Church, and advising her, for her soul's sake, to devote the remainder of her days to the service of Heaven. And thus, without one pang of remorse, I abandoned the gentle creature who had been as the sunshine of existence, while my brief and bewildering dream of passion endured.

"I had scarcely entered upon my novitiate, when I learned from my father, that Ildegonda had died suddenly, and almost mysteriously, and that her mother had

disappeared, leaving no trace of her destination. My first feeling, on hearing these tidings, was a pang of bitter regret, but it was quickly succeeded by a sensation of relief, and, from that moment, I banished from my mind every recollection of my wild and transitory vision of youthful love. I resolved to win fame as a zealous and learned churchman, and I devoted myself assiduously to the pursuits which were likely to ensure success. My uncle, who, at that time, held possession of the ecclesiastic dignities, was fast sinking under the infirmities of years, and I looked forward to the speedy investiture of the honors which were too burdensome to the aged priest. I was not disappointed. Within two years after entering my profession, my uncle was gathered to the tombs, and I succeeded him as Prior of Croye, and Abbot of Clugny.

“What has been my course of life since then? Let those tell who daily look up to me as an example of Christian virtue. The frequent fast—the continued vigil—the severe penance—the blood-stained scourge—the sackcloth vestments, and the iron girdle which lie hid beneath the rich garments of my high estate—these bear witness to the mortification of the outward man. The monasteries I have founded—the convents I have endowed—the wealth which I have lavished upon the Church, have won for me the applause of the religious world, and when I am laid in the tombs, doubtless the most holy Father Aubertius will be invested with the honors of a saint. Fools—fools—all! How little of the heart can be seen in the actions of him who has learned to lie by rule! Men read humility upon my brow, when ambition was feeding upon my heart, and now they behold piety in my upward glance to Heaven, when *doubt*—ay—bitter, mocking doubt reigns triumphant in my bosom! I cannot believe in Omniscience, for am I not still unblasted by the thunderbolts of Almighty vengeance!

“Soon after I had entered upon my novitiate, a young child was one night left at the gate of the monastery, having a scroll fastened to his neck, on which was written, “save him from perdition.” My uncle, who was then prior, immediately adopted the foundling, and he was given to a peasant woman to be nursed. As soon as he was of a proper age he was brought into the monastery, and the winning manners of the artless boy soon made him a favorite with every member of the fraternity. There are so few events to break the monotony of a monastic life, so few objects to excite the interest of a recluse, that the affection which the child created for himself amid the undurated natures by which he was surrounded, was scarcely to be considered a matter of wonder. But I was surprised at the warm feelings which his sunny face caused to spring up within my bosom. The votary of ambition, the stern ascetic who had turned from the natural impulses of burning youth with the coldness of frozen age—it seemed most strange that I should regard the child with other than perfect indifference. But he soon became necessary to my comfort, and it seemed to me that I was better and happier when his angelic countenance was near me. I took great pleasure in forming his character, and instilling knowledge into his young mind, and he soon learned

to love me with a tenderness that rarely finds its way into a cloister.

“Augustine loved not the profession of a churchman. He was grateful for the shelter which he had found among us, but he thought not of devoting his life to the cross. He panted for the strife of worldly excitement—he longed to press forward after worldly honors—and it required the strongest influence of those he valued most, to induce him to forego his desires. But I loved the boy too well to lose him amid the stormy scenes of a busy life. I urged and entreated and prayed, ay—and even wept over his obduracy, until the gentle boy yielded to the tenderness of his nature, and consented, for my sake, to become a brother of our order. It was contrary to the laws of our community to receive a member into the full privileges of the order, until he should have attained his twenty-first year; but, fearing lest Augustine, who had scarcely passed his nineteenth summer, should retract his promise, I shortened the term of his novitiate, and offered him the free egress from the monastery, which is usually accorded to the lay brethren, provided he would immediately enter upon his profession. Alas! I fear me this glimpse of liberty was the temptation which led him to obey me so willingly. Had I remembered more of my own short dream of youth, I would have shrunk from thus opening to the ardent boy an entrance into the flowery paths of pleasure. Augustine consented to my will, and it was with no common feeling of joy that we prepared to solemnize the ceremony of his profession. Well do I remember the paleness which settled like a shadow of death upon his face, as he pronounced the fatal vows; and the shudder with which he beheld the soft, clustering curls fall at his feet, as the officiating priest severed them from his graceful head. How fondly—how selfishly did I love that boy! I knew this sacrifice was the immolation of his happiness, and yet I persisted in my purpose. It was a love like that of a tyrant—the one green spot in a rugged heart, and yet destined to be blasted by the arid atmosphere by which it was surrounded.

“Months had passed away since Augustine had taken the vows, and he was allowed a degree of liberty never before accorded to a member of our severe order. But he was so well-beloved, and his fair young face always looked so happy after a ramble among the wilds which surrounded our domain, that no one murmured at his privileges, or thought of observing his movements, until a peasant of the neighborhood, urged on by revenge and jealousy, revealed a dark tale of frailty and crime. When next Augustine absented himself from his cell, he was watched, and there was no longer any hope of the falsehood of the peasant’s accusation. It was with a feeling nearly approaching to jealousy, that I first learned Augustine had bestowed the affections of his kindly nature upon another than the friend of his early years. Yes—cold and stern as I had always seemed—I was jealous of the frail and erring creature who had ensnared the ardent boy; but I could not punish her with the censures of the church, without exposing him, and I had already resolved to make his penitence the price of his pardon. But the disgraceful tale had reached

the ears of the brothers of a neighboring religious order, who were already inflamed with envy of our growing power; and, with all the exaggerations of triumphant malice, the fatal secret was blazoned abroad, until there was no other alternative than the trial of the criminal before the judges appointed to take cognizance of a breach of religious vows. My heart revolted at the fearful punishment which I knew awaited conviction of the crime with which Augustine stood charged; but the eyes of jealous rivals were upon me, and I dared not interfere to secure a favorite from the tribunal of ecclesiastical justice. I was now in daily expectation of receiving a cardinal's hat—that one honor only lay between me and the object of all my ambition—that one step only was to be overpassed, and then I hoped to grasp the keys of Saint Peter, and wear upon my brow the triple crown of the Queen of nations. I was well assured that the zeal for religion which could induce me to sacrifice an erring brother, even when he was the chosen friend of my bosom, would go far towards securing me the object at which I aimed; and once more ambition silenced the dictates of affection.

“I sat among the cold and passionless judges before whom the boy was dragged as a criminal. He stood before us in the bloom of youth and beauty, the warm blood bounding in his blue veins, and the pride of early manhood on his brow, even while the blush of shame mantled his cheek as he confessed the crime of which he stood charged. Never shall I forget the eloquent burst of feeling with which he reproached me for having controlled his free nature, and bound him to the durance of a cloistered prison. He accused me as the true author of his guilt, and maddened by his excitement, boldly defied the power of the Church. There was a cold gleam of malicious triumph in the eye of my rival as I sought, in vain, to check the passionate boy. I dared not exhibit the workings of my heart to men who gloried in their forgetfulness of all human ties. I dared not urge measures of mercy, and I sat in silence while they pronounced his doom.

“That night he was led to his living tomb. Borne on a bier, as if already the corpse he was soon to become—the funeral mass was read—the funeral dirge was sung, and the heavy iron door closed upon the victim of tyranny—the ‘Requiescat in Pace’ was sung as if in bitter mockery of his suffering. A pitcher of water, and a loaf of brown bread was left in his dungeon, and when they were consumed, he must await the slow approach of a lingering death. But I had determined to rescue him in secret, though I dared not interfere for mercy; and, even while accompanying the mournful procession which conducted him to his cell, I was maturing a plan for his escape. This last hope was taken from me by the malice of my rival. It was customary for the superior of the convent to offer the key of the secret dungeon to one of the judges, as a pledge for the security of the prisoner, but common courtesy required that the key should always be returned to the Prior, implying that his well known piety was a sufficient guarantee. I accordingly handed the key to an Abbot who was half blind with age, and ere he perceived my proffer, my haughty rival

grasped it. Instead of returning it, he attached it to his girdle, saying, ‘that the well known affection of the brotherhood, for the young criminal, rendered such a precaution necessary.’ Speechless with rage and disappointment, I could only bow my indignant submission, and we parted.

“I determined to gain admission to the unhappy boy by means of the subterranean passages which had been for years choked up with rubbish, but not daring to confide my purpose, I was obliged to proceed with a degree of slowness that threatened to render my toils useless. Two days had already elapsed—two nights had I been busied in exploring my way among the labyrinths of the winding paths underground, and on the next, I hoped to obtain access to Augustine's dungeon.

“On the third day I was summoned to attend the dying bed of a sister of the convent of Saint Claire, which was nearly a day's journey from the monastery of Croye. It was a summons which not even the most exalted of us dared to disobey, and trembling with anxiety, I set forth, determining to return ere midnight. It was late in the day when I entered the convent, and, after acknowledging the humble reverence of the holy sisters, made my way to the cell of the dying nun. As I bent over her pallet with the words of spiritual comfort on my lips, she raised her dim eyes to my face, and muttered the almost forgotten name of ‘Albert d' Argenteuil.’ I started at being thus addressed, and for a moment the thought of Ildegonda flashed upon my mind. But a second glance at the withered features before me, convinced me that the lapse of twenty years could not thus have changed the beautiful object of my early love. As she raised herself so as to bring her face into the light which gleamed through the narrow casement, I beheld the countenance of the mother of my Ildegonda.

“‘Ay, you know me now,’ said she, faintly. ‘I meant not to tell you of the happiness which awaits you. I meant to be fully and bitterly avenged on you, but nature tugs at my heart, and I have sent for you to tell you all.’ Her voice grew feebler as she continued, ‘Your brothers are all dead—there is none to inherit the proud name of Argenteuil, save your own child!’

“I started at the word, ‘My child!’

“‘Ay, your child; born in the death-hour of your wedded wife—left at your own gate by one who could no longer screen him from hunger and nakedness. In this casket are the testimonials of his birth, and of his mother's marriage. Go, and repair the wrong inflicted upon Ildegonda, by the honor heaped upon her child.’

“Stupified and bewildered, I listened as one in a dream; suddenly the awful truth burst upon me, and with a wild cry I broke from the dying woman's grasp. Heedless of the wondering looks of the inmates, I sprang upon a horse that stood saddled at the gate, and dashed at full speed towards Croye. I urged on the animal, until furious with rage and pain, he suddenly plunged forward, and I remember nothing more, until weeks afterwards, when I awoke to consciousness within my own cell at Croye.

“Slowly and gradually the light of reason broke in upon the long night of madness which had followed my

fall upon the rugged mountain pass. Weeks—ay—months had passed since the fatal day which doomed the wretched victim of my selfish tyranny! Augustine—my son. I cannot go on—the pen falls from my hand.”

Here ends the manuscript. Beneath it was written, “Found by me, Guillaume de Guerre, among the secret archives of the monastery of Croye, and translated from the original Latin A. D., 1499.”

Now, gentle reader, how this manuscript came to be concealed in the back of the picture, and how the picture found its way to this new world, I cannot pretend to explain. Thou art at liberty to form thine own opinion on the subject, but, I pray thee, let no doubts of its veracity disturb thy mind, for, though I will not promise to satisfy thy incredulity by a sight of the precious *scroll*, yet thou art welcome to look upon the *picture* whenever thou shalt choose to claim my promise.

Original.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

WARM rains and fanning winds, the snow-drifts melt
In leaping rivulets, and the forest floor
Shows its leaf carpets—the huge roots again
Are seen, thick velveteed with moss;

O'erhead

The branches studded with their bursting buds,
Wave as the air stirs lightly—from her sleep,
Nature has waken'd, and laughs out with joy.
The maple has not reddened, nor the beech
Plum'd its slight sprays, but from the earth the fern
Thrusts its green, close-curl'd wheel—the downy sprout
Its two leaves, and the tassels of the birch
Are lengthening their brown links. From spot to spot
The merry carol of the blue-bird sounds,
The gay-wing'd messenger, that Spring sends out
To tell us of her coming.

Wandering on,

A tiny blossom, nestling in the moss,
Gladdens the eye—the little violet,
Pencil'd with purple on one snowy leaf,
And breathing its light fragrance on the air.
It starts at the first summoning of Spring,
And laying its slight, delicate ear to earth,
Listens for her approaching tread, and then,
As the South tells her breath, and brown gaunt trees
Catch the first gleam of her emerald robe,
It calls upon the wind-flower to arise,
And then the golden crowslip:

As the leaves

Look timidly from their prisons, and the grass
Shoots from the hill-slopes, and the cherry shows
Its mass of snowy blossoms, the sweet thing,
(Like modest merit in this thankless world,)
Hides its meek head 'mid countless throngs of flowers.
Come to the forest, bright one! and I'll show
How Nature can be like thy lovely self.
Pleasure and happiness and blessed hope
Are now in all her teachings: I will cull
This little violet, emblem of thyself

In thy fresh spring of life, and all the grace
Of thy bright girlhood, when the future seems
A glorious Eden with no gloom to dim.
These snowy leaves are like thy stainless brow,
Which sorrow has not paled, nor care impress'd;
These purple streaks within this fairy cup,
Pencil'd so lightly and so delicate,
Are like the fringes of thy sweet dark eye;
And the soft perfume of this bee-sought shrine,
Like the rich breathing of thy ruby lips.
Yon pearly cloud amid the stainless blue,
Is like thy heart in its pure holy sleep,
No passion ruffling, writhing in no grief,
But fancying the world is like that sky.
So be it ever, bright one; may the sword
Of thy good angel guard thy paradise,
And life glide on, like music, to its close.

We will not wander far, for soon the cloud
Rent from stern Winter's mantle, in his flight,
Will send its cold bleak wind, and rain, and sleet.
But when the sun grows warmer, and the grass
Is thick upon the glades, and myriad flowers
Make carpets for the fairies; when the winds
Are scented, and the glorious sunsets spread
Their crimson mantles, edg'd with burnish'd gold
Along the glittering West, and when the moon
Gems with her bright, magnificent orb, the breast
Of the rich purple night; I'll teach thee, then,
Nature's high, holy mysteries—how her sights
And sounds are full of deep philosophy.
She is a harp, whose strings are interwoven
Within our hearts, and when we touch them, yield
Sweet, solemn music, making pure our thoughts—
Hushing wild passion's turbulence, to peace—
Soothing our sorrows, and restoring hope,
And guiding us, with gentle hand, to Heaven.

Original.

T O ———.

SWIFT as a Peri's flight above,
Enfranchised by her Maker's love,
Unwavering as her flight divine,
When first she seeks Olympia's shrine;
There is a grateful song expressed,
To join her accents with the blest,
And thank her God for freedom given,
To roam throughout the courts of Heaven.
So may your love and mine progress,
Nor as years pass be aught the less,
But still increasing, still be more,
Until we pass that boundless shore,
Where years unnumbered are as one,
And love in one sweet stream flows on,
And then the Peri's voice we'll raise,
And give high Heaven our mingled praise;
For such transcendent bliss on earth,
Must sure have had some Heavenly birth;
And oh, I love to think divine
That love, that chains my heart to thine.

Original.

THE VOYAGE.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM FOUNDED ON FACTS.

—

BY JONAS E. PHILLIPS.

—

THE DEPARTURE.

COME, come, my wife! the sails are set
 We cannot linger more;
 We bid adieu with fond regret,
 To England's happy shore.
 The ties that bind us there, I know,
 Are hard indeed to sever;
 But let this thought console thy woe
 We leave not home for ever.

THE EMBARKATION.

Aboard! our little one is nigh,
 How happy is that smile!
 No tears bedew his bright blue eye
 To leave his native isle.
 'Tis fading, fading fast from view,
 Now swells the fav'ring gale;
 Home! kindred! friends! a long adieu!
 Light o'er the deep we sail.

AT SEA.

How bright, how beautiful the sea!
 The cloudless arch above!
 All hush'd in sweet tranquillity,
 As calm as infant love.
 And now the sun's departing ray,
 Just tints the ocean's breast;
 Farewell thou golden orb of day,
 So brightly sunk to rest!

NIGHT.

'Tis night upon the boundless sea!
 Swift glides our vessel brave,
 The stars in lustrous brilliancy,
 Dance o'er each crested wave.
 No thoughts of storm or wreck appal
 With lulling fears each breast;
 A pray'r! and then good night to all,
 It is the hour of rest.

THE WATCH.

All hushed in a tranquil rest profound,
 Save those who vigil keep,
 And pace the deck in silent round,
 While others soundly sleep.
 But ah! behold, across the sky,
 Dark clouds now gather fast;
 And hark! what means that fearful cry?
 Loud roars the angry blast.

THE STORM.

The sleepers from their cabins start
 With fears of death and wreck;
 And each with terror-stricken heart
 Now rushes to the deck.

The sails are reef'd, the lightnings play,
 The masts now bend like reeds!
 While madly in her foaming way
 The gallant vessel speeds.
 A crash! the main-mast snaps, 'tis gone!
 The storm grows more severe!
 Weep not, my wife, for there is one
 Who watches o'er us here.
 Nay tremble not, but clasp our child
 Still closer to thy breast;
 What tho' the tempest rages wild
 There be *his* place of rest.

MORNING.—LAND IN SIGHT.

'Tis morn! thank God! the danger's o'er!
 Again, all calm and bright;
 And soon perhaps the wish'd-for shore
 Will meet our raptur'd sight.
 "Land ho! land ho!" ah! joyful cry!
 The Land of Liberty!
 "Land ho! land ho!" yes, we are nigh
 AMERICA, to thee!

Original.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

—

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

—

"Know ye the land," where they welcome the stranger,
 With *heart* as with hand, frank, confiding, sincere;—
 Where the lonely, the languid, the sorrowing ranger,
 Like a brother, they watch over, cherish and cheer!

Where a smile, warm and radiant, every-where meets him,
 On earth,—in the air,—from the arch o'er his head,—
 And the sweetest, and purest, and gayest, that greets him,
 From the eyes of its own merry maidens, is shed!

"Know ye the land," in which nature is never
 Without some wild blossom to twine in her band?—
 In the hearts of its children, 'tis summer for ever,
 The summer of love and joy:—"Know ye the land?"

Where the gifted are met with a sympathy glowing,
 As that which a diamond yields to the light,
 When it sends back the smile of the sunbeam, bestowing
 New brilliance and bloom on the messenger bright!

That land,—in the eyes,—in the souls of whose daughters,
 Sleep all the rich glory and fire of its skies,
 Subdued, as when fire in the depth of the waters,
 To Heaven, its own softened image replies!

There the bird, on whose bosom, a rainbow is changing,—
 The Nonpareil—plays its soft plumage of blue;
 And Beauty,—as matchless,—'mid rare blossoms raging,
 Beams, blushes and warbles,—a Nonpareil too!

There the Lory and Oriole glance on gay pinion,
 There the regal Magnolia's snow-banners wave:—
 'Tis the land of the high-hearted, proud Carolinian,
 'Tis the land of the noble,—the bright, and the brave!

Original.

THE SAXON'S OATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHER," "CROMWELL," &c. &c.

"My tongue hath sworn, but still my mind is free."

THE son of Godwin was the flower of the whole Saxon race—the jealousies, which had disturbed the mind of Edward, the confessor, had long since passed away; and Harold, whom he once had looked upon with eyes of personal aversion, he now regarded almost as his own son. Yet still the Saxon hostages, Ulfroth, and the young son of Swega, who in the time of his mad predilection for the Normans, and his unnatural distrust of his own countrymen, had been delivered for safe keeping to William, Duke of Normandy, still lingered, melancholy exiles, far from the white cliffs of their native land. And now, for the first time since their departure, did the aspect of affairs appear propitious for their liberation, and Harold, brother of one, and uncle of the other, full of proud confidence in his own intellect and valor, applied to Edward for permission, that he might cross the English channel, and personally visiting the Norman, bring back the hostages in honor and security, to the dear land of their forefathers. The countenance of the confessor fell at the request; and, conscious probably in his own heart of some rash promise made, in days long past, and long repented, to the ambitious William, he manifested a degree of agitation amounting almost to alarm.

"Harold," he said, after a long pause of deliberation—"Harold, my son, since you have made me this request, and that your noble heart seems set on its accomplishment, it shall not be my part to do constraint or violence to your affectionate and patriotic wishes. Go then, if such be your resolve, but go without *my* leave, and contrary to *my* advice. It is not that I would not have your brother and your kinsman home; but that I do distrust the means of their deliverance; and sure I am, that should you go in person some terrible disaster shall befall ourselves, and this our country. Well do I know Duke William, well do I know his spirit, brave, crafty, daring, deep, ambitious and designing. You, too, he hates especially, nor will he grant you anything, save at a price that shall draw down an overwhelming ruin on you who pay it, and on the throne of which you are the glory and the stay. If we would have these hostages delivered at a less ransom than the downfall of our Saxon dynasty, the misery of merry England, another messenger than thou must seek the wily Norman—be it, however, as thou wilt, my friend, my kinsman, and my son."

Oh, sage advice, and admirable counsel! advice how fatally neglected—counsel how sadly frustrated! Gallant, and brave, and young, fraught with a noble sense of his own powers, a full reliance on his own honorable purposes, untaught as yet in that the hardest lesson, of the world's hardest school, distrust of others, suspicion of all men—Harold set forth upon his journey, as it were, on an excursion in pursuit of pleasure. Surrounded by a train of blythe companions, gallantly mounted, gorgeously attired, with falcon upon fist, and grey-hounds

bounding by his side, gaily and merrily he started, on a serene autumnal morning, for the coast of Sussex. There he took ship; and scarcely was he out of sight of land, when, as it were at once to justify the words of Edward, the wind, which had been on his embarkation the fairest that could blow from heaven, suddenly shifted round, the sky was overcast with vast clouds of a leaden hue, the waves tossed wildly with an ominous and hollow murmur; and ere the first day had elapsed, as fierce a tempest burst upon his laboring barques, as ever baffled mariner among the perilous shoals and sand-banks of the narrow seas. Hopeless almost of safety, worn out with unaccustomed toil, and hard privations, for three days, and as many nights, they battled with the stormy waters, and on the morning of the fourth, when the skies lightened, and the abating violence of the strong gales allowed them to put in, and come to anchor, where the Somme pours its noble stream into the deep, through rich territories of the Count of Ponthieu, there were at once made prisoners, robbed of their personal effects, held to a heavy ransom, and cast, as prisoners of war, into the dungeon walls of Belram, to languish there until the avarice of the Count Guy should be appeased with gold. Still Harold bore a high heart, and a proud demeanor, bearding the robber count, even to his teeth, set him at a defiance, proclaiming himself an ambassador from England, to the Duke of Normandy, and claiming, as a right, the means of making known to William his unfortunate condition. This, deeming it perchance his interest so to do, the Count at once conceded; and before many days had passed, Harold might see, from the barred windows of his turret prison, a gallant band of lances, arrayed beneath the Norman banner, with a pursuivant and trumpet at their head, wheeling around the walls of the grim fortress. A haughty summons followed, denouncing "the extremities of fire, and of the sword against the Count de Ponthieu, his friends, dependants, and allies, should he not instantly set free, with all his goods and chattels, his baggage and his horses, friends, followers, and slaves, unransomed with all honor, Harold, the son of Godwin, the friend and host of William, high and puissant Duke of Normandy." Little, however, did mere menaces avail with the proud Count of Ponthieu; nor did the Saxon Prince obtain his liberty, till William had paid down a mighty sum of silver, and invested Guy with a magnificent demesne on the rich meadows of the Eaune. Then once more did the son of Godwin ride forth a freeman, in the bright light of heaven, escorted—such were the strange anomalies of those old times—by a superb array of lances, furnished, for his defence, by the same Count de Ponthieu, who having held him, in vile durance, until his object were obtained, as soon as he was liberated on full payment of the stipulated price, had thenceforth treated him as much honored guest, holding his stirrup at his castle gate, when he departed, and sending a strong guard of honor to see him, in all safety, over the frontier of the Duke's demesne. Here at the frontier town, William's high Seneschal attended his arrival, and gay and glorious was his progress through the rich fields of Normandy, until he reached Rouen. The glorious chase, whether by the green margin of some brimful river they roused the hermit-tyrant of the waters, that noblest

of the birds of chase, to make sport for their long winged falcons, or through the sere trees of the forest pursued the stag, or felon wolf, with horn, hound and hollow, diversified the tedium of the journey; while every night some feudal castle threw wide its hospitable gates to greet with revelry and banqueting the guest of the Grand Duke. Arrived at Rouen, that powerful Prince himself, the mightiest warrior of the day rode forth beyond the gates to meet the Saxon, nor did two brothers long estranged meet ever with more cordiality of outward show than these, the chiefs of nations long destined to be rival and antagonist, till from their union should arise the mightiest, the wisest, the most victorious, and enlightened, and free race of men, that ever peopled Empires, or spread their language and their laws through an admiring world. On that first meeting, as he embraced his guest, the princely Norman announced to him that his young brother, and his nephew, were thenceforth at his absolute disposal.

"The hostages are yours," he said. "Yours, at your sole request; nor would I be less blythe to render them, if Harold stood before me, himself a landless exile, than as I see him now, the first lord of a powerful kingdom, the most trusty messenger of a right noble king—but of your courtesy, I pray you leave us not yet a while—though if you will do so, my troops shall convey you to the sea shore, my ships shall bear you home!—but I beseech, do this honor to your host, to tarry with him for a little space; and as you be the first—for so you are reported to us—in all realities and sports of Saxon warfare, so let us prove your prowess, and witness you our skill, in passages of Norman chivalry."

In answer to this fair request, what could the Saxon do but acquiesce; yet even as he did so, the words of the grey-headed King came sensibly upon his memory, and he began to feel as if in truth, the net of the deceiver were already round about him with its inevitable meshes. Still having once assented, nothing remained for him, but to fulfill, as gracefully as possible, his half unwilling promise. So joyously, however, were the days consumed, so gaily did the evenings pass, among festivities far more refined and delicate than were the rude feasts of the sturdy Saxons, wherein excess of drink and vulgar riot, composed the chief attractions, that after one short week had flown, all the anxieties and fears of Harold were lost in admiration of the polished manners of his Norman hosts, and the high qualities of his chief entertainer. From town to town they passed in gay cortege, visiting castle after castle in their route, and ever and anon testing the valor and the skill each of the other, in those superb encounters of mock warfare—the free and gentle passages of arms—which in the education of the warlike Normans, were second only to the real shock of battle, which was to them, not metaphorically, the very breath of life. Nor in these jousts and tournaments, whether with headless lance or blunted broadsword, or in the deadlier, although still amicable, strife at *outrance*, did not the Saxon, though unused to the menège of the destrier and equestrian combat with the lance, win high renown and credit with his martial hosts. The Saxon tribes had, from their earliest existence as a people, been

famed as infantry—their arms a huge and massive axe, a short sharp two edge sword, framed like the all-victorious weapon of the Romans, a target and ponderous javelin used ever as a missile—cavalry, properly so called, although their leaders sometimes rode into the conflict they had none; and by a natural consequence one of that people for the first time adopting the complete panoply, mounting the barbed war-horse, and tilting with the long lance of the Gallic chivalry, must have engaged with the practised champions of the time, at fearful disadvantage. Still, even at this odds, such was the force of emulation acting upon a spirit, elastic, vigorous and fiery, backed by a powerful and agile frame, inured to feats of strength and daring, that little time elapsed ere Harold could abide the brunt of the best lance of William's court, not only without risk of reputation, but often at advantage. After a long and desperate encounter, wherein the Saxon Prince had foiled all comers, hurling three cavaliers to earth with one unsplit lance, William in admiration of his bravery, insisted on bestowing on his friend, with his own honored blade, the accolade of knight-hood; buckled the gilded spurs upon his heels; presented him with the complete apparel of a knight, the lance with its appropriate bandrol, the huge two-handed war-sword; and above all the finest charger of his royal stables, which, constantly supplied from the best blood of Andalusia, at that time were esteemed the choicest stud in Europe. It may now be supposed, that honors such as these, coming too from a Norman, for most part esteemed the scorner of the Saxon race—nor this alone, but from the most renowned and famous warrior of the day—produced a powerful effect on the enthusiastic and ambitious spirit of the young Englishman; nor did the wily Duke fail to observe the operation of his deep laid manœuvres, nor when observed did he neglect by every means to strengthen the impression he had made. To this end, therefore, not courtesies alone, nor the high prized distinctions of military honor, nor gorgeous gifts, nor personal deference were deemed sufficient instruments—to finish what he had himself so well begun, to complete the ensnarement of the Saxon's senses, the aid of woman was called in—woman, all-powerful, perilous, fascinating woman! nor did he lack a fair and willing bait wherewith to give his prize; in his own court, filled as it was with the most lovely, or at least—thanks to the prowess of the Norman spear—the most renowned of Europe's ladies, there was not one that could compete in beauty, wit, or grace with Alice, his bright daughter. Too keen a player with the passions, and the characters of men—too wise a judge of that most wondrous compound, that strange mass of inconsistencies, of evil and of good, of honor and deceit, the human heart—too close a calculator of effects and causes, was William, to divulge his purpose, or to hint his wishes, even to the obedient ear of Alice. He cared not—he—whether she loved, or feigned to love, so that his object was affected. Commanding ever his wildest passions, using them but as instruments and tools to bend or break men to his purposes, he never dreamed or recked of their ungovernable force upon the minds of others. It was but a few days after the arrival of his guest, that he discovered how he

gazed after, and with signs of evident and earnest admiration on the young damsel, to whose intimacy he had been studiously admitted, as an especial and much honored friend of his host, and her father—to fan this flame, on Harold's part, it needed little art from so consummate an intriguer as the Duke; while as to Alice, young as she was, and thoughtless, delighted with attention, and attracted by the fine form, and high repute of the young stranger—and yet more by the raciness and trifling singularities of his foreign, though high-bred deportment,—a fond paternal smile, and an approving glance, as she toyed with her young admirer, sufficed to give full scope to her vivacious inclinations. Daily the Norman's game became more intricate, daily more certain—when suddenly, just as the Saxon—flattered and half-enamored as he was, began to feel that he had no excuse for lingering longer at a distance from his country, and his sovereign—began to speak of a return before the setting in of winter, an accident occurred, which with his wanted readiness of wit, William turned instantly to good account. The ducal territories, which had descended to the Norman line from their first champion, Rollo, were separated by the small stream of Coësnor, from the neighboring tract of Brittany, to which all the succeeding Princes had possessed a claim, since Charles, the Simple, in the treaty of Saint-Clair-sur-Epte, had ceded it to that great Duke, the founder of dynasty. The consequence of this pretence—for such in fact it was—were endless bickerings—small border wars—aggressions and reprisals—burnings and massacres and vengeance! Some trivial skirmish had occurred upon this frontier, just as the Duke perceived, that he must either suffer Harold to depart before his projects were accomplished, or force him to remain by open violence. In such a crisis he resolved at once upon his line of action; and instantly proclaiming war, he raised the banner of his Dukedom, summoned his vassals, great and small, to render service for their military tenures, and in announcing to his guest his march against the forces of his hereditary foe, claimed his assistance in the field, as a true host from his well-proved guest, and a god-father in arms from the son whom he had admitted to the distinguished honor of the knighthood accolade. Intoxicated with ambition, and with love, madly desirous of acquiring fame among the martial Normans, and fancying, with a vanity not wholly inexcusable, that he was doing service to his country in acquiring the respect of foreign powers, he met half-way the proffer—and in the parlance of the day, right nobly did he prove his gilded spurs of knighthood. In passing the Coësnor, which like the See, the Seluna, and the other streams that cross the great Grève, of St. Michel, is perilous from its spring-tide and awful quicksands, Harold displayed, in recovering several soldiers who, having quitted the true line of march, were on the point of perishing, a noble union of intrepidity and strength. During the whole course of the war, the Norman and his guest had but one tent, and one table; side by side in the front of war they charged the enemy, and side by side they rode upon the march, beguiling the fatigue and labor, with gay jests, or graver conversation—and now so intimate had they become, so perfect was the confidence reposed by

the frank Englishman in his frank-seeming friend, that the sagacious tempter felt the game absolutely in his power and waited but a fitting opportunity for aiming his last blow. Nor was he long ere the occasion he had sought, occurred—some brilliant exploits performed, in the last skirmish of the campaign, by the intended victim of his perfidy, gave him a chance to descant on the national and well proved hardihood and valor of this Saxon race; thence, by a stroke of masterly and well timed tact, he touched upon the beauties, the fertility, the noble forest, and the rich fields of England—the happy days which he had passed amid the hospitalities of that fair island!—The praises of the reigning monarch followed, a topic wherein Harold freely, and eagerly, united with his host. “You were but young in those days,” William continued—“and scarce, I trow, can recollect the scenes which to my older memory are but as things of yesterday. Then, then, indeed, our races were at variance, and your good sire, peace to his soul, worked me and mine sore scathe and trouble. Yet was it natural—most natural! For in those times your excellent and venerable King, long may he sway the sceptre he so honors, lived with me upon terms of the most close and cordial friendship!—ay, in good sooth, we were as two brothers; living beneath the same roof; eating of the same board, and drinking from one cup!—Not thou, and I, my Harold, are more sure comrades. Ay! and he promised me—this in thy private ear—if ever he should gain the throne of England, to leave me by his will, in default of his own issue, heir to that noble kingdom. I doubt not of his troth, nor loyalty, though it is years since we spoke of it. You have more lately been about him—hast ever heard him speak of it?—what thinkest thou of his plighted faith? He is not one, I do believe, to register a vow in Heaven, and fall from it!”

Taken thus by surprise, annoyed and much embarrassed by the turn their converse had thus taken, Harold turned pale, and actually stammered, as he made reply—

“He never had presumed to question his liege lord, and King, on matters of such import. The King had never dropped the slightest hint to him concerning the succession. If he had sworn, doubtless, he would perform his oath—he was famed, the world over, for his strict sanctity; how then should he be perjured?—He doubted not, had he so promised, the Duke would have no reason to complain of any breach of faith in good King Edward's testament!”

“Ay! It is so,” said William, musingly, as it appeared to Harold, although in truth his every word had been premeditated long before. “I had so hoped it would be; and by my faith, right glad am I, that you confirm me in mine aspirations. By your aid, my good friend; with the best Saxon on my side, all else is certain—and by my faith, whatever, you shall ask of me, were it my daughter's hand in marriage—surely it shall be yours, when I am King of England!”

Again the words of the confessor flashed on the mind of the ill-fated Saxon, and he foresaw at once the terrible result of this unwilling confidence. At the same time he saw no means of present extrication, and, with an air of evident embarrassment, he ascertained in words half

evasive, yet sufficiently conclusive, as he hoped, to stop, for the time being, the unpleasant topic. But this was far from the intent of William; who, having read, with an intuitive and almost supernatural sagacity, the thought that flashed across the brain of Harold, determined that he should commit himself in terms decisive, and admitting of no dubious explanation. Taking it then for granted, that he had replied fully in the affirmative—

"Since then," he said, "you do engage so loyally to serve me, you shall engage to fortify, for me, the castle on the heights of Dover; to dig in it good wells of living water; and, at my summons, to surrender it! You shall give me your sister, that she may be espoused unto the noblest of my barons; and you shall have to wife my daughter, Alice—some passages, I trow, have gone between ye ere now. Moreover, as a warrant of your faith, your brother Ufnoth shall yet tarry with me, and when I come to England to possess my crown, then will I yield him to you!"

In all its force, the madness of his conduct now glared upon the very soul of Harold. He saw the guilt he had incurred already—the peril he had brought upon the kinsmen he had come to save—the woe that might result to his loved country! But seeing this, he saw no better means than to feign acquiescence with this unworthy project, holding himself at liberty to break thereafter an unwilling promise.

No more was said upon the subject; they rode onward as before, but the light-hearted pleasure of the Saxon was destroyed; and though the great Duke feigned not to perceive the changed mood of his comrade, he had resolved, already, that he should yet more publicly commit himself, ere he should leave the realm. At Aoranches, but three days after their discourse, William convoked a grand assembly of his lords and barons—the mightiest and the noblest of his vavasours and vassals—the pride of Normandy. There, in the centre of the hall, he caused an immense chest to be deposited, filled to the very brim, with the most holy relics—bones of the martyred saints—fragments of the true cross—all that was deemed most sacred and most awful by the true-hearted Catholic—and covered with a superb cloth of gold, as though it were an ordinary slab or table. There, seated in high state, upon his chair of dignity—a drawn sword in his hand, wearing his cap of maintenance, circled by *fleurs de lis* upon his head, and clad in ermined robes of state, he held *cour pleustre* of his nobles. The Saxon stood among them, honored, among the first, at all times, and now the more especially distinguished, that it was his farewell reception previous to his return for England. After presenting him with the most splendid gifts, and making the most liberal professions of attachment, "Harold," exclaimed the Duke, "before we part, I call on you, before this noble company, here to confirm, by oath, your promise made to me three days since, 'to aid me in obtaining, after the death of Edward, the throne and crown of England—to take my daughter, Alice, to wife, and to send me your sister hither, that I may find for her a princely spouse among my vavasours!'"

Taken a second time at fault, and daring not thus openly to falsify his word—but with a blank and troubled

aspect, unsatisfied with his internal reservation, and conscious of his perjury, Harold laid both his hands on two small reliquaries which lay, as if by chance, upon the cloth of gold, and swore, provided he should live, to make good all those promises—"so might God aid him"—and with one deep, solemn acclamation, the whole assembly echoed those last words—"So may God aid him! May God aid!—God aid!" At the same instant, on a signal from the Duke, the cloth of gold was drawn aside, and Harold saw the sacrilege he must commit, so deeply sworn on things so holy, should he repent or falsify his oath! He saw—and shuddered visibly, as though he had been stricken by an ague, yet, presently, by a powerful effort, rallying all his courage to his aid, he made his last farewells, departed, loaded with gifts and honors, but with a melancholy heart; and sailed immediately for England, leaving the brother—for whose liberty he came a suitor—ten times more deeply forfeit than he had been before. On his first interview with Edward, he related all that had occurred—even his own involuntary oath! And the old sovereign trembled, and grew pale, but manifested nothing of surprise or anger!

"I knew it," he replied, in calm but hollow tones, "I knew it, and I did forewarn you, how that your visit to the Norman should bring misery on you, and ruin on your country! As I forewarned you, so has it come to pass! So shall it come to pass hereafter, till all hath been fulfilled—God only grant that I live not to see it."

H.

Original.

THE LOST ONE.

WHEN the soft breath of Spring unlocketh the fountain,
And the storm-clouds are melted away from the sky;
When the balmy breeze gently steals over the mountain,
Like Nature awaking from sleep with a sigh.
When the fawn in his thicket is gracefully bounding,
And the leaves are all budding on every tree,
When the warbling notes are melodiously sounding,
In that season, my lost one, I'll think upon thee.

When sweet Summer flowers, in beauty are glowing,
And infant buds slumber the green leaves between;
When the meandering brooklet is onwardly flowing
With murmuring music to gladden the scene.
When Repose makes her couch in the light softly streaming,
And dreamily rises the hum of the bee;
When Earth seems a heaven with radiancy beaming,
In that season, my lost one, I'll think upon thee.

When chill Autumn winds through the foliage are sighing,
When the leaf's changing colors, its destiny tell,
And the low moaning sound, like the tones of the dying,
Falls sad on the heart, as a whispered farewell;
When the song-bird sits pensive, or flies to discover
A new sunny home, o'er some far distant sea;
When the woods but re-echo the wail of the plover,
In that season, my lost one, I'll think upon thee.

When rude Winter comes, with cold influence stealing,
Unrobing the verdure, and blighting the bloom;
When battling spirits their thunders are pealing,
Like the roll of the gun o'er a warrior's tomb.
When the ice-fettered waters are tranquilly sleeping,
And their bosom, like thine, from the tempest is free,
Oh! my heart will then turn to thy memory—and weeping,
In that season, my lost one, I'll think upon thee.

C. M. MCLACHLAN.

Original.
THE FRIGHT.

BY ANN. S. STEPHENS.

GENTLE reader, accept my invitation, and bear me company once more to the sand-banks which overlook Pine Island. It is just six months since the spring flood which I once told you of. The blossoms have swelled into fruit—the fruit itself has been shaken from the boughs, and is heaped up in yellow and crimson abundance, near the reeking cider-mills. The husks have fallen back, shrunken and dry, from the heavy ears of corn, bristling thick over fields, whose bosoms are laden with multitudes of ripe pumpkins embedded, like globes of solid gold, in the brown earth. The old chestnut, at the end of the bridge, has opened its prickly burrs to the first frost, and the ripe nuts are rattling, at intervals, amid the fallen leaves, or splash into the water from the overhanging boughs. The venerable oaks that shadow our house, have deepened from a soft green into a sober brown, and the maple over my mother's grave is flushed with a vivid scarlet, as if an angel had cast his raiment to overshadow her quiet resting-place. Look up the river! its banks are robed to the very water's brink, with a profusion of heavy foliage, each leaf imbued with a deep rich tint, which a painter might strive a life-time and fail in obtaining. Yonder is Rimmond Forest, melting away to the east in a sea of purple mist. What a picture is Fall's Hill! How graceful is the sweep toward Castle Rock, lifting its superb head to the sky, with a gorgeous drapery of forest trees, springing thick from every cleft, and mingling with the clouds. Abroad, and on every side, the gorgeous hues of autumn are subdued in the shadow, or glowing in the oblique light.

There still is the Pine Grove. The wind is sighing mournfully among its branches, breathing a strange melody through their raiment of everlasting green, like the sound of a dirge, smothered by a death-pall. That grove would look like a vast mourning robe, spread out in the dusky river-vale, but that the topmost trees catch and dally with the receding light, like a despairing man grasping at the last rays of hope, as they die away from his heart.

It is strange what a melancholy feeling comes over the mind at this hour and season. In spite of the magnificence of nature, we can but feel that awe, looking upon the hectic beauty of the year, the flash of brilliancy before death—that, like the Indian warrior, nature has arrayed herself bravely for the grave. Yet why should we be sad? The spring beauty will come again, flowers will blossom anew, and fruit will ripen as ever. Autumnal drapery will again robe the earth with brilliancy; but when we sink to rest, so unlike this scene, withered, feeble, beautyless, where will our rising be? how will it be? Will the soul fling off mortality, even as the tree casts its leaves, to be new-clothed in the freshness of Heaven? Will the stores of feeling and knowledge, gathered here, be counted for us in another world; or will the spirit bud and blossom again with the never-dying flowers of immortality? Alas, we cannot tell;

the mind of man is incapable of understanding itself. Let us bow our souls and be humble, knowing that God cares for us.

Gentle reader, I had not the most distant idea of writing a sermon, or sentimentalising, when I commenced the last paragraph. I intended to tell a very simple story, but found myself dwelling on thoughts that have haunted me of late; that come to me in the stillness of the night; that follow me into the crowd, and lie for ever on my heart like a darkness. But they are unfit for this place. We will cast them off awhile, and again turn our attention to the subject of this writing.

My father had taken a journey to the Far West, leaving his family on Pine Island, protected only by a domestic, and a young man of eighteen,—a handsome and agreeable fellow, who had lately been taken into his employ as a clerk. One morning my mother, on returning from a walk to Fall's Hill, happened to meet a gentleman against whom her husband held a note of hand, to some considerable amount. The gentleman drew up his horse, and on learning that the note was in my mother's possession, promised to call in the afternoon and leave the money with her. The arrangement being made, she was about to resume her walk homeward, when a man darted from behind a neighboring tree and passed along the skirt of the grove. There was a foot-path running through the wood, and she took no farther notice of the circumstance than to suppose that some stranger had accidentally strayed from the path. She returned home, therefore, perfectly undisturbed, and when the gentleman called in the afternoon, received the money, without reflecting that so large a sum might be unsafe in a house whose only defence lay in a clerk.

The morning had been unusually fine; but toward night the sky was overcast, and a dense mist came up from the river, spreading itself like a drapery over the valley. The night set in early, and was intensely dark. The dash of the waterfall near by, together with the wind moaning amid the pines, made all things damp without, and full of gloom. But none of this penetrated to our comfortable parlor. The blinds were closed, the carpet was thick and warm, while the andirons and the fender of polished brass, most cheerfully reflected back a blazing nut-wood fire. By some strange chance, Harry Drake, the young man, was absent, and the girl had gone to visit a sister on School Hill; therefore, my mother was left alone with her children. Our nearest neighbor was a Mr. Hayne, who lived in the large red house standing on the bend of the road as it sweeps from the sand-banks toward the bridge; but the constant dash of the waterfall prevented the possibility of alarming them, should any danger threaten us. Of this, however, my mother had no fear. She locked the doors, drew the heavy bolts, and with a feeling of security placed lights upon the stand, by which she seated herself, and held a map that we might be indulged in tracing the course of our father's journey upon it.

After we had been sufficiently enlightened, she snuffed the candles, and threw one arm over the neck of Lucy, my second sister, and the other over my shoulders as I lay with my head in her lap, and my eyes raised to her

face, in anxious expectation of the story, without which we seldom went to bed satisfied. The story was finished, and after kneeling by her side, and repeating our prayers, with an approving hand on the head of each, our mother took us to bed, leaving Jane absorbed in the pages of Miss Porter's most fascinating novel. In a few moments I was sound asleep in dear Lucy's arms, and can only relate what happened after, as it was told to me.

After placing us in bed, my mother returned to the fire, arranged her cushions, and taking up the idle volume, continued the affecting account of Sobieski's departure from his enslaved country. The time passed unnoticed till the clock struck eleven. She arose, threw down her book, and was preparing to retire, when a slight noise at the front door arrested her attention. Jane looked up with a start, threw back her curls, and they both listened anxiously. Again the noise was repeated more forcibly, as if some persons were attempting to force the bolt. My mother turned very pale. Jane dropped her book, and creeping to her side, grasped her gown, but not a word was spoken. Again there was a sound as if a heavy stone had been hurled against the door. This was followed by a low whispering, fearfully distinct to my poor mother and sister. The former had, by this time, recovered some degree of courage, and she demanded, in a voice tolerably steady, who thus attempted forcible entrance into her dwelling? The whispering continued, and for a moment there was no reply. At length a voice, evidently feigned, answered, "A friend."

"Your name and business?" was her prompt rejoinder.

There was no answer, except a rude attempt to force the door. My mother grasped the shovel, and set her lips firmly together, but crept, nevertheless, into the remotest part of the room.

"Have a care," she said, in a trembling voice. "If you enter here, you will find me neither unprotected nor unarmed."

The noise ceased. There was a trampling of heavy feet amid the fallen leaves under the old oaks, and all was still again. My mother stood listening breathlessly, while the trembling Jane ventured to raise her face from where it had been buried in the folds of her dress. She caught a glance at the opposite window, and uttering a shrill cry, stood like one fascinated, pale and shivering all over with fear, her eyes distended, and her finger pointing to the sash. My mother turned, and there, pressing close to the glass, were two dusky faces, with eyes glaring like something supernatural, on their helplessness. Even then my mother did not lose all presence of mind. Bending her head a little, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on the window, and whispered, "Jane, bring me one of the pistols from that closet." Her steady courage emboldened the little girl. She darted forward, and in a moment the harmless weapon was in her mother's hand.

"It's unloaded, mother; Mr Hayne fired it off this morning."

"Hush, I know it," said my mother, sternly.

There was a clinking of the lock under her fingers, and then the piece was deliberately levelled. The faces

disappeared instantly, and there was a sound of smothered voices underneath the window.

"Steal gently to the bed-room in which the little girls are sleeping, lock the door, and put the key in your bosom," said my mother, in a low voice, still keeping her aim at the window. Poor Jane crept along the shadowy side of the room, and performed her mission without the slightest noise.

"Now," said my mother, still pointing the pistol, "unfasten the outer door without noise—when I come, open it gently, and run for your life."

Jane cast a frightened look at the door, another on the pale face of her parent, and obeyed. The bolt was scarcely drawn, when my mother threw down the pistol, darted to the cradle, and snatching up the sleeping boy, rushed through the door followed by little Jane.

They had scarcely reached the end of the bridge, when the tread of feet was heard in hasty pursuit, but the night was intensely dark, and the dash of the falls drowned the noise of their fleet footsteps as the fugitives almost flew over the bridge.

The pursuit was given up, and unharmed the fugitives arrived at the house of Mr. Hayne. My mother's foot had scarcely touched the door-step, when she fainted and fell forward with the babe still clasped to her bosom. Jane, feeling, every breath she drew, as if the clutch of the ruffian were upon her shoulder, knocked at the door, and added her voice with so much effect, that Mr. Hayne, his wife, and two stout hired men, sprang from their respective beds, and rushed simultaneously to the door, where they found my poor mother prostrate on the steps, her babe half smothered in its cradle-quilt, and the impatient Jane crying and trembling with affright. Breathlessly the poor child explained their nocturnal appearance, while our kind neighbors were restoring her fainting parent. By the time Mr. Hayne and his men had hurried on their clothes, she had recovered, and remembering the peril in which we were left, she insisted on returning with them.

When my mother again entered our house with her three champions, armed to the teeth, she found the door half open, the pistol lying just as she had cast it down, the two candles burning brightly as ever, "Thaddeus of Warsaw" on the hearth-rug, and sister Lucy and myself nestled snugly in bed, fast asleep, and happily ignorant of what had been passing.

Notwithstanding the peaceable appearance of the battle field, the present possessors were not entirely victorious. The lock of an escrutoire was broken, and my mother's purse, together with the roll of bank bills which she had that day received, had been carried off by the enemy. No lives were lost, but the camp had been plundered during the retreat of my mother's forces. However, like a sensible woman, she congratulated herself that things were no worse, kissed Jane and the baby half a dozen times, and tried not to care about the money.

As our friends were considering and guessing who the robbers could be, Harry Drake came in, and on hearing the occurrences of the evening, expressed himself much astonished, and said he had just met two men walking rapidly up the road as he was returning from a party at

Fall's Hill. It was very dark, he said—so dark that he could not distinguish the men's faces. Harry Drake was very pale as he said this, his manner was agitated, and he reproached himself very bitterly for having left us alone.

About a week after the robbery, a beautiful suit of clothes were sent home for Harry Drake, from the tailors, of a texture and finish that awoke suspicions in my mother's mind, who was acquainted with the state of his finances. While she was busy identifying the bank notes which the tailor had received in payment, our handsome clerk and his new clothes mysteriously disappeared.

Original.

A NOON SCENE.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

THERE is no breeze abroad at play,
The sky is one unclouded arch,
The sunlight falls in one vast ray,
As moves the day-god on his march.

No shadow flits along the grass,
The very tree-tops have no motion—
The bay appears a mirror-glass,
And e'en the tide seems lost to ocean.

Discerned upon the bright scene's verge,
Yon sandy heights with jewels glow,
As might a fairy isle emerge,
Majestic from the deep below.

A ripple now the eye beholds,
And now the mind, intent, may mark,
Like a black sail, his fin unfold
The wily and voracious shark.

Close in along the beach now glide,
In myriad numbers, with one will,
Their course enough to make a tide,
A finny tribe, which dangers thrill.

And now with stealthy movement goes,
The greedy monster in his course;
And now the sea from its repose
Is wakened by his mighty force.

The silver-breasted race, in fright,
Spring forth above their element,
And to ten thousand gems of light,
The mirror breaks, in atoms rent!

A moral to this scene there is,
And they who seek what it imparts,
May find for other scenes than this,
A correspondence in their hearts.

Original.

A BIVOUAC IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

"AFTER the battle of the Pyramids, the whole way through the desert, was tracked with the bones and bodies of men and animals who had perished in these dreadful wastes. In order to warm themselves at night, they gathered together the dry bones and bodies of the dead, which the vultures had spared, and it was by a fire composed of this fuel that Napoleon lay down to sleep in the desert!"—MICHAEL'S MEMOIRS.

THE ploughshare of the conqueror pass'd
Across the burning desert plain;
While on the sower followed fast,
And scattered in the bright red grain.

And tracking on that welded blade,
Forged from their thousand battle-brands;
Far o'er the broad, deep furrow made,
On swept his train'd "Prætorian bands."

The vulture is the desert's king!
And what of conquerors wrecketh he?
Who bounds his empire by his wing—
Reigneth, I ween, right fearlessly!

'TWAS night—the conquerors harvest night!
No star in heaven its glories hid;
And poured the moon her radiant light
On desert, tent, and pyramid.

The reaper's blade its toil forsook—
And in the pale green River Nile,
The plumed and turband Mameluke
Slept with the scale-armed crocodile.

Oh, Isis! Thou adored of old
With mystic rite, and symbol rare;
Rude hands have rent thy veil's dark fold,
And lain thy hidden altars bare.

The crescent gleams from Moslem tower,
High o'er the walls of Ptolemy;
And naught but thine own lotos flower,
Oh, Nilus! bends to worship thee.

"Ho! ye that reaped the ripened field!
What left ye to the gleaner's hand?
Her stubble let the desert yield,
To cheer this wide, unvarying sand!"

For leagues away, the barren plain
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor verdure owns—
Where they have sown the blood-red grain,
They reaped but blanched and mouldering bones.

There, where of old the cloud and fire
Led on the wandering Israelite,
They heaped the pile—till far the pyre
Reared its red column on the night.

And on the fanning night-wind came,
And high the scroll accusing swept;
While 'neath that banner fold of flame,
The "Lion of the Desert!"* slept!

* "Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was pleased with the flattery, which derived his Christian name from two Greek words, signifying the Lion of the Desert."

Original.

THE LUXURY OF DEEP SORROW.

MONTGOMERY once wrote a poem which he denominated "The Joy of Grief," if we mistake not its title, and a very touching thing it was, if we have not entirely forgotten the impressions it made upon us some twenty years ago, when we read it for the first and last time. We thought it excellent; but, subsequent experience has taught us that it by no means reached the reality of the subject. True and touching as it was, as far as it went, even Montgomery's poetry fell short—very far short—of describing the feeling which is in *our* mind's eye. There may be "joy in grief;" common sorrow may contain a mixture of solace—detached portions of counteracting consolations which may not only blunt the edge of affliction,—but even furnish material for happiness—such happiness, at least, as Montgomery contemplated. The bee extracts very sweet honey from the most unpromising materials, and the poet and the moralist have the same right, if they have not the same skill. They may, *if they can*, make sorrow and sadness subservient to their mental alchemy, and cause even despondency itself to yield a partial harvest of pleasure! In the sense, however, in which the English poet considered this matter, there may be very grave doubts. He was a poet merely—very little of a philosopher. We *are* philosophers, and we intend to give an opinion on this subject that will prove us so. Sorrow *has* its luxury. The man who has struggled, for years, with the adverse currents of human life, who has breasted the billows of misfortune, and met the stormiest times which life's navigator is fated to encounter, knows, as we know, that even misery, itself, has its store-house of comforts. He whose struggles have finally succumbed to the resistlessness of ill fortune, can bear us witness that there is luxury left to despondency! *There is enjoyment*, even in retiring into the concentration of the heart's last and lowliest abyss of bitterness! When a man can no longer remain cheerful upon his bright prospects, it is a blessed portion of his destiny that he may gather comforts from the mere intensity of those that are blighted! He may retire into himself, and luxuriate upon the miseries which, being impossible to become worse, ought, by all means, to become better; if it be true, as we believe it is, that fate is always locomotive, and never stands still. He who has satisfied himself that his fortune is at zero, may rationally enough make up his mind that there is little use in caring for it when it goes below. After freezing to death amid the snows and frosts of life, who would care much about the posthumous freaks of Fahrenheit? Who will give himself much trouble as to the temperature, after it has made an icicle of him? A frozen heart is precisely upon a par with a frozen potato, and one is worth just as much as the other.

But, we repeat, that there *is* a point in human feeling—and the heart reaches it before its throbbings are quite congealed—in which even its very woes assume the office of the soother! Their intensity reacts upon itself, and while the demon of distraction seems to revel in the belief that he has utterly prostrated his victim, the victim rises superior to his inflictions, and gathers conso-

lation from them! There is "luxury in deep sorrow"—there is happiness even amidst the heapings up of calamity. Let Misfortune do her worst; if she bring not the consciousness of crime or dishonor to her aid, her victim may defy her! Who has ever looked into himself during the season of deep depression, *studied* the causes of it, and studying them, been able to absolve himself from blame that they have come upon him, without finding a feeling worth all the self-complacency of the fortunate, the proud and the rich? Who, in such a scene buries himself in the contemplation of those he loves, and of the unremitted exertions he has made to deserve that love, but finds a loftier and a holier feeling than wealth or pride or prosperity ever yet could bring him? That fate is unpropitious he knows—that he has done all in his power to deserve a better fate, he knows also, and in that lies the secret of the luxury which even grief can pluck from its direst visitations. There, is the heart furnished with rays of sunshine from the sombre atmosphere with which its own misfortunes have surrounded it. There, rises the rainbow of hope over the horizon of despair, and there, are dispensed the ministrations of consolation which the good angels of man's destiny throw through the gloom with which the bad have overshadowed it. In one word, when the heart feels itself verging fastest towards utter despondency, let it take courage; it will soon find itself at the point where there is "*Luxury in deep Sorrow.*"

C. F. D.

Original.

COMMERCE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

HAIL, glorious Commerce! 'Tis to thee we owe
The first best antidote to human woe,
For ne'er had pure religion bless'd the world,
Hadst thou not first thy snowy sails unfurl'd,
And but for thee, improved by art and skill,
Our fallen race had been barbarians still;
'Twas thou, directed by a Power Divine,
That introduced a youth of Heber's line,
To Egypt's splendid court—to feed and save
The chosen race from famine's cruel grave.
Thou deck'd the throne of Solomon, the wise,
With Ophir's gold and Sidon's merchandize;
And reared a fame, from Heavenly pattern built,
Worthy His name who pardons human guilt;
And but for thee, the lovely Grecian isles
Had never known the Gospel's sunny smiles.

What first induced adventurers to brave
The fearful dangers of the Atlantic wave,
But to discover shorter paths that led
To India's fragrant isles—the fountain-head
Of ancient commerce—where her wealth was stored,
And then in traffic's countless streams, was poured?
'Twas this induced Columbus to explore,
And westward, seek for Asia's eastern shore;
But brighter glory waited in his way
Where a new world in virgin beauty lay.
This was the means Omnipotence designed,
To spread the Gospel, and to bless mankind.

Original.

HARD TIMES!

FLORETTA'S THIRD LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

THE public prints, ever ready to spread a tale of guilt and woe, have doubtless, ere now, informed you of the wretched story of cousin Sophia's husband. Oh, miserable man! how could he thus recklessly plunge himself and his family into such an abyss of sorrow. I have formerly laughed at Sophia, and have scolded her for her errors, but so deeply has she suffered in consequence, that I now weep with her, "tear for tear." As you must be anxious for a particular account of these terrible events, I will give you a connected relation of all that has been thought and acted by your friends in this city, as it has been told me, or as I have myself observed.

Sophia, by exciting and worrying, induced her weak husband to consent to give a large ball, although he was so much in debt, and so pressed for money, that he could scarcely command cash enough for the current expenses of the day. I censured Sophia the most, for I thought her husband's only fault was want of judgment; but to what disastrous results have not this weakness led! It seems Mr. Cotton had not paid the rent of his house for some time past, and his landlord, in delicacy to his embarrassed state, had not pressed him for payment, although depending upon that to support his family, and forced to borrow from his friends. This landlord was informed of the expensive entertainment in progress at his tenant's house, as he returned from an unsuccessful attempt to borrow money, and was highly exasperated with Mr. Cotton's conduct. The morning before the ball, Sophia, in high spirits, was in the drawing-room, superintending the festal array, when the landlord entered. He had applied to Mr. Cotton, who could not pay him, and now entered the house to seize the furniture. In vain were the tears and expostulations of Sophia—her costly mirrors and curtains, and her darling paintings, were taken down by rude hands, and carried away. The landlord declared himself satisfied with these, and, as it turned out, only seized them in hopes of compelling payment, justly supposing there must be money where such costly entertainments were given.

Sophia sent for us, and for Mr. Cotton. Aunt and Helen were out, and I went alone. I found her in bed, weeping violently, and refusing all her husband's efforts to console her. Her tears flowed afresh while relating the sorrowful tale to me. "What mortification—what shame is mine!" she cried. "I shall never be able to lift my head up in society again. What will Mrs. Melville say? and Mrs. Stanton, who always envied me? They will tell it over the whole city! and then my ball to-morrow—what is to be done?"

"Oh, the people will enjoy themselves just as well without curtains and mirrors," said Charles, in hopes of cheering her.

"What! do you for a moment imagine I will receive company in those beggarly rooms? such forlorn dens as they are now? I do wonder at your want of spirit, Mr. Cotton!"

"Oh, very well—you can send word you are ill, and

this ball, which I never approved, will be given up, and no one will know of your loss."

"Give up the ball, indeed; oh, Mr. Cotton, you have not the least feeling for me. Do you think I will sit tamely down under such treatment. The event cannot be concealed, for all the servants were grinning at the door—besides, the things are to be advertised and sold to-morrow. If you have not sense enough to contrive how to manage for me, I will tell you what must be done—you must send the wretch his money, and redeem my furniture."

"That cannot be done, Sophia," said Charles, mildly. "I cannot command a dollar."

"Oh, you can if you choose. You objected to the party, and now withhold the money purposely. I should not wonder if you sent that hideous man to insult me, in hopes of stopping the ball, but you shan't succeed!"

"Oh, Sophia!" I said, reproachfully, while Charles looked distressed beyond measure. As I looked at her, I wondered she could ever have been thought pretty, so much does anger diminish beauty.

"Why do you linger here, Charles?" she exclaimed, violently. "Go and redeem my furniture—it was bought by my father—I must have it. I will give this party, or I will kill myself, for I cannot live and endure the shame!"

Mr. Cotton walked the floor in agony too great for speech, while I endeavored to soothe Sophia. In vain I tried; her passion had broken loose, and reason, judgment, were unheeded. "Dear Sophia," at last said her husband, "I can but repeat I have no money. I am deeply in debt, and have long lived by borrowing. This morning I endeavored in vain to obtain a few hundreds to pay the bills which this party would, I knew, bring upon me the next day. No one will trust me longer."

"Oh, I will take no excuse!" exclaimed his excited wife. "Why can you not make money? Every merchant in the city can support his wife except you; a pretty merchant you, who will disgrace his wife for the want of a few thousands! I was surrounded with plenty when you married me, and you promised I should never want for any thing, but here I am, a laughing-stock to the whole city, and you will not raise a finger to relieve me!"

Poor Charles, entirely overcome, threw himself upon the sofa, and burst into tears. I was ashamed of Sophia, and spoke to her in a severe tone, but the torrent could not be thus checked. Sophia had always been wilful and petulant, but I had never seen her thus violent, and was astonished at the reproaches and invectives which she heaped upon her unfortunate husband. Her mind and heart were illy regulated; she had never placed much restraint upon herself, and now, when aroused, could not command herself. What a lesson to us not to set our affections upon such worthless themes, and what a lesson to induce us to keep a watch upon our tempers, lest they rush out and overwhelm us. Poor Sophia has repented bitterly the violence of that hour!

Unable to bear this scene longer, Charles started up. "Sophia! Sophia! you are driving me mad!" he cried. "I will go again—I will move heaven and earth—I will

even sell my soul, rob, cut men's throats—do any thing to raise money, if you will never speak such cruel words again."

He rushed frantically from the house. The day passed, and Mr. Cotton did not return. Night came, and still he appeared not. Sophia's passion had cooled, and she became uneasy, but when it drew near midnight, and no news of him, she was wild with affright. We had sent to his office, but the clerks said he had not been there since morning. I partook of Sophia's anxiety, and sat with her during the dreary night-hours, listening to every noise, hoping it was Charles returning. I urged her in vain to lie down; she could not compose herself, but walked up and down from one room to another, anxious and repentant. At midnight, however, I prevailed upon her to retire to bed, and I sat alone, in the parlor, by the fire light, for the lamp had expired. I have never been alone, and awake at midnight, and so dreary did it seem, that I no longer wondered it was called the 'witching hour,' nor that it was peopled with spirits, bandogs, witches, and other unearthly visitants, for then our daily life is done, and we are dwelling amid a spiritual life. The body is at rest, and the spirit is alone awake—material life is shut out, the *present* is a blank, and the soul turning to commune with itself, conjures up the past—loved and lost ones, unthought of during the busy day, spring up at our call, as fresh and life-like as in days long past—nay, their voices are in our ear—we start, but find those 'airy tongues' which syllabled our names, exist in memory alone.

The bell of a neighboring church struck one; a mournful, solemn sound, as if the dying groan of some parting spirit, or warning note of a pitying Banshee. I could not bear this unbroken silence and loneliness, but lighting a candle, read myself sleepy, throw myself upon a sofa, and was not awakened until the servants opened the doors in the morning. Sophia had long been awake—had sent to the office, and now came overwhelmed with terror, to tell me the servant's account.

A mob was around the place through which he had forced his way, and after knocking a long while, a man opened the door only to bid him go away. He called loudly that he had been sent for his master, and was answered by one of the crowd, in a voice of derision, "Go seek your master in the Egyptian Tombs." I was as overcome as Sophia with this intelligence, and revolving what course to take, when one of the waiters informed me a gentleman wished to see me in the front parlor. I flew thither, and beheld Mr. Bankley.

"Oh, uncle, how rejoiced I am to see you!" I cried.

"Alas, I bring you no joy," he said so sadly, that I saw he was the bearer of evil tidings.

"Something dreadful has happened to poor Charles, I fear—speak out, for we are suffering all the horrors of suspense."

"The horror of suspense is nothing to the reality. Oh, fool! villain! he has disgraced us all, and ruined himself for ever!"

"For Heaven's sake speak out, uncle!"

"Well, if you will know, Charles Cotton, last night, sat

his store on fire, in order to obtain the insurance, which is heavy, was detected, and is in prison."

Horror indeed! I had imagined every thing terrible, but nothing so black, so degrading as this. "Wretched man!" I exclaimed. "What can be done. Can you not save him?"

"No! and would not! a prison or death await him, and he deserves them. My wife is frantic at thought of the disgrace he has brought upon her and her family."

"Your wife!" I said, almost contemptuously. "Let us think of his. How will she bear this load of woe?"

"She also deserves her doom," he said, gloomily. "Has she not brought all this upon herself—she has ruined her husband—she urged him into expenses beyond his means, and to meet them, he has stooped to crime. Soulless dastard, how I despise him!"

"Oh, think of his sufferings, and pity him. Tell me, now, all you know of this wretched affair, and then I must to my sad task of informing his miserable wife." Mr. Bankley had seen Mr. Cotton, who had sent to him very early that morning, and from him, gleaned the following particulars:

Galled by the reproaches of his wife, Charles left the house, determined not to return without the money which she demanded. With this view he applied to each of his friends in turn. Already deeply in their debt, and betraying his extreme need by his agitation, he was rejected by all—with kindness by some, but with rudeness and contempt by others. Irritated, despairing, he arrived at his office just at dusk, and soon after Sophia's first messenger had left it. He shut himself up in his private office, where he still remained when the clerks retired for the night. Hour after hour were passed by the unhappy man, revolving plans, and turning over his books if haply he might find some means of bettering his miserable situation, but the more he examined, the more hopeless did his case appear. Not being in the habit of relying upon Providence, or on any thing but his own exertions, now that he found himself 'powerless to save,' he indulged in the most extravagant exclamations against fortune and destiny. Leaving his private room, he passed out into the store, where, in loneliness and gloom, he gave vent to his agony of spirit by walking rapidly about.

"Curse upon fortune!" he cried. "So long as I have toiled for her, and now she flies me! What have I done to deserve this fate? I have been honest, moral, and performed well the duties of life, and of what avail is it? I am scorned by my wife and my friends. Why cannot I obtain wealth? I have been ever a pattern of industry—have been up early, and retired late, in my eager search for riches, and cannot yet possess enough to keep me from disgrace. These loaded shelves can testify to labor and industry, all exerted in vain. Goods, rich and rare, lie mouldering around me—dead wealth, for which there is no purchaser. What a mockery is all this show; there sits a devil on every bale, grinning at my impotent despair. Oh, that some lucky spark would reach you, then would a rich insurance pluck me from this misery. Ah, no," he added with a bitter smile, "store after store is burnt, and men pocketing the insurance, smile triumphantly at such poor dogs as I, while

my store remains in safety, as if it kept itself on purpose to torment me. Ha! what! burn it myself!—a villainous thought, not to be harbored a moment—but then money! all powerful money! Heaven save me! those devils have entered my soul with the wish. But gold, gold! plenty of cash—to hold up my head once more among those who have scorned me. What! hold up my head with such villany in my heart? no, no, a black idea. Devils avaunt! I am not the wretch ye think me. Twelve o'clock—I am not sane here in this dark, lonely place, at this witching hour—evil spirits are abroad to catch men's souls, and win them to destruction. I will go home. Home! alas, what a home. My wife—to-morrow's ball!—no money—Sophia's maddening reproaches. Gold! I must have gold let what will betide!"

Madly he rushed to his room, and seizing a candle, threw it upon a heap of loose cotton which was piled upon a table—an immense flame burst up to the ceiling—tearing the burning mass apart, he frantically strewed it over the floors, and upon the shelves. In a whirl of horror, the guilty man stood gazing upon the curling flames, almost unconscious of every thing about him.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" he murmured, but at the sound of his own hollow voice, the trance was broken—with the apostle words, the remembrance of his pure early days—of his home on the banks of the fair Connecticut, came rushing to his heart. He covered his face with his hands, while a deep shudder, as of an earthquake, shook his soul. Again he saw himself an innocent, fair-haired boy, one of a youthful circle, who, seated at their mother's knee, listened to her gentle accents as she read to them the words of life. "My little children, these things I write unto you that ye sin not." "Sin! oh, mother! oh, God! am I indeed a sinner?" With a burst of agony he rushed to the door, and out into the street. His course was arrested. "Let me go!" he cried wildly. "There is horror within those walls—fire—spirits of evil—oh, let me pass!"

"Not so fast, my master," said the watchman who had stopped him. "I know there is fire within, and know what spirit of evil put it there. You shall leave these walls, indeed, but to inhabit stouter ones. To the Egyptian Tombs with him!"

When the guilty Charles had first entered his office, the window-shutters were open, and he had been too much occupied with the world within to think of aught without. His wild tossings and walking to and fro, had attracted the observation of some clerks who were writing late, in an office overlooking his own. He was watched, and they became witness of the dreadful crime he had committed. Taking with them some watchmen, they were on the point of entering, when the wretched man burst forth, and the blazing cotton would alone have condemned him, but his own words were sufficient evidence against him. The inside of the store was burned, but by the exertions of the firemen, it did not extend farther.

My nerves are in such a state of agitation, that I have written thus far with difficulty. You must then excuse me if I end thus abruptly. Yours,

FLORETTA.

Original.

THE SOUTHERN ISLAND.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

I.

THERE is an isle circled by Southern seas,
That rarely wake beneath the storm-god's wing—
Where the voluptuous and odorous breeze
Hath not its heart chilled in its wandering,
By wild, old Winter:—peopled 'tis with Ease,
And Happiness, and Joy, and every thing
Of fair and quaint and rich and delicate,
Which doth on Southern seas and islands wait.

II.

And all along the shore are sunny beaches,
Paved with clear shells, and ever-shifting sand,
And in among grey rocks are narrow reaches,
Where the sea enters with a murmur bland;
And out in front, the endless ocean stretches
In the deep calm, of which no isle doth stand;—
This diamond of the ocean seems alone,
Apart from all the islands of that zone.

III.

And all within the isle are odorous trees,
With buds, and flowers, and fruits, and nested birds,
Fed by the gentle winds from the blue seas,
With honey-dew—for, like a lover's words,
Or music's most voluptuous harmonies,
Are floating in and out the winged herds
Of wind, and every odor-laden air
Where the bees ride, and their rich freightage bear.

IV.

And founts, and springs, and grotts do here abound,
And ponds thick-peopled with most lustrous fish,
All gold and purple—and they fit around
As changeable as any lover's wish—
And here are some that never have been found,
Since time began, on any gourmand's dish—
Streams are there here which mostly make their din
When stars are sleeping their white depths within.

V.

And, back of all, the mountains overlook
The island, and the broad and silent sea,
Hoary and high;—the upper element shook,
Some time ago, his snows on them in glee,
And here it lies, white, as in some grey nook
The sea-foam gathers—which full silently
Below the greenness sleeps, along the sides,
Through whose thick shades the vapor often rides.

VI.

The simple people in this isle that dwell,
Live as men lived when yet the earth was green—
Primeval they—they neither buy nor sell,
Nor priests, nor courts, nor rulers have they seen—
Happy they live—nor is death terrible—
For no apostles in that isle have been,
To teach them of what cometh after death—
They think their cares end with the parting breath!

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE GREEK READER: *Harper & Brothers.*—To the classical scholar this work may prove of some utility, and to the new student, the lexicon will be advantageous, as a guide to which he may oftentimes recur. In examining a work of this kind, a question arises as to the utility of Greek, and on this point it is our deliberate conviction that it is neither useful nor ornamental. The time occupied in the acquisition of even a limited knowledge of Greek, might be more profitably employed in studying mathematics, natural philosophy, and other branches of scientific knowledge, which may, in after life, be turned to a good account in any and every department of human requisition. Our limits will not permit an extended examination of this barbarous relic of ancient usages—but so long as Greek holds a place in the schools, we are prepared to say that the work before us is well calculated to facilitate the inquirer, and aid the classical scholar in his researches. We doubt not that the "Greek Reader" will be hailed with pleasure by all lovers of the language in which Homer sang, and in which Demosthenes thundered his eloquence.

SIDEREAL HEAVENS: *Harper & Brothers.*—In describing such sublime scenes as are unfolded in the volume before us, Dr. Dick has freely indulged in such remarks and moral reflections as were naturally suggested by the grandeur of his subject; and he has endeavored to lead the minds of his readers to the contemplation of the attributes and the agency of that Almighty Being by whom the vast system of universal nature was at first brought into existence, and by whose superintending care it is incessantly conducted in all its movements.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS: *Harper & Brothers.*—An inquiry into the instincts, habits and peculiarities of the feathered tribe, is both interesting and useful. The volume before us is well calculated to gratify the curious, and cannot fail to prove highly interesting to all those who are fond of pursuing those investigations which lead to a conviction of a Great Supreme Power, which regulates, governs and superintends the whole creation. The feathered tribe afford abundant illustration of means to ends, and we cannot do our readers a better service than to recommend to them a perusal of the volume now published on this subject, where they will find many amusing and instructive anecdotes and lessons of those aerial beings who float upon the air.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE; *Harper & Brothers.*—This work is a continuation of that admirable undertaking—the "Family Library." The design of these volumes is to show, by advancing numerous and striking examples of individuals distinguished by great intellectual attainments, under circumstances the least favorable, that *knowledge* is not necessarily confined to any class or condition of men; but that it is open to, and within the reach of all; so that whoever will, even under difficulties the most discouraging, may, by the help of courage and perseverance, apply himself successfully to its pursuit. Considering the very engaging and instructive character of the work, and the important interests connected with the subject of which it treats, we are confident it will be both favorably received, and productive of extensive and permanent good.

WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS.—We have received from Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, the "Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, and an essay on her genius, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney," complete in seven volumes. The work is most magnificently "got up"—the publishers having incurred an expense of three thousand dollars in procuring the necessary material for the perfect completion of an enterprise of such magnitude, as it embraces matter not before published. This is the first uniform edition of the numerous works of Mrs. Hemans ever issued in America; and a copy should grace the shelf of every library. The beautifully chaste garb of the exterior is no less fascinating than the rich and varied outpourings of genius, which are found within its pages. A faithful portrait accompanies this admirable edition. It is on sale at G. & C. Carvill's.

PEBBLES FROM CASTALIA, by Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard.

The preface to this little work is a capital one—the best we have read this many-a-day—and fully prepares us, by its spirit, propriety and good sense, for the frequent evidence of genius which its after pages present. There is, in truth, so much of tenderness and simplicity, with occasional touches of a more powerful eloquence, in the poems before us, that it goes against our "heart of heart" (the *heart* of a critic!) to notice its faults—the usual faults of youth and inexperience—which time and study can hardly fail to correct. It is true, some glaring defect of rhyme, now and then, stares us in the face, but these are amply redeemed by the melody elsewhere. The author is, we are told, very young—was bred a printer in Boston, and worked at types in the Mercantile Journal of that city, three or four years. He has, nevertheless, found time and mind to pick up a few "pebbles from Castalia," as he modestly entitles his poems, some of which, by the way, should, in our opinion, rather be termed *precious stones*, and only require a little polish to show themselves such. Here is one—we open the book at random.

"Touch not the tempting bowl,
When foams the sparkling wine;
For deep pollution taints his soul
Who bows at Bacchus' shrine;
A demon's poisoned breath
Foments that cup's bright wave!—
Who dares to sip that draught of death?
Who dares that curse to brave?"

Think not to shun the wo
That sleeps its brim beneath;—
Beware! there lurks a hellish foe
Within the goblet's wreath:
Its hiss hath oft been heard,
Like some foul serpent's cry,
As in its liquid lair it stirred
To see its victim die."

And another—

"Hast heard it told, when infants smile
In calm and tranquil slumbers,
That angels round them watch the while,
Chanting celestial numbers?
'Tis said that in their sleep they hear
Soft tones, unknown to others' ear."

If false, 'tis beautiful, the thought
That spirits round are flying;
That whispers in each dream are brought,
Like summer zephyrs sighing!
Nor would I break so sweet a charm,
For, if no good, it leaves no harm."

I think that when the hand of death
Its mantle round is throwing,
When faintly comes the stifled breath,
And silent tears are flowing,
Bright seraphs leave the world of love,
To guide the panting soul above."

And oft, ere nature gives release,
Or 'silver cord' is rended,
They whisper tones of heavenly peace,
Till bliss with pain is blended:
'Tis this that makes the smile's soft play,
When life and nature sink away."

THE HUSBAND HUNTER; OR "Das Schicksal:" *Lea & Blanchard.*—This work is from the pen of the author of the "Wife Hunter," and should, most undoubtedly, be read by all who perused that novel. From a casual glance, we should pronounce it a production possessing considerable interest.

THE DUKE AND THE COUSIN: *Lea & Blanchard.*—Mrs. Grey's name appears on the title-page of this novel, as the author; and, of course, we are compelled to believe she is, although we are loath to libel a lady to such an extent. The Duke of Wellington figures as the hero, under the assumed name of the Duke of Strathhaven. The work, throughout, is deserving of severe censure—but our natural compassion for ridiculous novel-writers will not permit us, at this time, to indulge in invectives. Notwithstanding our abhorrence for such productions, the one in question, in all probability, will prove interesting to a large number of readers.—G. & C. Carvill.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN LONDON: *Lea & Blanchard.*—When Mr. Grant, the author of the "Great Metropolis," confines himself to statistical reports, he is, certainly, enhancing his own reputation, as well as conferring a lasting obligation upon his readers—but when he swerves from that path to indulge in one requiring the most exalted intellectual powers, he fails in every instance. In the present work, the author states "that his effort has been to exhibit life in London, in some of the more striking aspects it assumes; and at the same time, to lay before the reader such information respecting this modern Babylon, as may prove instructing as well as amusing." Every thing the author has described, has either come under his own observation, or been verbally communicated to him by friends, who were cognizant of the facts stated, and in whose veracity he could place the utmost reliance.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

GUY FAWKS, AND THE TOWER OF LONDON:—*Lea & Blanchard* have commenced issuing these publications in monthly parts. As they are the productions of W. Harrison Ainsworth, the successful author of "Crichton," "Jack Sheppard," etc., it is unnecessary, at present, to enter into an analysis of their respective merits. Each part contains two engravings, and is afforded at a very low price.

THE SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This is, indeed, a most charming little work, embracing an account of nearly three hundred different flowers, with their powers in language. To add greater value and interest to the volume, the plates are richly colored. To acquire a knowledge of the principles on which the floral language is conducted, the introduction must be first carefully perused, and the ingenious readers will then be enabled to

"Gather a wreath from their garden bowers,
And tell the wish of their hearts in flowers."

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF MALIBRAN: *Carey & Hart.*—The memoirs of Madame Malibran Garcia, the distinguished vocalist, will prove of the highest interest to a large majority of the people of this country. The scene of her early efforts was in New-York. It was here where her genius and talents were discovered—cherished and fostered, until they budded forth in all the bloom of refinement, superiority and womanhood.—

MISS LESLIE'S HOUSE-BOOK: *Carey & Hart.*—The design of this work is to impart to novices in house-keeping some information on a subject which is, or should be, important to every female. The volume contains directions for all things relating to domestic duties. Miss Leslie's indefatigable exertions in behalf of domestic economy, are deserving of great praise.

THE PATH-FINDER, by *J. Fennimore Cooper.*—This admirable production has already reached its second edition. So long as Mr. Cooper remains in his own element, he will ever be appreciated as a writer.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Since our last issue, opera has reigned triumphant at this house. The "Postillion" is decidedly of the comic order—therefore it has not so completely enlisted the sympathies of the public, as "Amilie," "Soumbula," etc. Miss Shirreff's personation of Madeline, elicited the most unbounded outbreaks of approbation, probably ever witnessed within the walls of the Park. To say that her performances were characterized with her usual correctness of conception, her natural vivacity of spirits, and above all, that archness of embodiment, which is so beautifully exemplified in every character she attempts, would be but faint praise. The fine acting of Miss Shirreff, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Giubilei, was in admirable contrast with the nondescript music of the opera. In the principal scenes, these vocalists were particularly happy; indeed, we may add, without fear of our veracity being questioned, that had this opera been produced under other auspices, it would have proved a total failure. Miss Shirreff's execution of the music of Madeline, and, of course, we include her excellent acting of the same, will be long remembered. Her youthful appearance as the lowly innkeeper, and afterwards the highborn duchess excited

the strongest feelings of emotion in the breasts of all who witnessed the repeated performances of the opera. Mr. Wilson, as the Postillion and Saint Phar, agreeably surprised many of his warmest admirers. His acting, heretofore, has appeared forced, tame and unnatural, but during his present engagement, these faults have not been observable. Mr. Wilson's advantages over other male singers, are his perfect knowledge of music—his power of embodiment, and his freedom of delivery. Mr. Giubilei, as Biju, a character of inferior grade, acquitted himself with great credit. The only song belonging to his part, of any note, is "I'm Primo Basso," which was sung with unusual effect, and, on several occasions, encoired. The perfect production of the "Postillion," is an era in the management of the Park, and we hope to see all future pieces presented in the same style of excellence. It is a great relief in these sad times of embarrassments, to witness an opera, the appointments, chorusses and orchestral accompaniments of which are in unison with vocal talent, such as the above distinguished artists.

Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson fulfil their *farewell* engagement, previous to their departure for Europe, during the present month, when, we understand, the opera of "Amilie" is to be produced. Their success in this country has been fully commensurate to their exalted talent, and we hope, ere many years have elapsed, to welcome them again to our shores.

Mr. Hackett, after a long sojourn in Europe, re-appeared at this theatre, during the past month, and was warmly welcomed by his numerous friends. His success in Europe fully realized his most sanguine anticipations; and his return to his native country was only hastened by the necessity of his presence at home, to settle affairs of a private nature.

Charles Kean has concluded his *farewell* engagement. We have seen him in Hamlet and King Lear, only. Both of these performances were noticed in a former number. In spite of Mr. Kean's defects of voice, and his hurried declamation, he plays with a warmth and earnestness which show a nice appreciation of his author. In Hamlet he is too fiery for our fancy, yet his reading is excellent, and his gestures and action are beautiful even to exuberance. Accustomed as we have been to more melancholy in the character, it may be that Mr. Kean's rapid action suits us not from its novelty. Yet it is proper to state that the performance is an exceeding popular one, and however much fault may be found with it, is an evidence of great histrionic skill and mental accomplishments. The artist's King Lear merits much—very much commendation. He fully impresses the auditor with the fact that he is the choleric old king, and every scene is given in the very best style of the art, if we except something in relation to the voice.

CHATHAM.—This theatre has, as usual, been doing a good business. The manager seems determined to monopolize all the available talent in the country. Mr. Booth—Mr. and Mrs. Sloman—Mr. and Mrs. H. Wallack—Mr. Hill, and Mr. Browne, have concluded successful engagements. Liberal and strict management is the only necessary requisite required to establish, permanently, in this city, a place of amusement, on the plan of the Chatham.

OLYMPIC.—Had any person, five years ago, suggested the plan of conducting a theatre, successfully, at an admission of one shilling to the pit, and two shillings to the boxes, he would have been stigmatized as a fit subject for the insane hospital—but in these degenerate times, when *curtailment* is the order of the day, the man who is so fortunate as to discover the secret of "living upon air," is envied; and in all probability he is besieged at every point, to reveal the great secret of his prosperity. Mr. Mitchell opened the Olympic at very low prices, and endeavored to produce entertainments equal to the larger, but far less fortunate theatres. How the attempt has been crowned with unparalleled success, is well known. The audiences are most fashionable. The dress circle nightly presents a brilliant array of female beauty, while "the lords of creation" are distinguished for their gentlemanly deportment, and high respectability. We commend the Olympic to all admirers of cheap dramatic exhibitions.

SHE LIVES WITHIN MY HEART.**A BALLAD.**

WRITTEN BY H. COLEMAN—MUSIC BY J. BLEWITT.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

f

p

The first system of the musical score is for a piano. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.'. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a ballad style, with a focus on expressive phrasing. The first staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking, and the second staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

I cannot think her dead, Though I weep up-on her grave; Though the parting tear was

The second system of the musical score continues the piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written in a ballad style, with a focus on expressive phrasing. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

shed, By the war-like and the brave: No, I see her an-gel form, As in beau-ty oft I've

The third system of the musical score continues the piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written in a ballad style, with a focus on expressive phrasing. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

seen; But her lips are no more warm, As in pressing mine they've been: I can-not think her

The first system of the musical score for 'She Lives Within My Heart'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'seen; But her lips are no more warm, As in pressing mine they've been: I can-not think her'.

dead! I can-not, cannot, can-not think her dead!

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'dead! I can-not, cannot, can-not think her dead!'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and a fingering '5' for the right hand.

The third system of the musical score. The piano accompaniment begins with a forte 'f' dynamic and includes markings for 'p' (piano) and 'Dim.' (diminuendo). The system concludes with a double bar line.

SECOND VERSE.

Yet the music of her voice,
 Has died upon the gale;
 The brow that was my choice,
 Alas, is cold and pale!
 No, I cannot think her dead,
 Though the pang was mine to part;
 The tomb may shroud her head,
 Yet she lives within my heart.

EDITORS' TABLE.

COLONEL THORN'S FANCY BALL AT PARIS.—The grand Carnival Ball given by this distinguished American *Aristocrat*, has for some time past, engrossed much attention. Through the kindness of our attentive correspondent, "*Cora*," we are enabled to lay before our readers a description of this grand *Bal Costume*. Its accuracy can be relied upon, as it is given by a lady, who was among the few Americans invited to participate in the festivities of this magnificent fête. We are rejoiced to learn that our correspondent has so far recovered from her late illness as to resume her tour on the continent.

PARIS, 3d, MARCH, 1840.

"Of all the magnificent entertainments which Paris has, this season, witnessed, the *Bal Costume* given at the residence of Colonel Thorn, on the second night of the Carnival, for sumptuous splendor and concentrated variety of amusements, bears away the palm. I know you will expect from me a description of what is avowedly indescribable, and I will endeavor to please you, by transmitting an imperfect sketch of that which it gave me so much pleasure to behold.

Long before the palace-like mansion of Colonel Thorn could be reached, the interminable line of elegant equipages, with their coronets and coats of arms, the liveried coachmen in front, and fancifully dressed chassours behind, announced what guests would grace his entertainment. On approaching the hotel, some fifty *gens d'arms*, well mounted, guarded the brilliantly illumined and spacious court yard, while the large canopied porch, and whole front of the mansion were thronged by the attendant domestics of the visitors. Alighting, you were received by some twenty footmen, and ushered into an ante-chamber, the centre of which is occupied by the, at present, fashionable ornament, a handsome billiard table. Passing through this apartment, you are loudly announced in the splendid reception room, where, richly attired, stands the ever graceful and affable Hostess, whose very smile makes welcome and whose courteous greeting sheds ease on all around.

Twelve gorgeous saloons were thrown open on the occasion of this fête, which you would have said the genius of luxury, taste and comfort had united to adorn; where the uncouth door once had been, costly drapery was suspended, tastefully gathered in folds or festoons; the carpets of velvet, the divans, ottomans and couches, were all that could be imagined of luxurious and beautiful; the walls fluted with gold or rich silks, and hung with the works of the first masters; the ceilings painted in a thousand devices. One apartment raised above the others, overlooked the ball room and was lined with a row of draped arches, from which the dancers were reviewed to the greatest advantage, their light forms reflected in the bright mirrors opposite, which covered one entire side of the dancing apartment. The thousand lights shed a flood of brilliancy which would almost have eclipsed sunshine, and the sparkling of diamonds and many colored gems, profuse as though mines had sprung beneath the feet of the fair ones that wore them, threw a lustre around almost painfully dazzling.

And the varied, the charming, the voluptuously beautiful costumes! when fashion, whose rigorous sway, clothes the hunchback, and the sylph in the same garb, forsook her throne; what taste, what art, were expended to set forth every grace, and show beauty robed in each native charm, heightened by adornments, which only displayed what they seemed intended to conceal. There were sultans and sultanas, queens and courtiers, knight templers, and ladies in tournament robes; the goddess of night wrapped in her glittering silver stars, and the crescent on her fair brow, one bed of diamonds; naiads and nymphs of the woods, Anna Boleyn, Madame Pompadour, even Joan of Arc herself, forsook the rude field to enjoy the soft pleasures of these princely halls; costumes of every form, and every clime, "of every land where woman smiles or sighs."

It would have employed the eyes of Argus to have scanned them all, and other orbs had but short space; for soon as the midnight hour arrived, the swell of music stole upon the ear from the exquisite band of fifty musicians, and a general rush was made to the ball room, until then unopened. A large circle

drawn in the centre of the apartment, was the magic boundary not to be passed; but the throng around it was inconceivably dense, until the sound of horses feet was heard, when all with one accord drew back, as four fairy steeds, mounted by cinderella postillions, drawing a queen-mab chariot of crimson velvet, with golden wheels, followed by two beautiful little pages, flew twice around the ring, and halting, a pair of lovely shepherdesses, placing their flower-wreathed crooks upon the ground, sprang lightly from either side, and as the car and its out riders disappeared, moved gracefully round in a fanciful pas de deux, amidst the noisy plaudits of admiring spectators; who carelessly elevated themselves on sofas and couches, sometimes three or four crowding together on the small and delicately shaped chairs, at the imminent risk of losing their balance; while the host of crushed unfortunates on tiptoe behind, clinging to those raised by chance (as so often happens in the world) above them, made extremely perilous the position of both parties, thus adding much to the excitement, and according to the rule that pleasure is enriched by sharing with her sister pain, to the enjoyment of the scene.

The pretty shepherdesses after finishing their graceful evolutions, were put to flight by the entrance of some fifteen or twenty Turks, knights and highlanders on horseback, who after going through a ludicrous contredanse, galloped noiselessly away, amidst peals of merriment, which must have drowned the trampling of their horses feet, for strange to say none was heard. Then entered Madame Pompadour, Louis XV, and his court, with their powdered wigs, and magnificent jewelled robes, who performed with much spirit the old fashioned dances of their age, amongst which the stately curtsy minuet, called forth the most unbounded applause. It were in vain to attempt a description of the series of dances, in character, which followed; each and all were executed with mingled taste and skill, and at their close the giddy waltz and gay quadrille were going merrily through by the society in general; and brigades flew round encircling their fair captives, christians unmolested stole the pride of the Turkish harem, and shepherdesses looked happy with lords.

When dancing had tired the unwilling feet of many an enraptured fair one, the droll queries of a strolling manager, and pertinently stupid answers of his clown, forming a set of enigmas or charades, gratefully varied the diversions, but, as some rhymer says:

"When with dancing and laughter the body is fed,

"Say, why should the *esprit* go famished to bed?"

nor famished in a more sensual sense were any that night; for besides a handsome supper table filled with confectionary, which was accessible the whole evening, a little past midnight, the rich curtains which concealed a spacious apartment, were thrown back, and disclosed the most sumptuous banquetting board, spread with every delicacy that could gratify the palate or satisfy the appetite; heavy with the service of gold, bright with the dazzling radiance of costly candelabras, and the mellow light of moonlight lamps, which lined the gilded walls, rich with such ornaments as the genius of Paris alone could execute; the table itself so spacious and long, that reflected in the large mirror at its foot, the eye refused to reach its further end. When graced on either side by "fair woman," who seemed to have been gathered from every land, lovely relics of every age, to view this noble feast; relieved by the back ground of "brave men," like the setting to jewels; what more splendid sight could be imagined?

The morning had far advanced before the courteous host and hostess found their banquet halls deserted; it proved indeed:

"No sleep 'till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

But a gayer festival, with more *agremens* and less alloy to the general enjoyment, may seldom again be witnessed. It was the moon that puts out the twinkling of all other planets.

CORA.

N. B. The cost of this Ball is currently estimated at eight thousand dollars. One lady present wore so many diamonds (said to be valued at two hundred thousand dollars) that she was escorted in her carriage by *gens d'arms* for fear of robbery.



MAISON DE MARIAGE

Young life the golden age





Portrait of the artist's companion

Summer Fashions



THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1840.

MARY OF MANTUA.

A CHAPTER IN HER HISTORY.

By the tomb of her departed mother, now dead for many years, stood the lovely girl, celebrated in story as Mary of Mantua. She had gone out, at twilight, amid the ruins of the ancient chapel of her ancestors, to muse at that holy time, and to chaunt a few simple strains from a book that had charmed her soul by the tender melancholy of its music, and the gentle spirit of its poetry. She was an orphan, and, although her uncle and aunt had heedfully prepared her youth for the realities of womanhood, yet she had learned, that love maternal and paternal can never be replaced by any friendship or kindness, however strong or sincere. She had felt, too, how necessary it is for every one to rely upon the spirit within for counsel and guidance in this working-day world—she had thrown by, almost entirely, the dream-like visions of girlhood, and began to discern through the shadowy vista of the future, the uncertain path, which, if she lived, it was her destiny to traverse. In a neighboring convent had she been educated, and now that the Duchy of Mantua was in confusion, consequent upon the claimants for the succession, which was warmly disputed by the friends of several pretenders in Lombardy, she had been instructed that she must be prepared to sustain the position which rightfully was hers. It was the tomb of her mother which she had sought, we say, as much for the hope of being guided by truth, as to beguile her melancholy of those pangs, which, assuaged in a degree, leave the spirit a twilight of the soul as soft and soothing as is that of an Italian summer.

As Mary was concluding the last stanza of a song, which finished with the lines,

*"The hopes, the passions which life shall disclose,
Will fall and fade as the leaves of the rose,"*

the sentiment of the poet was received with a deeper impression than otherwise would have been the case, for she saw the petals of the flower, which she had placed in her bosom an hour before, falling, one by one, upon the tomb, where she had placed the book from which she was gathering melodies for her memory; and she heard, too, the step of some one approaching with stealth through the ruins, so that she turned her head, almost involuntary, to the spot whence the noise seemed to proceed, not anticipating that she should discover, as she soon did, the form of an interesting stranger by her side! The calm and contemplative character of her countenance, was rather the result of what had passed, than of that which was now passing through her mind; yet the stranger, deeming he perceived an inquiry in her look, rebuking himself for his boldness, at the same time, spoke to the lady in such gentle accents, that she could not find any cause for displeasure. Nay, she bade him to make known his errand, for the tones of his voice

indicated the friendliness of his intentions, while his eyes were filled with a sincere and earnest meaning which strangely attracted her attention. There was something noble in his aspect and bearing, although his dress was that of a student, and his face of that paleness which bespeaks that the mind is more exercised than the body. Still, there was strength slumbering in his well-shaped limbs and frame; and his lips, when in repose, were curved so as to be the tokens of a decision and energy of character which had not otherwise been apparent except under different circumstances.

"Mary of Mantua," said the stranger, "you are summoned to-morrow, as you already know, to attend upon the new Duke, Vincenzo, the faithless priest, the wedded cardinal!"

"Too well I know it," breathed the gentle girl.

"Three princes contend for your hand," he continued, "the first, Vincenzo, Duke of Mantua."

"What, my uncle?" ejaculated Mary.

"Truly," replied the stranger; "but listen: the next is Ferrand, Prince of Guastella—the third, Charles, Duke of Rhetel."

"The second I abhor," said Mary—"the last is the son of my dead father's enemy."

The stranger smiled, and as several members of the household were approaching the ruins, he hastily said: "Mary of Mantua, against these three princes a simple gentleman, nobly born, dares to contend for thee. Enough! To-morrow, as you go to the city, take not the common road, but turn to the left at the Perrotti vineyard; the Prince of Guastella is in the territory, and may attempt to seize you. Mind my counsel, and if danger be near, there will be shields to protect you. Farewell."

Thus having spoken, he quickly departed, and the agitated Mary returned to her chamber, where she passed the night in a state of wakefulness, from which sleep would not take her. She thought of the stranger and of her situation, and she decided to follow his advice, for already the flame of a soft emotion had kindled in her bosom.

On the morrow, she departed for Mantua, but while directing the postillion to take the by-road, a party of horsemen rapidly approached on the main road, which she no sooner perceived than she suspected their design. She was alarmed for a moment, but the appearance of another party plunging through a wood, the gallant stranger foremost, allayed her fears, and while a short but animated skirmish was taking place, the result of which she could not ascertain, the carriage rolled safely along until it arrived at the court-yard of her uncle's abiding-place.

She had not seen the Duke Vincenzo for many years, and, very naturally, she had erroneously imagined his person as ill-favored as she knew his character to be despicable. The interview gave to the married and

aged Duke more hope than he had anticipated, and he now thought his divorce from his wife only procured, and a dispensation obtained, that his brother's child would become his bride, and thus for ever set at rest all the contending claims on Mantua and Montferrat. Having been informed of the attack upon the carriage, the Duke ordered an extra guard to attend Mary back to her uncle Ferdinand, having informed her that as soon as the divorce should be granted, the new nuptials should take place. Mary's gentle manner had deceived him. She at heart preferred death to such wedlock.

A day after her return home, when she stood again at the tomb of her mother, at the evening hour, came the stranger. Long and tender was the communion of those two souls, and when he departed, not again to see Mary for three months, then, for the first time, did the girl know that she deeply loved, and a melancholy stole upon her spirit, from which, in vain, she endeavored to be free. He had promised, nay, he had sworn, in three months, to a day, to the hour, to make Mary his bride or die.

Three months passed away, and all fears of the nuptials with the old Duke were at an end, for Vincenzo was on his death-bed, and Mary at his castle, by the Duke's orders, was to be given in marriage to the young Duke of Rhetel, son of the Duke of Nevero, the next heir to the coronet of Mantua, for it was the best policy—that guide of governments—that all claims to that duchy and Montferrat, should unite in one race. The young Duke was already in Mantua, to add to the pangs of the unhappy Mary, and she resolved rather to die than to yield herself to one whom she had never seen, and was bound not to love.

On a cloth of gold, upon an immense couch, lay the dying Duke Vincenzo, who now gave orders that if Mary would not willingly, she must by force be united to the Duke of Rhetel. In the adjacent hall, Mary heard the directions, and she now only hoped to save herself from the sacrifice, by an appeal to the honor of the knight. If that failed, she had a more desperate safeguard. While the door of the great hall stood ajar, she heard a gentle voice, saying, "Let me speak to her," and presently came forth a man arrayed in splendid garments. Mary but looked in his face:

"Why came you not before?" she cried, and fell upon his breast.

"Listen, Mary," he said, "even now the turret clock tells the hour! Thy cousin, Charles of Gonzaga—is here. Thou art his bride, or he dies. Thou shalt love him—the Duke of Rhetel."

The confiding Mary of Mantua leaned upon his arm, and, followed by the attendants, entered the hall, at the end of which an altar had been placed for the nuptial ceremony, and the happy pair were united. There was a death and a bridal in that hour. I. C. P.

PREJUDICE is an equivocal term, and may as well mean right opinions taken upon trust, and deeply rooted in the mind, as false and absurd opinions so derived, and grown into it.—*Hurd*.

Original.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

SOFTLY the evening shadows fell,
On mountain, lake, and flow'ry dell,
And the rich clouds that far away,
Like heaps of burning rubies lay,
Have faded, now, to hue as pale
As leaves of some sweet wildwood rose,
Which oft the summer's balmy gale
Along the sylvan pathway strows.

Perched on the tall elm's topmost limb,
With mellow notes its vesper hymn,
The woodland bird no longer weaves,
But stealthily among the leaves,
As moves its wings the summer air,
A spirit's voice seems whispering there.

The moon is up: how calm and still,
Sleep her bright beams on yonder hill,
While at its foot, a type of rest,
Expands the lake's untroubled breast.

Oh, why, on such an eve as this,
When earth seems wrapt in dreams of bliss,
And through the air, each sound that flows,
Seems but to deepen the repose,
Should Sorrow, her dark founts unseal,
And all their bitterness reveal?
Why, Inez, just as in thy heart,
Love made sweet music like a bird,
That plumes its brilliant wings to dart
Through the blue ether to its home,
Which leafy boughs and blossoms gird,
And where the light-winged zephyrs roam—
Why do we, on thy fair, pale face,
Such eloquence of anguish trace?

Bright, leafy June, that made her bride,
Snatched her young warrior from her side.
The morning saw him meet the foe—
The eve, in death, beheld him low!
What though amid fierce battle's din,
Lured on by Fame, 'twas his to win—
Too oft the guerdon of the brave,
A deathless name—a hero's grave?
Can glory's star the light relume,
Of eyes now darkened in the tomb?
A name! oh, can it change the moan
Of the wrung heart to music's tone;
Or can it ever bind again,
The broken links of Love's bright chain?
Then tell *her* not of meteor Fame,
That flashes round her hero's name;
And home! to her, oh, breathe it not,
For clust'ring round that once dear spot,
The flowers of Love no longer bloom,
But with'ring lie upon *his* tomb.

Wolfsbaro', N. H.

Original.

THE TEMPLAR'S VENGEANCE.

A TALE OF FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

"Souls of fire,—children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."

It was as wild and turbulent a night as ever spread the shroud of mingled storm and darkness over the face of nature, when a small train of horsemen, five in number, might be seen issuing from the gates of Pontorson, the frontier town of Normandy, toward Bretagne, at a far later hour than a prudent traveller would have chosen for his departure from a comfortable resting-place, although upon an evening less unpromising. Nor did the condition of their horses, already evidently jaded by a long march through the deep marshy lands lying between the town from which they were now filing, and its next neighbor, Dol, betoken a more prosperous continuation of their journey, than did the momentarily increasing tempest. The period of the year, too, was singularly unpropitious; being about the termination of that last glimpse of summer sunshine, which, known in France, as the short summer of Saint Martin, so often interposes its few days of murky and intolerable heat between the first frosts of November, and the more chilling influences of the month next succeeding. The last week had been one of warmth and loveliness, which, but for the hazy mist accompanying them, and keeping the air full of massive piles of vapor, might well have vied with the best days of fresh and flowery June; but on the previous afternoon, the gathering of the clouds, and the oppressive weight and density of the air—with a degree of sultriness approaching that of tropic climes—had given sure token to the weatherwise, of a tremendous strife of the elements, not four and twenty hours distant—the sun set like a ball of lurid copper! he rose again invisible!—for the whole vault of heaven was covered with one universal pall of purplish storm-clouds, which, though they still kept driving before the fury of a south-western hurricane, at a rate almost inconceivable, never showed any glimpse of the blue firmament beyond, nor any lightening of their own solid folds. Meantime, thunder was muttering in every quarter, crashing continually at the zenith, with sharp, ear-splitting peals, and heard, though miles aloof, from the remote horizon, in low and ominous murmurs. Lightnings of every shape and hue, from the broad crimson flashes which would, at times, glare out from every quarter of the heavens, down to the thin and forked streams of blue sulphurous flame, that cut in wavy lines across the curtains of the storm, kept an incessant strife abroad, as though the demons were at warfare in the upper air—and all the while the rain came dashing down in columns, as it were, flooding the level grounds, and swelling every puny streamlet into the semblance of a wintry torrent. Such was the night on which the leader of the little party, we have mentioned, departed from Pontorson, on his way toward Avranches—for one there was, whom it required no second glance to recognize as the undoubted chief—a tall, stern-looking military figure, whose person was so

closely muffled in a long robe, or gown of scarlet cloth—resembling, somewhat, in its cut, if not in color or material, the vestments of the Romish priesthood—that none of its dimensions or its symmetry could be described, except its singular and stately height. The hands and arms of this personage, so far as they were visible, where the sleeves of his mantle ended, were protected by gauntlets of linked steel, as were his legs and feet, which bore, moreover, the long, gilded spurs of knighthood. His head was covered by a slouched cap of scarlet cloth, with a long feather drooping from it, over his features. His horse, a powerful blood-bay charger, of the Arabian breed, though of unusual bone and muscle, was in complete caparison of warfare—its neck, its chest, and croupe, behind the saddle, being protected by broad plates of heavy steel, and its forehead guarded by a chamfron, with a steel spike projecting from the centre. At one side of the saddle-bow, hung a huge battle-axe, and, at the other, a mace, or, as it was some times called, hammer-at-arms, of equal weight and similar proportions—then, with a long, double-edged dagger at his girdle, completed the offensive weapons of the rider, although, of his followers, two of whom were European men-at-arms—and two dark-visaged strangers from more Eastern climes, with turban and cymar and scimitar and assagay, mounted on slight-limbed Syrian coursers—one led a second charger, to whose steel demipique were fastened the peculiar weapons of the knight, the long lance, and two-handed broadsword, while, to another, was entrusted the heater-shaped shield and vizored head-piece of their master, both sheltered from the pelting rain by coverings of thick coarse felt. After they had continued plodding wearily along amid the still increasing tempest, the knight turning somewhat in his saddle, beckoned the squire, a veteran, grey-haired warrior, who rode next to his person—and as he drew nigh, "Baldwin," he said, in a deep, harsh-toned whisper, "art sure that thou hast justly learned the situation of this castle—this *tower*, I should say, rather, of the *Sieur de Cabestan*; it would be a fatal erring were we to miss it such a night as this. Art sure, good Baldwin?"

"Past all doubt," answered Baldwin, "am I assured of it, Sir Brian—seven miles this side Avranches, another causeway branches from this road to the right, running straight down across the *grèves* to Mont Saint Michel—we follow this for one mile distance, and then cross the Selune by a wooden bridge, thence through a marshy forest to the Sec, the bridge o'er which was swept away by the last land-storm—the turrets of the *Sieur de Cabestan* o'erlook that marshy forest-land, from a small knoll or hillock to the right, and within sound of bugle."

"That will do, Baldwin," answered Sir Brian de Latouche, for he it was, who, having bound himself to the strict obligations of the order of the Holy Temple, was journeying, at this untimely hour, in search of his faithless mistress—"that will do so far! and art sure, that thou hast learned all this, without exciting question or suspicion by your queries?"

"Right sure of that, Sir Brian," again replied the other, for not a query did I make, save which was the directest route toward Avranches—marry! that *franche*

coquette, at the hostelry where we baited our steeds, told me all this, and half a thousand things beside, when I had set her talking, that could not matter aught to any one on earth whom I know of—but this was what I wished especially to know, and trust me, sir, for rightly apprehending it!"

"All then is as it should be," answered the Templar, "and we will hurry forward! We cannot now be far from the crossing of the roads, I trow?"—and on he went, at a fast trot, for to this pace was he compelled to limit the motions of his unwearied Arab, unless he had desired to outstrip his train, mounted on animals of less blood and endurance. After persisting thus, in spite of wind and weather, for some two miles farther, they met a jaded peasant toiling along the road, leading a miserable-looking hackney, yoked to a cumbersome and ill-constructed cart. On seeing him, the knight at once pulled up. "How far," he cried, in tones so shrilly pitched and high, that they were clearly heard above the raving of the tempest—"how far, *Jaques bonhomme*, to Avranches?"

"Eight miles, *beau sire*," responded the astounded peasant—"eight miles beyond the crossing of the road, which lies but a few perches forward."

"The crossing—fiends have the crossing!" interrupted the Templar, fiercely, "methinks we have naught else but crossings in these accursed causeways—and, when we come at this same crossing, which path are we to keep to bring us to Avranches?"

"The left hand route, *Beau Sire*!"

"So! so! the right hand route—hearest thou that, Baldwin—keep to the right hand route," shouted Sir Brian, at the pitch of his strong lungs, mistaking wilfully the husbandman's directions, while, at the word, the whole band clattered onward at a pace so furious, that the man's shout of warning were drowned in the fierce rattle of their gallop. The crossway was gained quickly, and wheeling down the right hand road, they soon reached the bridge over the Selune, which was now rushing through its flooded banks with a wild moaning roar, that had something in its sounds tremendously appalling. Beyond this stretched the marshy forest-land, described by Baldwin, which, at all times, miry, and difficult to traverse, was rendered now almost impassable, being, in truth, one sheet of turbid muddy water, creeping along, with a perceptible though sullen current, among the dense and giant trees, toward the neighboring sea. The only clue or guide to the intentionally benighted travellers, was the dark wall of forest, which belted in, on either side, their perilous and gloomy path. At every step, the water became deeper, and more rapid in its course, and more than once the charger of Sir Brian had well nigh been swept off his legs by its increasing violence. At length he halted.

"Baldwin," he cried, "we may advance no farther; by your account, the distance 'twixt the Selune and See is but a trifling space, and we have ridden through a mile or more of this infernal woodland—the inundation deepens at every step, and if this river be, as thou suggest, bridgeless, our first knowledge of its whereabouts will be to find ourselves sweeping on its ungovernable

waters down to the great grèves of Saint Michel, whose roar we might hear even now but for the wailing and the sobbing of the night-wind; yet we have seen no cross path through the wood, nor have I marked the glimmer of a light above the tree-tops. How sayest thou?"

"Right sure am I, Sir Brian," the veteran replied, "that we must pass the by-road to the castle, ere we arrive at the banks of the stream. Yet, in good sooth, it seems perilous, let me ride on, Sir Brian; we can go foot by foot, and if I—"

"And where should I be?" sneeringly asked the Templar; "where should I be, good Baldwin, while thou wert running into peril? while thou wert *leading*? should I bring up the rear?—Ha! Baldwin? What! knowest thou so little of my temper? or at what time hast thou seen me second?"

And, with the words, he again spurred his horse onward; and after a tremendous struggle of some forty or fifty yards farther, one half of the distance passed by swimming, they reached some higher ground; which, though submerged, was not above knee deep, the waters rippling here over a hard and pebbly bottom. Just in the deepest part of the little hollow they had passed, a winding woodtrack crossed the main road; and, as they gained the little elevation, the lights from the windows of the tower shone down upon them from above the high trees, at a short distance to the right; while, at the self same instant the heavy sounds of the turret bell rang forth into the gusty midnight, with a voice which, though of itself uncouth and melancholy, yet called up pleasant feelings in the breast, when heard amid that sad and perilous scenery.

"This is the spot, Sir Brian," exclaimed Baldwin—"that is the tower of Cabestan! The path we crossed, down yonder in the hollow!"

While the squire was yet speaking, the bugle of the Templar had sent forth, already, its shrill and querulous tones, in a prolonged and piercing flourish, that evidently asked an answer. A little pause ensued, and then a longer blast, whose every note told of impatience and anxiety, if not of fear and peril. This second call, however, elicited an instant answer from the turret, blown clearly on a powerful trumpet, while lights might be seen glancing to and fro on battlement and bartizan. To this the knight responded by a long drawn and thrilling shout, which he commanded all his train to take up instantly, till the woods rang again to their wild cries for succor.

When the first clangor of the Templar's bugle was heard above the sullen murmurs of the flood, and the yet wilder moanings of the wind, the *Sieur de Cabestan*, a tall and well-formed gentleman, with features which must have been pronounced striking, though they lacked that expression of proud dignity and conscious worth, which are so rarely seen except conjoined with noble birth, was seated in his hall, wherein meet preparations for the evening meal were now in progress, with a young lady of most singular and striking loveliness beside him—the faithless *Adelaide de Montemare*. The few years which had passed over her head since she had parted from her young and ardent lover, with such decided

symptoms, not of love only, but of overruling and ungovernable passion, had added fresh charms to her then unrivalled beauty—had lent a warmer flush to those transparent cheeks—a rounder outline to every exquisitely modelled limb—a more voluptuous development to the rich swelling bust, into which melted the swan-like neck—a fuller and more perfect grace to that magnificent and perfect form, whose every line and movement was replete with that delicious languor which is seen only in the fairest specimens of youthful mature womanhood. Yet, notwithstanding the increased perfection of her form and feature, there was a melancholy and almost painful expression in her downcast eye—an expression which betokened, I know not what, of some secret wish ungratified—of some incessant want—some fatal recollection—sitting perpetually at the heart, and chilling its warm aspirations—at times, too, as the *Sieur de Cabestan* addressed her in terms of passionate love, a scornful curl would play upon her chiselled lip, and she would answer with a quick petulance that seemed to speak of aught rather than conjugal affection. Upon this pair, well-matched, as it appeared, in personal attractions, yet ill-assorted in all else, the wild blast of the Templar's bugle broke suddenly—and on the one, at least, with an effect strangely at variance with the cause which seemingly produced it. The lady started to her feet, with her eyes glaring wildly, and cheeks, whence every shade of color had been banished by some sudden terror.

"Some way-worn and belated travellers, I trow," exclaimed the *Sieur*. "Be not alarmed, sweet *Adelaide*, there is not aught of peril in the sound. Haste, *Damian*, to the battlements, answer yon bugle challenge. Show lights upon the turret-head, and let some score of men-at-arms take torch and halbert, and hie down to the road of the morass. Haste! haste! hear'st thou not how yon bugle clamors? Calm thee, beloved, there is naught to fear."

"Fear!" she replied, the scornful curl retorting the fair lip. "Who spoke of fear? those of my race fear nothing!"

"Nothing?" replied *Cabestan*, with a smile, "nothing—not even shame?"

"No, sir," she answered, yet more petulantly than before—"no, sir, not even shame! For, in the first place, shame darest not to approach the very name of *Montemare*, and if it did, we might despise, or shun it, but not *fear*! Pshaw, sir, you will never comprehend a truly noble heart!"

With this reply, by no means such as to call forth any farther converse, the dialogue concluded; and that fair couple sat there, each chagrined, each communing in silence with sad and swelling soul, until the door was again opened, and *Damian*, the *seneschal*, announced that the noble knight and Templar, *Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert*, benighted with his train, and having wandered from the straight road to *Avranches*, craved hospitality and shelter from the *Sieur de Cabestan*.

Hastily rising, as if joyful that any interruption should come to their dull and discordant *tête-à-tête*, the *Castellan* commanded that the supper should be delayed until his noble guest might have the time to lay off his storm-

soiled vestments, and went forth to greet him personally, and tender him due welcome. In the meantime, the lady, left alone in the high hall, exhibited strange tokens of anxiety and agitation; her limbs trembled to such a degree, so fearful, that she was quite unable to support herself; she sank into a chair, folded her hands upon her throbbing breast as if to still its beating; bit her lip till the color left it, muttering between her teeth, "It was! it was! this heart could not mistake it—it *was* *his* bugle note!—and the name, too—*Sir Brian*!—but wherefore, wherefore not *Latouche*?—and yet, if it were so—what is't—what is't, I say, to me? Have I not fooled away my hand—my person—and—oh, God!—*not*, *not* my heart? Yet what is it to me? Have I not wedded weakness and obscurity, when, had I but been constant, I might have been the bride of might, and majesty, and glory? and if it were—as my heart surely tells me that it is—*Brian de Latouche* who standeth now beneath the very roof that covers his false *Adelaide*—*his*, did I say—*his Adelaide*? Lost! lost! oh, lost for ever! What should he do but spurn me?"

As she concluded her soliloquy, the wide leaves of the folding doors were once again thrown open; and ushering in the stately and majestic form of him, whom her false heart still doated on, her hated husband entered. Clad in a crimson tunic, superbly furred with ermine, beneath the ample folds of his white robe, decked with the black cross of his holy order, his head uncovered, save by his close-curved sable locks, no nobler figure ever graced a hall than *Brian de Latouche*! His features bearing the stamp of high resolve, indomitable pride, and tameless energy, though moulded not in the just lines of classic symmetry, could not have been looked on by any, even the unconcerned spectator, without a mingled sentiment of awe and admiration. What then must have been the feelings of the woman, the passionate, voluptuous, luxurious woman, who had betrayed, yet even in betraying, still adored the man, whose noble soul her treachery had ruined. Like to a marble statue, cold, voiceless, pulseless, as it seemed passionless, she stood, while *Cabestan* presented to his bride, ignorant what he did, in the proud Templar, her rejected and revengeful lover. Madly her eye dwelt on him, as he bowed before her, apparently forgetful of her face, as to a perfect stranger, paying his compliments with the calm observance of an accomplished cavalier to a beautiful woman, whom then, he, for the first time, looked upon. Half his revenge was gained when he marked her quivering lip, her downcast eye that dared not meet his own glance of intolerable lustre; and as he noted in the quick fluttering of her snowy bosom, and the sharp nervous shuddering of her whole figure, that her love for him was yet not only unextinguished, but keen, all-pervading, all-engrossing. Recovering herself, at length, with a tremendous effort, she replied firmly to his compliments, and yielding her hand to his proffered clasp, she suffered him to lead her to the board.

"We are indeed much honored," she said, as soon as she found any voice—"we are indeed much honored to see, beneath our humble roof, a knight so noble as *Sir Brian de Latouche*."

"*Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert*, lady," replied the haughty

Templar. "The name by which you style me, was once mine—though how you should have learned it, I much marvel—but when I bound me to the Holy Temple, and to its single service, with full many a boyish folly and obliterated recollection, I laid aside the name and nature of Latouche for ever."

A large tear hung for a moment's space on the dark silken fringes of her snowy lids, and slid thence slowly down over her pallid cheek, and a sob heaved her bosom with a convulsive flutter—and the knight gloated with fierce pleasure on her unquestionable agonies. Yet without seeming to observe them, or to note, at all, her agitation, he applied himself to the duties of the festive board, conversing all the while with powers the most brilliant and enthralling—many a wild adventure he recounted—many a tale fraught with the wild romance of Oriental climes—many a perilous and daring exploit—many a noble deed. His language strong, glowing, fiery, and enthusiastic, when he told of the fierce fray, or the perilous desert, melted into the purest pathos when he expatiated on the scenes he had beheld of woman's faith, tried in the fiery furnace of affliction, and pure beneath the test, as gold seven times refined. So brilliantly did he exert, that night, his all unrivalled talent, such was the eloquence of his tongue, such the variety, the depth, and richness of his tones, that, even coupled with a homely form and rugged features, *that* conversation, clothed in those accents, would have won any woman's heart. What, then, when they were joined with a magnificent form, noble features—fame that had filled Europe from Spain to Byzantium—what, when the woman's heart was won already?

The evening passed away—the feast was ended—the castle was steeped in the quiet darkness of midnight—the Castellan and all his servitors were buried in the shroud of innocent and quiet slumbers—but, in his lonely chamber, the Templar communed with his heart in silence, brooding by the light of a single lamp, over his long-anticipated vengeance. A quick, light step, was heard without—the door was opened noiselessly, and with the exquisite proportion of her glowing form, barely veiled by a single garment, with her long locks dishevelled, and her delicate feet unsandalled, Adelaide rushing in, fell at his feet, clasped his knees with her snowy arms, and bathed his feet with tears. Perfectly calm, and self-controlled, the Templar raised her from the earth.

"Lady," he said, "what means this strange, unseasonable visit—what means this frantic passion? It beseems not thy good report—it beseems not my holy character," and a fierce gleam of scorn flashed over his dark features—"who are the priest, no less than the sworn soldier of the Lord?"

"Oh, speak not—speak not to me thus," she answered. "You know me well—too well—you cannot but know Adelaide de Montemare—speak to me, if it be but to call down curses on my name!"

"I know not, Adelaide," he answered, with a quiet scorn—"I know not wherefore I should curse you—you have but preserved me beforehand from binding a true heart to a very false one! I do not curse you, nor

reproach at all—far from it. I am vastly thankful to you, lady!"

"Oh, pardon! pardon! for God's love—as thou wouldst win fame—as thou wouldst hope for thy salvation—pardon! pardon! a weak, a faithless, yet fond woman—who still adores thee; who has not tasted peace nor pleasure—no, not for one short minute, since first she broke her plighted faith to thee! thou noble one!"

"I have said I have nought to pardon," he repeated, very coldly—"for the rest, I love not God, nor He me. Fame I have won already—salvation I do *not* hope for. I have no more to say, nor can see wherefore thou should come for pardon!"

"Love me," she answered, fixing her eye with a glare of frantic passion on his face—"Love me, as I love thee—to madness—to distraction!"

"It cannot be," he answered, "it cannot be. I know not that thou dost love me; and if thou dost, and if I did love thee, thou art a wedded wife."

"Call him forth to the field," she answered. "In one thrust of thy lance—one stroke of thy sword—I am free—free to be thine for ever!"

"Gramercy for thy proffer, fair one," he replied, scornfully. "I must, indeed, be hard set for a wife, if I should wed with infamy like thine—beside, if I *would* wed thee, I am a Templar, vowed to celibacy. If the most Christian king should proffer me his daughter, with Languedoc and Auvergne for her dowry, I could not love her except *par amours*."

"Love me, then, *par amours*," she answered, casting herself upon his bosom, and twining her snowy arms about his form. "Love me, then, *par amours*, for soul and body I am thine, for ever!"

A mighty gleam of exultation flashed from the features of Sir Brian—the tremendous exultation of a gratified revenge; he turned his lips to hers—but wherefore dwell on the soul-destroying pleasures of a love so guilty. The night was well nigh spent, and Adelaide de Montemare yet lingered in the Templar's chamber, when a wild tumult was heard suddenly throughout the castle; heavy footsteps rushed to and fro the sounding corridors—lights glanced, and armor clattered. Securing, instantly, the door, Sir Brian buckled on his panoply in furious haste—the delicate hands of the guilty Adelaide rivetted with no tremulous touch the clasps of her lover's mail—rivetted them, that so he might go forth against her husband. His casque was not yet on his head; but his two-handed sword was belted, and his shield slung about his neck, when an armed footstep sounded at the door, and a gauntleted hand struck the pannel, till it clattered.

"Open!" a well known voice exclaimed; "open, Sir Brian—it is I—Baldwin—with Amelot de Samberfeuille and Hamet and Abdallah. Quick! open to us quick! the castle is aroused and arming."

Flinging his ample sacerdotal robe about the lady, he admitted, instantly, the faithful veteran, and scarcely had he entered with his comrades, before the Sieur de Cabestan, completely armed, and followed by a dozen men-at-arms, rushed into the apartment.

"Dog Templar!" he exclaimed. "False knight, and perjured priest, here! under the roof which you have violated, before the eyes of your base paramour—here shalt thou die the death—"

"Not by thy hand, or that of any of thy tribe," replied the Templar, fiercely, and with one mighty sweep of his two-handed broadsword, he clove the injured husband to the earth—another, and another blow, and, at each stroke, a vassal of the house of Cabestan fell lifeless on the body of his lord. "Now, Hamet and Abdallah, bring ye along the lady—Amelot, follow thou close behind—Baldwin, be near me!" and rushing out, he drove the men-at-arms before him, fought his way down the turret stair to the great hall, and, when there, forced, by the terror of his unassisted arm, the last of his assailants to the end farthest from the castle gate—his faithful Africans and veteran squire following close behind him. "Away with ye, now," he exclaimed, "to the stable-yard—get out our steeds—set this fair damoiselle on Zamour's croupe—mount all of ye—I will be there anon!" His orders were obeyed, and he remained alone, keeping the doorway against the well-armed men, not one of whom, however, dared to cross swords with so renowned a champion. A shout from the stable-yard announced that all was ready; and, bounding down the steps, the Templar gained the castle court, vaulted at once into the saddle of the Arab, upon whose croupe the lady sat already, and dashed off at a furious gallop, along the road by which he had arrived so lately; his followers emulating his hot speed, their chargers well recruited by the rest they had enjoyed, during the hours which had elapsed since their arrival.

It was the third night after the abduction of the faithful Adelaide, when, at a lonely part of the sea-coast, a vessel might be seen standing off and on, awaiting, as it seemed, some passengers who were yet loitering on the shore. Two boats were on the bank, the one a wide and massive barge, framed with unwonted strength, as a horse transport, and into this, a stately-looking knight was occupied, with his attendants, three in number, and the crew of the barge, in leading five strong war-steeds, with a lady's palfrey—the rider of the last sitting the while upon a mosey stone beside the water. It was the dearest hour of night—the wintry moon was rising high, and the stars sparkling, by myriads, in the frosty firmament—there was no human dwelling within leagues on that solitary coast, nor any human being, save those who were collected there at that untimely hour.

The horses were all safe on board the larger boat—the mariner, with two stout men-at-arms, embarked in her—the oars flashed in the heavy surf, and the barge pulled away toward the distant vessel, leaving the knight, apparelled in the white robe of the Temple, for it was Brian de Bois Guilbert, with his two Africans, and Adelaide de Montemare.

The Templar watched the barge in silence until it gained the ship, and he might see the chargers, one after the other, safely hoisted in, and the boat fastened to the stern—then walking with a firm, slow step, up to the hapless—his guilty paramour—"And now," he said,

"fair lady, it remains only that, with due thanks for all the love you have so richly lavished on me within these four days past, I should bid you adieu for ever!"

"What mean you?" she almost screamed, starting to her feet—"what mean you, Brian? No! no! no! no! you do but jest—you do not mean to leave me here to perish—you cannot be so cruel—so fiendishly—unutterably savage."

"Can I not, lady—can I not? Thou shalt see that anon! Why, dost thou think I am so utter, so contemptible a gull, as to be blinded by an artful wanton, that has betrayed me *once* for another—and that other once again for me? No! no! Here we part, lovely Adelaide—i' faith thou art very lovely! And, now I think of it, we will part as we met—here, Hamet, disrobe this pretty wanton—nay, never shriek and struggle, for it shall be so. Leave her a single garment—off with her *commecief* and sandals. There, lovely Adelaide, with those unrobed rich charms, see if thou canst not win some other lover to thine arms, as thou didst win me. Fare thee well, lovely one—adieu!"

Frantically, fiercely, she had striven, rending the heaven with her wild shrieks for mercy, but heaven heard her not, and man who did, was merciless. When all was over, and she stood with bare feet, and dishevelled hair, and one thin linen garment only, to fence her from the frosty air, she gazed for a few seconds, like Niobe, bereft of all she loved or hoped for upon earth, on the departing skiff of the avenger, pulled swiftly through the raging surf by the relentless Africans—stretched her arms upward to the calm heavens, and with one dreadful yell, cast herself headlong into the yeasty waves, crowning a life of sin by the last, deepest crime a mortal can commit, and hearing, as the last sound that ever filled her mortal ears, a roar of savage laughter from the man she had so deeply injured, and who had now so awfully avenged that injury.

H.

Original.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

WHILE Love, oppressed, one sunny day,
Was dreaming in a bower of roses,
His arrows scattered round him lay,
As ever when the boy reposes;
Death, on his icy errand sent,
To stay the current of life's river,
The while his iron bow he bent,
Dropt half the arrows from his quiver,
Where, mingling with the shafts of joy,
The hurried hand of Death mistaking,
Took from the arrows of the boy,
And left his own for Sorrow's waking.
Since, Age while bending o'er the tomb,
Feels the lost barb that love is weeping,
While blooming youth laments the doom,
That fate reversed while Love was sleeping.

\$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

MARY DERWENT.*

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

"It was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device;
 Of such materials as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopped off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;
 While moss and clay and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind.
 The lighter pine trees over head,
 And withered grass and rushes dry,
 Supplied a russet canopy."

TAHMEROO, the Indian girl, was still sitting under the pine, as Mary Derwent had left her. While the coral was but half twisted in her hair, she had stopped in her graceful task, and, sinking gently back to the bank of moss which formed her seat, reclining on her elbow, with her long tresses half unbraided, and floating in wavy masses over her person. She was yielding to the repose of a soft and dreamy reverie, new, and very sweet to her wild, young heart, when the sound of voices and the dash of an oar aroused her. She started to her feet and listened. The fire flashed back to those large dark eyes, but late so pleasant and soft in their expression, and a rich crimson rushed to her cheek. The voices ceased for a moment; then were renewed, and the rapid strokes of the paddle became still more audible. Tahmeroo sprang forward and ran up to a point of the hill which commanded a view of the river. The little canoe, with its band of red paint, was making from the shore, and in it was Jane Derwent, with the head of the deformed girl resting in her lap. The back of the oarsman was towards the shore; his head was bent, and the eyes, the beautiful eyes of Jane Derwent were fixed on him, with an expression which Tahmeroo's heart, new and unlearned as it was, taught her to understand. A sensation of surprise, anger and fear, thrilled through the heart of the young Indian, and then a smile, vivid and bright as a burst of sunshine after a tempest, broke over her face.

The oarsman had turned his head, and his face was revealed. Tahmeroo breathed deeply and turned away. It seemed as if an arrow had been withdrawn from her heart by the sight of that face. She hurried down the hill toward a clump of black alders that overhung the river's brink, and unmoored a light canoe hitherto concealed beneath the dark foliage. Placing herself in the bottom, she gave two or three vigorous strokes with the paddle, and shot like a bird up the stream.

As Tahmeroo proceeded up the river, the scenery, till then half pastoral, half sublime, became more savage and gloomy in its aspect. Huge rocks shot up against the sky in picturesque grandeur; the foliage which clothed them grew dusky in the waning light, and fell back to the ravines in dark, heavy shadows. A gloom hung about the tower-

ing precipices, and the thick masses of vegetation, like funeral drapery swathing the pillars and wild arches of a monastic ruin. It was the darkness of a gathering tempest. There was something sublime, and almost awful, in the gradual and silent mustering of the elements. Tahmeroo was of a savage race, and she loved the wild and fierce in nature with the enthusiasm of a daring spirit; but the red blood that kindled her heart to more than feminine courage was mingled with that of a gentle and civilized class. She was but half an Indian—all a woman—and her high spirit cowered beneath the sombre magnificence of the hour and the scene. Though eager to reach her destination, her arm relaxed its vigor, and the little canoe crept timidly up the river, while she looked anxiously about, now on the frowning banks, and then up into the darkened sky. The broken clouds surging up from the west like troops of frightened birds with their wings in motion, aroused her to fresh exertion. She bent to her task with an energy that sent the perspiration like rain drops to her forehead. The paddles glanced rapidly in and out of the water, and the canoe sped on and on, with the velocity of a sparrow-hawk in the air. At length it curved round with a bold sweep, and shot into the stupendous gap through which the Lackawanna empties its coal-stained tribute into the bosom of the Susquehanna. It was like the meeting of the sinful and the good in the valley of death—the commingling of those streams in the gathering twilight—the one so dark and turbid, the other so bright and beautiful. Tahmeroo rested for a moment as she entered the rocky jaws of the mountain; and as her frail bark rocked to the current of wind which swept down the gorge, she looked around with a strong feeling of fear. A mountain, cleft in twain to the foundation, towered on either hand to the sky, bald, bleak and shrubless. Through the rent, down more than a hundred feet from the summit, crept the deep, still river stealthily and slow, like a huge dark serpent winding himself around the bulwark of a strong-hold. Not a tuft of grass or blossoming shrub was there to reveal the outline of the murky water from the majestic ramparts through which they glided. All was wild, sterile, and gloomy. As the Indian girl looked upward, the clouds swept back for a moment, and the last rays of sunset fell with a glaring light on the bold summit of the mountain, rendering by contrast the depths of the chasm more dreary in its intense shadow. Tahmeroo had seen the gap often before, but never at that hour, or with that gloomy depth of shadow. With a sensation of awe at her heart, she held her breath and scarcely dared to dip her paddle in the water as she glided through the massive portals which gave them an outlet. But when the gap was cleared, she proceeded up the windings of the Lackawanna with a firmer hand and sterner courage. The threatened storm had seemingly passed over, and a few stars trembled in the depths of the sky, when she moored her canoe in a little inlet, washed up into the mouth of a narrow ravine, which opened on the river's brink. Tahmeroo tore away the dry brambles and brushwood which choked up the entrance of the defile, and made her way through a scarcely defined footpath, to the bosom of the hills. A less vigorous form would have

* Continued from page 24.

fainted beneath the toil of that mountain pass; but the young Indian scarcely thought of fatigue; for the threatened storm had again mustered in the sky and a dull, moaning sound came up from the depths of the forest like the hollow beat of a far off ocean, while, now and then, the pent-up thunder muttered and rumbled among the black clouds, floating like funeral banners above her. The signs of the storm gathered more densely about the mountains, and the maiden became terrified and bewildered. Though a wild rover of the forest, she had been gently nurtured, and, for the first time in her life, was alone among the hills after nightfall.

There is something terrible in the roar of thunder, even to those who understand the philosophy of the elements. It sounds upon the heart like the blast of a trumpet, awakening it to a sense of its own insignificance, and of the mighty power of a Creator! Few are the nerves that have not trembled, or the hearts that have not quaked, when the artillery of Heaven was sounding among the clouds, and the arrows of the sky were shooting earthward, feathered and fired with the principles of destruction. Daring and wicked must that spirit be which refuses to yield its belief to God, when his power is made audible in the voice of the tempest! To the imaginative and superstitious Indian girl, there was a terrific mystery in the hoarse rolling sound, entombed, as it were, in the depths of the sky. It was, in her belief, the dread voice of Jehovah in his wrath—a denunciation fulminated from the portals of Heaven on the guilty and desecrated of earth. Her heart quailed within her, and, as the first loud peal broke upon her ear, she startled back, clasped her hand over her aching eyes, and then sprang onward in the dark path, with the leap of a hunted deer. Now she was lost in the darkness of a ravine, and then, a flash of lightning revealed her leaping from one cliff to another—clambering up the face of a precipice, or swinging herself over the narrow chasms by the saplings which the fitful flashes revealed to her. At length she stood on a sharp ledge of rocks, panting and in despair; for she had lost the path which led to the Mohawk encampment. After one wild, hopeless look upon the sky, she sunk to the ground, and burying her face in her hands, muttered, in a trembling and husky voice, "Tahmeroo has been bad. She has acted a lie. The Great Spirit is very angry. Why should she strive to shut out his voice? Tahmeroo can die."

While she spoke, there was a hush in the sky, and the sound of many hoarse, guttural voices arose from the foot of the ledge. The terrified Indian lifted her head, and a wild, doubtful joy gleamed over her face as the lightning revealed it, with the damp, unbraided hair floating back from the pallid temples, the lips parted, and the eyes charged with terror, doubt, and eager joy. She listened intently, for a moment, and then sank cautiously to the ground, as one who fears to break a pleasant delusion, and crept to the edge of the rock. The scene on which she looked down was one of wild and gloomy beauty. A space comprising more than an acre of the richest green-sward, hedged in by a broken circle of irregular rocks and ledges, lay beneath her like an immense basin, scooped in the heart of the mountain, overgrowing

with verdure and alive with human beings. Though the winds were swaying the mighty forest trees above, as if they had been rushes in its path, the long thick grass lay motionless in the bottom of the rocky basin, and tufts of wild-roses and wood-honeysuckles bloomed tranquilly in the light of the watch-fires. The broken rocks which surrounded the camping ground were rough and irregular; but it was only here and there that a sharp angle broke through the thick, rich moss which clung around them, or could be seen through the shower of vinefoliage, falling in massive festoons from the clefts and crevices on every side. A dozen watch-fires flashed up in a semi-circle, flinging a broad light over the whole enclosure, and gleaming redly on the waving vines, the weeping birches, and the budding hemlocks that intermingled along its broken ramparts. A hundred swarthy forms, half naked and hideously painted, were moving about, and others lay crouching in the grass, apparently terrified by the tempest gathering so blackly above them. The untrodden grass and fresh herbage told that this had but recently been made a place of encampment; yet in the enclosure was one lodge, small and but rudely constructed—a sylvan hut which might well answer the description at the head of this chapter. How recently it had been constructed, might be guessed by the green branches yet fresh on the half-hewn logs. A score of savage hands had been at work upon it the whole day, for the Chief of the Mohawks never rested in the open air with the lower members of his tribe, when his haughty wife or his beautiful daughter was of his hunting party.

Tahmeroo had wandered but little from the path which led to the encampment. She had only clambered up to the highest of the chain of rocks which surrounded the enclosure, when she should have made her way around the base of the narrow opening which gave egress to the forest. She arose from the edge of the rock, where she had been lying, more than sixty feet above the encampment, and was about to descend to the path she had missed, when a sound, like the roar and tramp of a great army, came surging up from the forest. The tall trees swayed earthward, flinging their branches and green leaves to the whirlwind as it swept by. Heavy limbs were twisted off, and mighty trunks splintered midway, and mingled the sharp crash of their fall with the hoarse roar of the tempest. The thunder boomed among the rocks, peal after peal, and the quick lightning darted through the heavy trees like fiery serpents wrangling amid the torn foliage. The very mountain seemed to tremble beneath the maiden's feet—she threw herself upon the ledge, and with her face buried in its moss, lay motionless, but quaking at the heart, as the whirlwind rushed over her. A still more fearful burst of the elements struck upon the heights—lifted a stout oak from its deep anchorage, and hurled it to the earth. The splintered trunk fell with a crash, and the topmost boughs bent down the young saplings with a rushing sweep, and fell, like the wings of a great bird of prey, above the prostrate Indian. She sprang upward, with a wild cry, and seizing the stem of a vine, swung herself madly over the precipice. Fortunately, the descent was rugged, and many a jutting angle afforded a foothold to the daring

girl, as she let herself fearlessly down—now clinging among the leaves of the vine—now grasping the sharp point of a rock, and dropping from one cleft to another. Twice did she force herself back, as if she would have sunk into the very rock, and drag the heavy vines over her, when a fresh thunder-burst rolled by, or a flash of lightning blazed among the leaves; but when they had passed, she again swung herself downward, and finally dropped, unharmed, upon the grass, back of her father's lodge. The enclosure was now perfectly dark; for the rain had extinguished the watch-fires and the lightning, but occasionally revealed a group of dark forms cowering together, awed by the violence of the tempest, and rendered courageless by superstitious dread.

A twinkling light broke through the crevices of the lodge; but Tahmeroo lingered in the rain, for now that the fierceness of the storm was over, she began to have a new fear—the dread of her mother's stern presence. Cautiously, and with timid footsteps, she advanced to the entrance and lifted the matting. She breathed freely; for there was no one present save her father, the great Chief of the Mohawks. He was sitting on the ground, with his arms folded on his knees, and his swarthy forehead buried in his robe of skins. The heart of the Indian King was sorely troubled, for he knew that the wing of the Great Spirit was unfolded in its wrath above his people. Tahmeroo crept to the extremity of the lodge and sat down in silence upon the ground. She saw that preparations had been made for her comfort. A pile of fresh blackberries and a cake of cornbread lay on a stool near by, and a couch of boughs woven rudely together stood in the corner, heaped with the richest furs and overspread with a covering of martin skins, lined and bordered with fine scarlet cloth. A chain of gorgeous worsted work linked the deepscallups on the border, and heavy tassels fell upon the grass from the four corners. The savage magnificence of that couch was well worthy a daughter of the Mohawk. Another couch, but of less costly furs, and without ornament, stood at the opposite extremity. Tahmeroo threw one timid look towards it, and then bent her head, satisfied that it was untenanted, and that her mother was indeed absent. As if suddenly recollecting herself, she half started from the ground, and disentangled the string of coral from her damp hair. With her eyes fixed apprehensively on the bowed head of the chief, she thrust it under the fur pillows of her couch, and stole back to her former position. She had scarcely seated herself, when the matting was flung back from the entrance of the lodge, and the wife of the Mohawk presented herself in the opening. The light of a heap of pine knots fell on the woman's face as she entered; but it failed to reveal the form of the maiden, where she sat in the shadowy side of the lodge. The chief lifted his head and uttered a few words in the Indian tongue, but received no answer; while his wife gave one quick look around the lodge, and then sallied back, clasped her hands tightly and groaned aloud. Tahmeroo scarcely breathed, for never had she seen her mother so agitated. It was, indeed, a strange sight—those small, finely cut features, usually so stern and cold, working with emotion—the pallid cheek, the high fore-

head, swollen and knitted at the brows—the trembling mouth—the eyes heavy with anguish. This was a sight which Tahmeroo had never witnessed before. She had seen the dread paleness of anger settle over that face, till it became hueless as a corpse. She had seen stern resolve and savage joy gendered in those eyes, like venom in the jaw of a serpent; but never before had she seen regret or anguish stir those beautiful but worn and stony lineaments. There she stood—trembling and disordered; her robe soiled, and heavy with rain; her long hair falling in wet and knotted masses to her waist,—moaning, wringing her hands, and bewailing the absence of her child. And this was the stern, haughty woman—the white Indian Queen—who ruled the tribe of her husband with despotic rigor;—whose revenge was deadly, and whose love was a terror. This was Catharine Montour!

When Tahmeroo heard her name mingled with the lamentations of her mother, she started forward exclaiming with tremulous and broken earnestness, "Mother, oh, mother, I am here!"

A burst of gladness broke from the lips of Catharine. She caught her daughter to her heart and kissed her wildly again and again.

"Thank God, oh, thank my God, I am not quite alone!" she exclaimed; and tears started in the eyes that had not known them for twenty summers. Those words of Christian thankfulness—those tears of maternal love,—were strange sounds for the lodge of a savage chief; but stranger far were they to the lip and eye of that stern, hard woman.

Without a word of question as to her strange absence, Catharine drew her child to the couch, and, seeing the bread and the berries yet untasted, she forced her to eat while she wrung the moisture from her hair and took away the damp robe. She smoothed the pillows of dark fur, and drawing the coverlet of martin skins over the form of her child, sat beside her till she dropped to a gentle slumber. Then she heaped fresh knots on the burning pine, and changed her own saturated raiment. The drowsy chief threw himself upon the unoccupied heap of furs, and Catharine was left alone with her thoughts. She stole again to the couch of her daughter, and a swarm of good and tender feelings, long unknown to that hard heart, arose at the thoughts of her child's late peril and of her present safety. She did not, as was her wont, force back these gentle feeling to their source, but permitted them to flow over the arid places of her heart, like dews on a bed of withered flowers. Thoughts of home and kindred, and of her innocent childhood, thronged upon her mind. Remembrances that had been locked in the secret cells of her heart for years, now stole forward, with a softening influence, till the present was lost in the past, and she, the Indian's wife, sat in her husband's wigwam, lost in mournful thoughts of a home among her own people, and of hopes whose uprooting had sent her to the wilderness, seared in heart, and hardened, almost beyond the feelings of her sex and race. Long and sad were the vigils of that stern watcher; yet they had a good influence on her heart. There was tenderness and regret—nay, almost repentance—in her

bosom, as she gazed on the soft slumbers of her youthful child—the only being on earth whom she had not ceased to love. More than once she pressed her lips fondly to the forehead of the sleeper, as if to assure herself of her dear presence after the frightful dangers of the storm. She remained till after midnight pondering upon past events, with the clinging tenacity of one, who seldom allowed herself to dwell on aught that could soften a shade of her haughty character; and at length she was about to throw herself by the side of her daughter, more from the workings of unquiet thoughts, than from a desire for rest. But the attempt disturbed the slumbering girl. She turned restlessly on her couch and pushed away the covering, as if oppressed by its warmth. Catharine observed that the cheek, which lay buried in the dark fur of the pillow, was flushed and heated. She attempted to draw the pillow away, when her fingers became entangled in the string of coral concealed beneath it. Had a serpent coiled around her hand, it could not have produced a more startling effect. She shook it off, and drew hastily back, as if something loathsome had clung to her. Then she snatched up the ornament, went to the pile of smouldering embers, stirred them to a flame, and examined it minutely by the light. Her face settled to its habitual expression of iron resolution as she arose from her stooping posture. Her lips were firmly closed, and her forehead became calm and cold, yet there was more of doubt and sorrow than of anger in her forced composure. She returned to the couch and placed herself beside it, with the coral still clenched in her hand. Her face continued passionless, but her eyes grew dim as she gazed on the sleeper; thoughts of her own erring youth lay heavily upon her heart.

Tahmeroo again turned restlessly on her pillow; her flushed cheeks dimpled in a smile, and she murmured softly in her sleep. Catharine laid her hand on the round arm, flung out upon the martin skins, and bent her ear close to the red and smiling lips, thus betraying with their gentle whisperings the thoughts that haunted the bosom of the sleeper. It was a fearful contrast, as the blaze shone on those two faces—the one blooming and beautiful, smiling amid the pleasant dreams of a young heart; the other moulded with a symmetry more rare and intellectual, yet stamped with the iron impress of stern deeds and unrighteous thoughts. The lineaments, rigid and fixed as marble, yet frozen to composure by her own powers of self-command, rather than by the influence of time or of nature.

Again Tahmeroo dreamed aloud. A name was whispered in her soft, broken English, coupled with words of endearment and gentle chiding. The name was spoken imperfectly, and Catharine bent her ear still lower, as if in doubt that she had heard aright. Again that name was pronounced, and now there was no doubt; the enunciation was low, but perfectly distinct. The mother started upright, as if a bullet had passed through her heart; her face was ashy pale, and she looked strangely corpse-like in the dusky light. She snatched a knife from its sheath in her girdle, and bent a fierce glance on the sleeper. A moment the blade quivered above the heart of her only child, and then the wretched woman flung it

from her with a gesture of self-abhorrence, and, sinking to the ground, she buried her face in her hands, and after one slight shudder, remained motionless as a statue. It was more than an hour before that stern face was lifted again; shade after shade of deep and harrowing agony had swept over it while buried in the folded arms, and now it was very pale, but with a gentler expression upon it. Traces of anguish and deep commiseration were there as she arose and bent over her daughter. If the beautiful doctrine of good and evil spirits hovering about the heart, each striving for mastery, be true, Catharine Montour's bosom was the seat of a fierce spiritual warfare that night! Now the good, and then the evil predominated, like the shifting light and shadow in an old picture. She laid a hand on the rounded shoulder from which the covering had been flung, passed the other quickly over her eyes, and then awoke the sleeper.

"Tahmeroo," she said, but her voice was low and husky, and it died away in her throat.

The maiden started to her elbow, and looked wildly about; then seeing her mother standing over her with the string of red coral in her hand, she sunk back and buried her face in the pillow.

"Tahmeroo, look up;" said the mother in a soft, low voice, from which all traces of emotion had flown. "Has Tahmeroo no dreams which she does not tell her mother? The white man's gift is under her pillow—whence came it?"

A blush spread over the face, neck and bosom of the young girl, and she shrunk from the steady gaze of her mother. She was sensible of no wrong, save that of concealment; yet her confusion was painful almost as a sense of guilt. Catharine had compassion on her embarrassment, and turned away her eyes.

"Tahmeroo," she said, in a voice still more gentle and winning, "tell me all—am I not your mother?—do I not love you?"

The young Indian girl rose and looked timidly toward the couch of the Mohawk Chief. "Does my father sleep?" she said; and her eyes again fell beneath the powerful glance which she felt to be fixed upon her.

"Yes, he sleeps. Speak in English, and have no fear."

And Catharine went to the heap of blazing pine and flung ashes on it; then returned to her daughter, folded her to her bosom, and for half an hour the low, sweet voice of Tahmeroo alone broke the stillness of the lodge. Scarcely had Catharine interrupted the confession of her child with a word of question. She might have been powerless from emotion, for more than once her breath came quick and gaspingly; and the heavy throbbing of her heart was almost audible, at every pause in that broken narrative. Yet her voice was strangely cold and calm when she spoke.

"And you saw him again this day?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did he again tell you to keep these meetings from my knowledge?"

"He said, the Great Spirit would visit me with his thunder, if I but whispered it to the wind."

"The name, tell me the name once more; but low, I

would not hear it aloud. Whisper it in my ear—yet the hiss of a serpent were sweeter,” she muttered inly.

Tahmeroo raised her lips to her mother's ear and whispered as she was commanded. She felt a slight shudder creep over the frame against which she leaned, and all was still again.

“You *first* saw this—this man, when we were encamped on the banks of the Delaware, three moons since, while I was absent on a mission to Sir William Johnson: did I hear aright in this?” questioned the mother after a few minutes of silence.

“It was there that I first saw him, mother.”

“Listen to me, Tahmeroo—were I to command you never again to see this man, could you obey me?”

The young Indian started from her mother's arms, and the fire of her dark eyes flashed even in the half smothered light.

“Never see him? What, tear away the blossoms from my own heart? Obey? No, mother, no. Thrust me from my father's lodge—make me a squaw of burthen, such as the lowest woman of our tribe—give me to the tomahawk, to the hot fire,—but ask me not to rend the life from my bosom. The white blood which my heart drank from thine must curdle that of the Mohawk, when his child yields or takes love, save at her own free will! No, mother, I could not obey—I would not.”

Catharine Montour was struck dumb with astonishment. Was she, the despotic ruler of a fierce war-tribe, to be braved by her own child? The creature she had loved and cherished with an affection so deep and passionate—had *she* turned rebellious to her power? Her haughty spirit aroused itself to furiness, and the gladiator broke from her eyes, as they were bent on the palpitating and half-recumbent form of Tahmeroo. The girl did not shrink from the stern gaze, but met it with a glance of resolute daring. The young eaglet had begun to plume its wing! There was something of wild dignity in her voice and gesture, which assorted well with the curbless strength of her mother's spirit. She respected the strong and energetic mind, even when it rebelled against her own power. Though stern and cruel to others, her anger had never seriously till now, burst on the head of her daughter. The beautiful and wild creature whom she had reared in the depths of the wilderness, had been to her a thing set apart, not for the fond quiet of maternal love, but for the idolatry of a seared and erring heart, which turned with affection to nothing on earth or in heaven, save that one pure girl. Her very love was a sin; for it gave to the creature a worship, scoffingly withheld from the Creator.

With untiring application and a degree of patience foreign to her character, she had withdrawn her daughter from the women of her tribe, and lavished on her young mind all that had ever been bright or beautiful in her own. The lore and pure accents of her own native land were made familiar to the lips of the young Indian, and all the accomplishments gathered in the favored youth of the mother, were transferred to the child. Even the beautiful doctrines of Christianity, which sometimes stole upon the mother's memory like the whisperings of a holy dream, were instilled in the heart of the daugh-

ter; for Catharine had too much poetry and taste mingled with her stern nature, not to admire the beauties of truth, though she sacrilegiously withheld her belief in them.

Catharine Montour loved power, but that which she possessed was not of a kind to satisfy her ambition; for, into this passion had a thousand others merged themselves. She understood the nature of her influence over her husband and his tribe, too perfectly to receive pleasure from it. She felt that it was not that of a great mind over its own compeers, but of the intellectual over the animal. It was the power of a resolute mind, crafty and unhesitating in its means, over the ignorance, superstition, and brute strength of a savage and almost barbarous race. She ruled a people with whom she had no sympathy. But the dominion which she held over her daughter's heart was woven with all the gentle and better feelings left to her nature. It was the power of intellect over intellect—of love over a loving heart, and her absolute rule over that one being had been to her a treasured sovereignty, dear alike to her pride and to her affections. It had kept one well-spring almost pure in the depths of a wicked heart.

Catharine Montour had studied the human heart as a familiar book, and she knew that it would be in vain to contend with the aroused spirit, so suddenly burst forth in the strength of its womanhood. She felt that her power over that heart must hereafter be one of love unmingled with fear—an imperfect and a divided power. The heart of the strong woman writhed under the conviction, but she stretched herself on the couch without a word of answer. Her own fiery spirit had sprung to rapid growth in the bosom of her child; passions had shot up, budded and blossomed, in a night time. The stern mother trembled when she thought of the fruit, which, in her own bosom, had turned to ashes in the ripening.

When Tahmeroo awoke in the morning, the lodge was empty. Her mother had left the encampment at early dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

“The quality of mercy is not stained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
’Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself.”

The history of Wyoming is interwoven with that of a pious and good man, who forsook home, rank and fortune, and who came among the Six Nations, with his life in his hand, learned their habits, shared the hardships of their rude life, and became to them a teacher and a brother. This man was sitting alone in his log-hut, built on a curving bank of the Susquehanna, between Wilkesbarre and Monockonok Island. He was a man of mild and benign countenance; the pious meditations of a subdued and humble heart diffused their

sunshine over a face peculiarly gentle and merciful in its expression. Yet was there a shade of habitual sadness in the eye, a patient sweetness about the lips when he smiled, which told most truly, that years of sorrow and struggle against the ills of life had been at last rewarded by repose—the repose of subdued passions and persevering search after the good and pure. His dress was of the plainest material, yet its general neatness, and the air of refinement betrayed in every motion, was sufficient to distinguish him, to the most careless observer, as one bred to a situation far different to the character he had chosen. His hair was parted from his forehead after a peculiar fashion, and fell loosely to his shoulders, giving the upper portion of his face an air of meek and almost feminine softness. It had once been of a deep brown, but was now thickly interspersed with silver, and had fallen slightly away from the back part of the head. His whole appearance was that of a man of chastened and benevolent spirit—one to whom a child or a wounded bird would instinctively have crept for protection.

The hut was small and but newly built. A deal box stood in one corner, filled with books and rolls of manuscript. Two stools and a rude table, with a few cooking utensils, were the only remaining furniture. The Missionary sat by the table with implements for writing before him, but intent on the pages of a worn bible. The morning was yet young, and the fresh air came balmy to his temples as he read. The forest trees, which interwove their branches like an arbor over the hut, were vocal with bird-songs, and the murmur of a mountain cascade came softly through the unglazed window. The Missionary occasionally lifted his head and looked out with a tranquil smile, when a bird came chirruping by the door, or shook the dew from the green boughs waving against the window. Then he would smooth back the pages which the breeze playfully lifted whenever he removed his hand, and again became absorbed in his book. It was a picture of holy and quiet study; but the crackling of barches, and the sound of approaching footsteps interrupted its beautiful tranquility. The silvery flow of the waterfall was broken by the sound; the birds fluttered away from their green nestling places in the leaves, and a half-tamed fawn, which had been sleeping in a tuft of brake leaves, started up, gazed a moment on the intruder with his dark, intelligent eye, and then dashed up the river's bank, as she crossed the threshold of the lowly dwelling. The Missionary looked up as the stranger entered, and a feeling of astonishment mingled with the politeness, which, long habit had made a portion of his nature. He arose, and with a slight inclination of the head, placed the stool, on which he had been sitting, for her accommodation. The intruder bent her head, in acknowledgment of the courtesy, but remained standing. She was a woman of majestic and stately bearing, slight of form, and scarcely above the middle height; her air was courtly and graceful, but dashed with haughtiness almost approaching to arrogance. She had probably numbered forty or forty-five years, and her face, though slightly sun-browned, was still fair, and bore traces of

great beauty, 'spite of the rigid expression about the small mouth and finely cut forehead. There was something in the appearance of the stranger that puzzled the penetration of the Missionary; he had spent his life amid the aristocracy of an European court, and had passed from thence to the lowly settlement, and to the still more remote Indian encampment; but the air and dress of the strange woman were not strictly those of any class with which he had as yet become familiar. There was a wildness mingled with the majesty of her presence, and her rich and picturesque attire partook, at once, of the court and the wigwam. Her long and yet abundant hair was wreathed in slender braids around her head, and surmounted by a small coronet of gorgeous feathers. A serpent of fine, scaly gold, the neck and back striped and variegated with minute gems, was wreathed about the mass of braids on one side of her head, and formed a knot of slender coils where it clasped the coronet. There was something startlingly like vitality in the writhing folds when the light struck them, and the jewelled head shot out from the feathers and quivered over the pale temple with thrilling effect. There was an asp-like glitter in the sharp, emerald eye, and the tiny jaw seemed full of subtle venom. It was a magnificent and rare ornament to be found in the solitude of an American forest; yet scarcely less remarkable than the remainder of the strange woman's apparel. A robe of deep crimson cloth, bordered with the blackest lynx fur, was girded at the waist by a cord of twisted silk, and fell back at the shoulders in lappels of rich black velvet. It had loose, hanging sleeves, likewise lined with velvet, beneath which, the white and still rounded arm gleamed out in strong contrast. A serpent, similar to the one on her head, but glowing with still more costly jewels, coiled around the graceful swell of her right arm, a little below the elbow, but its brilliancy was concealed by the drapery of the sleeve, except when the arm was in motion. She wore elaborately wrought moccasins, also of crimson cloth, but the embroidery was soiled with dew, and the silken thongs, with which they had been laced to the ankle, had burst loose in the rough path through which she had evidently travelled.

The Missionary stood by the table, while his visitor cast a hasty glance around the apartment, and then turned her eyes keenly on his face.

"I am not mistaken," she said slowly, withdrawing her gaze. "You are the Godly man to whom my people have directed me—the Indian Missionary."

The man of God bent his head in reply.

"You should be, and I suppose are, an ordained minister of the established church," she resumed.

"I am a Moravian, madam."

His voice was deep-toned and peculiarly sweet. The woman started as it met her ear; a gleam of unwonted expression shot over her composed features, and she fixed another penetrating glance on the face of the speaker, as if some long buried recollection had been aroused; then she turned her eyes away, satisfied with the scrutiny, and drawing a deep breath, spoke again.

"A Moravian! I know nothing of their religion.

But it matters not: have you authority to perform marriages after the established law?"

"I have; but my services are seldom required. I mingle but little with the whites of the settlement, and Indians have their peculiar forms, which, to them, are alone binding."

"True," replied the woman, with a slight wave of the hand, "and these forms shall not be wanting; all the bonds of a Christian church and savage custom will scarcely yield the security." She spoke as if unconscious of a second presence, and again abruptly addressed the Missionary.

"Your services are needed in the Mohawk encampment, a few miles back in the mountains. A guide shall be sent for you at the appointed time. Stay in this place during the next twenty-four hours; within that space you will be summoned."

The Missionary, though a humble man, was by no means wanting in the dignity of a Christian, and a gentleman; he liked not the arrogant and commanding tone assumed by his singular visitor, and there was a slight degree of reproof in his manner when he answered.

"Lady," he said, "if the welfare of a human being—if the safety of an immortal soul, can be secured by my presence, I will not hesitate to trust myself even among my most bitter enemies, the Mohawks—a people who have, more than once, sought my life; but, for a less important matter, I cannot obey your bidding."

"Rash man! know you whom you are thus braving?" said the woman, fixing her eyes sternly on his face. "If your life is utterly valueless, delay but a moment in following the guide which I shall send, and every pulse in your heart shall have a death of its own to struggle with! Catharine Montour's will has never yet been disputed within twenty miles of the Mohawk's tent, without frightful retribution."

The Missionary started back with a slight shudder at the mention of that terrible name, but he speedily regained his composure, and answered her calmly and with firmness.

"Threats are but powerless with me, lady," he said. "The man who places himself, unarmed and defenceless, in the midst of a hoard of savages, can scarcely be supposed to act against his conscience from the threat of a woman, however stern may be her heart, and however fearful her power. Tell me the nature of the service which I am required to perform, and then receive my answer."

The haughty woman moved towards the door with a gesture of angry impatience, but returned again, and with more courtesy in her manner, seated herself on the stool which had been placed for her.

"It is but just," she said, "that you should know the service which you are required to perform. There is in the Mohawk camp, a maiden of mixed blood, my child, my only child; from that day that she first opened her eyes to mine, in the still and solemn wilderness, with nothing but savage faces around me, with no heart to sympathize with mine in its deep yearning love, that child became to me a part of my own life. For years I had loved nothing; but now the pent-up tenderness of

my being gushed forth, and the infant became to me an idol. In the wide, dark world, I had but one object to love, and, for the first time in a weary life, affection brought to me happiness. You may be a father, or may have been the husband of a being whom you have worshipped and doted on, who has lain in your bosom, year after year, pure and gentle as a spring blossom, and when that being has wound herself around your heart-strings, when she was dearest and loveliest—she may have been stolen from your bosom, sullied in her innocent thoughts—"

"Forbear, in mercy forbear!" said the Missionary in a voice of agony.

Catharine looked up, and saw that his eyes were full of tears; her own face was fearfully agitated, and she went on with a degree of energy but little in keeping with the pathos of her last, broken speech.

"A white, one of my own race, came to the forest stealthily, like a thief, and with a gift, which he taught her to believe was a bond of marriage among his people, he lured my child from honor, and from the heart of her mother. And now, I beseech you, for I see that you are kind and feeling, and that I was wrong to command—come to the camp at twelve to-night, for then and there, shall my daughter be lawfully wedded."

"I will be there at the hour," replied the Missionary, in a voice of deep sympathy. "Heaven forbid that I should refuse to aid in righting the wronged, even at the peril of life."

"My own head shall not be more sacred in the camp of the Mohawks than shall yours," said Catharine with energy.

"I doubt it not; and were it otherwise, I should not shrink from a duty. I owe an atonement for the evil opinion I had of you. A heart which feels dishonor so keenly, cannot delight in carnage and blood."

"And do they repeat these things of me?" inquired Catharine, with a painful smile: "they do me deep wrong. Fear me not; I appear before you with clean hands. If the heart is less pure, it has sufficiently avenged itself; if it has wronged others, they are now revenged; for, has not the love of my child gone forth to another? Am I not alone?"

"Lady," said the Missionary, in a voice of deep commiseration—for he was moved by her energetic grief—"this is not the language of a base heart. Your speech is elegant, your manner noble. Lady, what are you?"

There are seasons when the heart will claim sympathy, 'spite of control. This power was upon the heart of Catharine Montour. "Yes, I *will* speak," she muttered, raising her hand, and pressing it heavily to her eyes. The motion flung back the drapery of the sleeves, and the light flashed full on the jewelled serpent. The Missionary's eyes were fixed wildly upon it, and he sallied back against the logs of the hut, with a death-like agony in his face.

To be continued.

ALL who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced, that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.—*Aristotle.*

Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST. No. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," ETC.

WE are now pursuing the course of the Mississippi, in one of the best of boats it was ever my lot to take passage in. The scenery from New Madrid, to the mouth of the Ohio, exhibits the same characteristics, which mark the whole course of the Lower Mississippi, viz: level banks, dense forests, and occasionally a wood-yard and a clearing. There is one exception, however, in a bluff, twenty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, called the "Iron Banks," from the earth of which they are composed, which is slightly discolored with iron. Here are found the first pebbles on the Mississippi. Four miles before reaching the mouth, the point of junction, (a flat angle of low land, with a hotel upon it,) may be discovered—at the same time, the meeting of the dark green waters of the Ohio, with the muddy Mississippi, is plainly visible. The Mississippi, at this time, was the highest, and pressed the Ohio against the eastern bank. The line of demarkation between the two currents, for three miles below the point of union, was plainly distinguishable; the Mississippi—a thick, light brown flood, gliding along the western shore, occupying two thirds of the breadth between the banks—the Ohio, lighter and clearer, pressed into a narrower compass, along the eastern bank. Four miles below, they unite, gradually, and thence form one and the same stream. The morning was clear and pleasant, as we came in sight of the point, called Bird's Point. The shores all around are level, and the Ohio could not be distinguished by any peculiar characteristics from the Mississippi. The banks of the Ohio do not lose their Mississippi features—which are level, forest-covered shores—for eighty miles from the mouth, where the round hills and rocky cliffs, distinctive marks of Ohio River scenery, begin to give grandeur to the view, agreeably relieving the eye, fatigued with a monotonous level of several hundred miles. We landed at Bird's Point at seven o'clock in the morning, after a long and tedious passage of eight days. The price of passage to this place, was forty dollars. As it was my intention to take Saint Louis on my route to New-York, I remained here with three other passengers, to wait for a passing boat. This is the most central point in the western country, in relation to navigation. The whole trade, from the flatboat to the first rate steamer of the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Illinois, Wabash, Missouri, and Upper Mississippi rivers, passes this point. Steamboats are constantly passing one way or another. By the list kept at the hotel, I find that seventy-two steamers have *stopped* here in the last ten days; besides, there were many that went by in the night. This is the grand central point for traders; for, from this place, they can, with facility, be conveyed in all directions. A more favorable site for a great city, nature never made. The attention of some enterprising individuals is awake to its advantages, and they are now projecting a city to be built here, on a large scale, to be called Cairo. A company is formed, and the land

is purchased. The neighboring farms on the opposite shore have already increased in value, in anticipation. The point, itself, is a long tongue of low land, covered with heavy timber, and has been overflowed but twice in eighteen years. It is the intention of the proprietors to enclose it in a firm levee. A levee, thirty miles long—fifteen miles on the Ohio shore, and as many on the Mississippi, will be sufficient to confine the whole. The objections that may be advanced against this place, on account of its overflowing, are of no weight. New-Orleans and its adjacent country, is defended successfully by a levee of at least sixty leagues in the aggregate length. At present, "the point" is rather a desolate place. But a few acres, only are cleared of trees. On the open space are erected a two story hotel, with a double piazza and wings, a substantial store, which supplies steamers with provisions, and three or four log houses. The hotel is a comfortable place, each room, however, containing four beds. The proprietor is very clever, attentive and obliging. He is landlord, bar-keeper, servants and waiters of the establishment. "Madam," he said, very politely, thrusting his head into a Mrs. —'s room, after the baggage was all carried up, "if you want any thing, I'll wait on you, as how I haven't yet got no chambermaid." The word chambermaid, is the representative of an abstract idea to many landlords of small hotels in the west. Our breakfast was bountiful, and very good, and no one could be more active and attentive than the landlord, representing in his single person, so many occupations. Altogether, we found things very comfortable, our dinner was good, and when a boat came in sight, we began to feel that we should not materially improve our situation by changing it for the close state-room of a steamer. We remained on the point from seven o'clock in the morning, with many other passengers, bound in different ways, and were taken off at two in the afternoon, by the boat which we had seen for the last quarter of an hour, approaching us from below, in fine style. When boats continue on without stopping, a large bell, rung by the landlord, brings them to. Travellers, now, should never hesitate about stopping at the mouth of the Ohio, to wait for boats. They will find every thing pleasant and comfortable. A few years ago, the reputation of this place was far from the best. The tavern was a resort for gamblers, counterfeiters, cut throats, thieves and villains of all hues, who had fled from justice. It was dangerous for a respectable traveller to remain there a night, and one who had money, was almost always sure to lose it, or his life. Four years ago, its reputation for dark villany was at its highest. About that time, I remained there with a party of passengers, gentlemen and ladies, all night, and the suspicious characters of the place, and equally suspicious appearance of certain desperate-looking ruffians hanging about, induced us to sleep on our arms, two of our party keeping a regular watch, relieved every two hours through the night. I have heard of many tales of assassination connected with the spot, which I may hereafter embody in some other form than a mere epistolary sketch. The whole horde of desperadoes is now rooted out, and the gentle-

men, who have purchased the point, have refitted the hotel, and appointed the present landlord. Gambling or card-playing is forbidden in the house, men of suspicious appearance are lodged in out-houses; and travellers need entertain no further apprehension for their safety. A hundred flatboat men are sometimes waiting here for a passage; they, however, encamp on the shore, or under the trees, after a fashion of their own. Their bivouacs, with their bright fires, and the strange appearance of the men, walking, seated or sleeping about them, have a wild and striking appearance.

While we were on the point, two boats passed down to New-Orleans, one to Nashville, three to Louisville, and one, (which we took,) to Saint Louis. We found this boat, though not quite so gaudy, more commodious, and very much faster than the one we had left. The state-rooms were roomy, the guards wide, the cabin light and airy, the officers energetic and civil, the waiters rather too few, but active, and a mixture of white and black. As it was late in the afternoon, I was only able to note the scenery for about thirty miles, before it became dark; for this distance, it was as usual, a wooded shore. In the vicinity of Lake Girardeau, a small collection of dwellings, the first high lands commence; the hills are not frequent or high, and the scenery is not striking for nearly seventy miles above the mouth of the Ohio, where the shores become bold, rocky, and romantic, and the passengers, so long accustomed to low lands, begin to desert the cabin for the guards.

J. R. I.

Original.

STAND AND SEE!

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"And Moses said unto the people, 'Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day.'"—EXODUS, XIV. 13.

STAND ye, on whom, in duty's path,
Innumerable, open dangers press;
On whom awaits some secret scath,
Along the howling wilderness.
Stand still! and trust! and so shall ye
The fiery Cloud and Pillar see.

Stand ye, on whose devoted head
Stern poverty, in tempest, lowers;
Or chained to wasting sickness' bed,
Or counting melancholy hours—
Or shedding tears on love's lone grave—
Stand! and behold an Arm to save.

Stand ye, between whose soul and Heaven,
Is interposed the veil of fear,
Which shuts out all the glory given
From God, to bless his children here.
Oh, wherefore did ye doubt his grace?
Look up, and see your Father's face.

Stand ye, of every name, who wear
The colors of our common King—
His soldiers, hemm'd, and faint, prepare
To see him blest deliverance bring;—
Up! through this Red Sea take your way,
And see salvation-work to-day.

And stand, *my spirit!* none like thee
Methinks, so apt to fear and fall;
Rest on His mercy, who doth free,
And ransom from the sinner's thrall;
Who bids His goodness pass before
The heart that pants to love him more.

Yet one more wilderness thou'lt pass,
But Mercy will conduct thee through,
Till, gladly, on the Sea of Glass,
Thou'lt stand, and serve, and worship, too.
Till then, the victory expect,
Which crowns the host of God's elect.

Boston, May, 1840.

Original.

STANZAS.—TO CAROLINE.

TIME sure hath swifter wings
Than wont, when thou art near me, love,
For then, like one's imaginings,
The blissful moments move!

I do not watch the sky,
To mark if it be clear and bright,
What matter—when thy sparkling eye
Beams with affection's light?

When thou art by my side,
Unwonted beauty clothes each scene;
The landscape grows more fair, more wide,
And wears a brighter green.

Then I can quite forget
That Earth has aught which is not fair,
Mid all its wreathing smiles, that yet—
Guile and deceit are there!

I was thus near thee love!
And presence was to us a bliss:
We parted mournfully, to prove
How painful parting is.

But distance hath no power
To fetter thought, and we shall meet—
And spend, in fancy, many an hour,
In converse free and sweet.

Nor will Time's rapid flight
Be stayed, though it may seem but slow;
And soon the joy—the full delight,
Of meeting we shall know!

W. C. R.

Penfield, Ga.

Original.

“OUR LIBRARY.”—No. II.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

REMINISCENCES.

“When the Spring
Came forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.”
CHILDE HAROLD.

A FAIR good morrow to thee, gentle reader. Since we last met in this, my pleasant retreat, the whole face of nature has changed; “For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.” From the window, near which I now sit, I look out upon a garden, where the tender grass is springing, the young lilacs budding, the scented honeysuckle putting forth its leaves, and all things wear the soft green hue, which, to the eye, long wearied with the glare of winter’s snow, or the dun hue of the frozen earth, is ever so refreshing. Nor are there wanting the brighter gems, which shine out so beautifully amid the emeralds of spring. The ground is dotted with the pale but fragrant violet, that ‘first thing of the year’—the deep purple pansy nestles amid its dark green leaves—the blue eye of the periwinkle is opened to the pleasant sunshine—the gorgeous tulip lifts its jewelled goblet to the morning dew, and the tiny crocus decked in the golden vestment and Tyrian robe of royalty, lifts its brow in mimic stateliness from its humble bed. I look upon the charms of awakening spring with a feeling of calm and deep delight. Every troubled thought, every turbulent emotion, sinks into repose, and gives place to a gentle melancholy, as I gaze upon the beautiful results, which are produced by the silent workings of nature. I feel, as it were, the near presence of that God who clothes the lilies of the field, and, as I remember that the dark days of the past winter have tended to create the loveliness which now glows in every sunny nook, so I am led to a more vivid faith in the goodness of Providence, whose purposes are kind as well as wise, and who sends us sorrow, no less than joy, in infinite mercy.

Yet Spring is, to me, an especial season of remembrance. As I sit pondering gravely, and somewhat sadly, the mysteries of life, the merry laugh of my children falls upon my ear, as if in mockery of my vain speculations, and I am irresistibly recalled to the days when I too was thus keenly alive to the impulses of active childhood—when mere existence was enjoyment, and every nerve seemed thrilling with pleasurable sensation. I look back to those days without regret, and yet with sadness. I do not regret them because my ‘lines have been cast in pleasant places,’ and my later life has given me no cause to wish a renewal of the wayward fancies, which must ever characterize the childhood of one, whose mental being matures so early, that the discipline of life is fraught with double bitterness. I remember them with sadness, because they have borne away with them the freshness of feeling, the glow of

early affections, the ignorance of a heart which knew no evil, either in itself, or in the world, and in which

“Passions among pure thoughts were hid,
Like serpents under flowrets sleeping.”

These are the gifts which fade from us when the sun of life approaches its meridian, even as the morning dew is exhaled from the summer flower. Doubtless it is best that these things should be so, and yet there are few feelings more painful than the first consciousness of the change which time has effected in ourselves. I speak not now of the infirmities occasioned by the weight of years, but of the *earlier* evidences of departed youth. These evidences may not be traced upon the brow, they may not write themselves upon the faded cheek, but they are not the less understood by one who is approaching “il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.”

Methinks it were indeed “pastime to grow old,” if age were simply an external evil. If the first wrinkle on the brow, the first grey hair upon the temples, were but forerunners of *personal* changes, it would be but little pain to watch their gradual progress. But alas! the changes in the heart are far more painful—far more severe! Imagination resigns her sceptre—Fancy no longer revels in anticipations of future enjoyment, nor throws her golden-tissued mantle over every sombre object that meets our view. Reality is around us—our path is no longer strewn with flowers—the fairy-gifts have returned to their original worthlessness, and we walk amid the thorns and brambles of worldly care. Our capacity for affection, too, seems altered. Our friends may be beloved as *fondly*, but not as *blindly* as in our early days. Like the luckless denizen of fairy land, our eyes have been anointed with the mystic unction of disenchantment, and we can no longer believe in perfection. We behold in the objects of our regard, beings like ourselves, erring mortals, subject to the inevitable weaknesses of human nature. We may still love with passionate fondness—we may respect—we may venerate—we may rely, with the most entire dependence, upon those whom we love, but we have learned that every worldly idol, even though its head be of fine gold, yet, (like the image seen by the prophet Daniel,) has its feet of clay, and we are no longer content to fling ourselves, in our blind worship, before the wheels of its crushing car. The cold, quiet mannerist, who never knew what passion is—who has been satisfied to go through life, loving *self* best, and been proud to ‘dwell in decencies for ever,’ may consider such losses as among the blessings of advancing years, but to a susceptible nature, they are bitter, bitter pangs.

We lose, too, that hopefulness which, in early life, shed so much sunshine over our daily path. In youth, sorrow could throw no cloud too thick for the beam of hope to pierce, but now, our very happiness is so ‘sombre-suited,’ that it almost seems like the pleasant melancholy which was wont to steal over our mirthful moods in childhood; and our most blissful lot is like the monotonous punishment of the princess in the tale—a path of unbroken green-sward, and a sky without sun or cloud. As we learn from the lessons of experience the sad truth, that life is a scene of probation, not of happiness, we

seek to narrow our desires to suit our powers of attainment. As soon as we have become fully sensible of the utter insecurity of worldly pleasure, we lose the power of giving ourselves up, without reserve, to positive enjoyment, and a languid feeling of satisfaction is often the highest degree of excitement which we are capable of feeling.

And these changes come—when? With the bent form and wrinkled countenance—with the silvered locks and tottering step of old age? No! The heart withers beneath the touch of Time, long before the body shows his power. At thirty years of age, the body is in full vigor; the first bloom of youth has vanished, but the fine development of perfect manhood, or of womanly grace, has been received in exchange; yet *then*—even *then*, the heart has felt the frost of years. The feelings are already chilled, while the outward form has scarcely reached maturity. Oh, it is sad to grow old! sadder still to be conscious of every onward step! One might almost wish that we could be transported from the sunny clime of youth, with the taste of its rich tropical fruits still upon our lips, to the frozen region and perpetual ice of old age, without being thus compelled to travel by slow stages along the dusty roads, and through the dull lands that intervene.

Yet how much more wisely has the providence of God directed the course which our impatient spirits must pursue! It is only while journeying along the path of middle life, that we have a full opportunity of exerting the energies with which Heaven has endowed us. In youth, we are plucking flowers by the way-side, or stooping to taste of the sweet waters which flow around our feet, and if we can but keep *ourselves* in the right path, we have done much. The exercise of active, social duties, is *then* rarely possible. In age, the worn and decrepit pilgrim, leaning on his staff, brooks onward to the goal of his labors, and has but little strength to spare for active duties. But when the bounding step of youth has subsided into the firm tread of manhood—when we know our daily paths, and have learned habitually to pursue them, then it is that we have leisure to think of others. Then it is that we have time to minister to the afflicted—to pour oil and wine into the wounds of less fortunate wayfarers—to aid the faltering step of the aged—to check the wandering foot of the young—to plant the good seed in many soils—to set trees for the overshadowing of those who may come after us—to cleanse from the accumulated dust of years, the fountains of knowledge and goodness, for those who are fast following in our ways. Nor are we without our fruits, too, in that season. They may no longer hang their tempting clusters directly over our heads, but they are to be found, if sought for, in a right spirit, and are, perhaps, sweeter to the taste, because bought at the price of toil.

There is one thought which often comes to us with startling power, as we advance in years. How few of those who cross the threshold of life with us, are left to accompany us to the grave. We leave the sunny regions of youth, and, with troops of friends, begin our toilsome ascent of the acclivity which lies before us.

The laugh, the song, the merry tale, at first, cheer us on our way, but anon we become wearied beneath ‘the heat and burden of the day,’ and we gladly turn aside to those green and shady nooks, which the infinite goodness of God has planted by the wayside, for the repose of the weary traveller. It is then—as we pause a moment from our toil, and look back upon the path we have just trodden, that we are first made sensible of the loss of our companions. Gradually the merry tale has been hushed—the laugh has ceased—the song has died into an echo, but the far-off tones of other revellers have been borne to our ears, and, busied with our own cares, we have thought little of the voices which have grown silent at our side, until we turn to review our path, and then we learn that one, and another, and another, have dropped their burdens, and fallen asleep beneath the shadow of the ‘dark mountains’ of death. I speak not now of the friends near and dear to us, who never can fall unheeded even in our thoughtless youth; but of those whom circumstances placed near us in our early days—of those with whom we sported and jested, but whom we took not to our hearts—of those whom we remember with kindness, but not with the deep tenderness of bereaved affection.

Gentle reader, have you not sometimes glanced over the columns of a newspaper with careless eye, until the name of some old school-fellow met your view amid the record of Death’s triumphs? And has not a crowd of spectres of the past been called up by the simple talisman of that name? Have not your thoughts, overleaped, as by a sudden bound, the years of coldness, indifference, or forgetfulness, and returned to the days of youth, when the being, now numbered with the dead, was the companion of your childish sports, the confidant of your fancied troubles, or, at least, one of the happy choir of joyous spirits, whom you were wont to meet in the school-room or the play-ground? Do you not recall the peculiar smile—the tone of the voice, or the gesture at some particular moment, which has long been forgotten, but which now comes before you with all the vividness of a picture of the past? It may be that there was no love between you—it may be that there was even a feeling of dislike in the days of habitual intercourse; but now the sanctifying hand of death has touched the portrait which memory presents before you, and the name, long a stranger to your lips, is now pronounced in the accents of awe-struck tenderness. The grave has closed over one of the companions of your childhood; her waywardness and her errors, if such there were, are buried with her, while remembrances of the pleasant scenes in which she once mingled, the gentle words she once uttered, or the simple kindnesses she once performed, seem to spring like wild-flowers from the sod that hides her for ever from your view.

Yet we must have passed the early morning of life ere we feel this. To the very young, the thought of death is revolting and terrible. Our joys are then ‘of the earth, earthly,’—the world is so full of beauty and of gladness—the sun shines so brightly, and the flowers bloom so sweetly in our path, that we shrink with loathing from

the thought of ‘cold obstruction’ and the worm. We feel that

“We should, in sooth, depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.”

But when we have lived long enough to know the full value of the affections with which God has gifted us for eternity; when Love is entwined with every fibre of our hearts; and, above all, when the seal of Death has been set upon some of our richest treasures—then it is that we learn to ponder on the mysteries of life and death, and judgment to come. In the hours of unbroken joyousness, Death might appear to us in the frightful form of the King of Terrors, but when we have once beheld him figured before us in the lineaments of one whom we have cherished in our heart of hearts, we no longer shrink from the doom that inevitably awaits us. We think of him then, not as the gaunt and cruel spectre, whose skeleton form awakens vague images of horror, but as the beautiful funeral Genius of the ancients, wearing the features of the loved and lost. As we commit the precious ashes to ashes, and the cherished dust to dust, we feel that Death has indeed been robbed of its sting, since the very stroke which left us bereaved and desolate on earth, has gained for us a guardian angel in Heaven.

Alas! alas! when I look back to the years that are past, how few of those with whom I ‘clomb the hill’ are left to descend it with me. My life has not yet fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and yet of those whom I loved *best* among my school-fellows, but *one* survives. Even of those who were but playmates, without becoming, at that time, connected by the ties of friendship, how few are left! My companions bowed not beneath the weight of years; they had fallen in the vigor of their youth—the green branch has been lopped—the young tree has been uprooted:

“As the green leaf, whose fall to ruin, bears
Some trembling insect’s little world of cares,
Descends in silence, while around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone,
Such is man’s doom.”

How do they rise up before me—those early friends—as I think of the past! The fair child, who dropped her books and toys, and, as if wearied with her sports, fell asleep in the cold arms of death—the young student, in whose heart not a single passion had budded, save ambition, and whose only desire seemed to be to plant each foot firmly on the rugged step of knowledge, while she bent eagerly forward to essay another leap, and perished in the attempt; the gentle girl, summoned away from the threshold of life, at the moment when the joyousness of childhood had given place to the thoughtful tenderness of the affianced bride; the wife called from the embrace of him who had scarcely learned to estimate the blessing of her presence; the young mother touched by the finger of death as she watched over her helpless infants; all—all arise like shadows to my view. And in what different guise did Death appear among them? To most, he came as the messenger of wo—to some, alas! young as they were, he was the harbinger of peace.

But there are two or three whose memoirs are to me

peculiarly dear, partly because of their superiority of character, partly because the untroubled stream of my youthful affections reflected their images as distinctly as a mirror. Sweet Sarah ——! even as a child, she was remarkable for the gentleness of her temper, and her undeviating propriety of deportment. She never needed reproof; she had an innate sense of right, and a firmness of character which enabled her to pursue it. Even the most reckless respected her, and we, who loved goodness, but lacked her calm temper and reflective mind, almost idolized, while we despaired of imitating her. She was several years my elder, and had married early, so that we had rarely met after she became a wife and mother, until an occasion occurred, which brought around me all my friends, to offer their congratulations. She came with the rest, and beautiful did she look as she entered the room, leaning on the arm of her husband. I remember well the glow of girlish pride—the pardonable pride of affection, which suffused her fine countenance, as she whispered, “I have *so* wanted to show you my William—I know you will like him—he is even better than he looks.” Two years later, and she was prostrated by the withering blight of consumption. A slight cold, taken while watching a sick infant, laid the foundation of disease, and as I looked upon the three motherless babes, and listened to the bitter wailings of the bereaved husband, on the day when she was borne to the narrow house appointed for all living, I felt that the ways of God were indeed awful and inscrutable.

To the gentle creature I have just mentioned, Death came as a stern and cruel messenger of evil, and though she bowed in meek submission, she yet felt keenly the ‘sudden wrench from all she loved.’ Alas! he came in gentle guise to thee, poor Mary ——, for he bore thee, pale-stricken flower, to a brighter and a better land. Mary was the dearest of all my early friends. Strong-minded and warm-hearted, with a judgment far beyond her years, and possessing less imagination than any young female I have ever known, she was yet deceived in her affections. The wedded youth and beauty combined, as she thought, with intellect, and a love of virtue. She was taught to believe, by him who sought her hand, that her influence had led him from the path of error into which youth too often strays, and that her example alone could nerve him to pursue the way of truth. She doubted, yet believed, and sought to test his sincerity by a year’s probation. He bore the test with a degree of hypocrisy, marvellous in one so young. All that virtue and piety could dictate, was obeyed for *one year*. She married him, and ere seven months had passed away, she was laid in her early grave. *She died of heart-break*. “You are too imaginative for happiness,” said one, who knew me well when I first quitted school. “You should imitate your friend, Mary ——; she takes the world *as it is*—you, as you *would have it*; she will *enjoy* life, while you will probably *endure* it.” How seldom are these prophecies realized which are founded upon an estimate of our characters as they appear in early life, before circumstances have decided their bent. Mary, the sensible, the calm, the rational,

lived to behold her warm affections crushed beneath the feet of the spoiler, and welcomed death as a friend; while I—let my deep thankfulness to Heaven attest how false was the prediction of my fate.

But sadder memories of the past are awakened when I think of the companions of my childhood. How well do I remember the evening when a dear young friend, a sunny-faced, bright-haired boy, who had been smitten with a love of adventure and travel, in all the pride of his heart, displayed to me his 'sailor's chest' on the very night preceding his departure. Even now, I seem to behold the glee with which the merry creature, attired in his new garb, bounded into the parlor and went through the graceful evolutions of a sailor's hornpipe, to the sound of his own glad voice, while his blue eyes sparkled with mirth, and his rosy cheek was dimpled with smiles. I remember, too, the mingled feelings of proud delight and pain with which I looked upon the young sailor-boy—the playmate of my infancy, now about to be separated, for the first time, from the home of his childhood. And shall I ever forget our parting? Alas! alas! the sea holds many a treasure far richer than Barbaric pearl and gold. That young heart, once bounding with life and hope, is long since stilled for ever! the gleeful voice, which once was music to our ears, will never more be heard on earth, and the restless ocean pours its unceasing requiem above the early grave of our young sailor-boy. Therefore it is that my heart faints within me as I come upon some simple memorial of a seaman's history—for I think of him who perished in the pride of his youth, ere the cares of this world had blighted the sunny blossoms of his boyhood.

Long years have passed since thou wert with the dead
Untimely numbered, yet thy shadow still
Darkens the sunny path 'tis mine to tread,
And wakens in my heart, pain's sudden thrill;
Mine hours of sadness, and of joyous glee,
Alike are visited by thoughts of thee.

Within my bosom's secret cell, a place
Is consecrated to thee, and oft I turn
From forms of breathing beauty, to the face
By memory sculptured on my brother's urn;
The broad fair brow, the beaming eye I see,
And merry smile I loved so much in thee.

Yet it is only on the spectres of the *far-off* past we can look thus calmly. It is only when they rise up before us from amid the mists of by-gone years, that the traces of their last mortal struggle is hidden from our view, and we behold them in all the freshness and beauty of early days. The wild-flowers that deck their lowly bed, must grow up and wither again and again; the long grass must rustle in the breeze of many a summer, ere we can forget the pang and the bitterness of our affliction. Alas! even now, forms dearer far than the companions of my careless childhood, rise before me, clad in the vestments of death, and mine eyes overflow with bitter tears as I recount the treasures of affection which are lost to earth for ever. But it is for the *living*, not for the *dead*, I weep. Why should we mourn the fate of those who were summoned from the feast of life, ere one roseleaf had withered in the bright garland which entwined their youthful brows?

"The early grave
Which men weep over, may be meant to save."

Even while our hearts are breaking with the anguish of that last farewell, do we not bless God, that the beloved one, whom we have just committed to the safe keeping of Death, is spared such pangs as are then consuming us? Do we not look upward to that better world with a faith and hope that no earthly power can destroy? And do we not feel in our inmost soul, that even then—when every nerve is quivering with the agony of bereavement, we *would not* if we *could*, recall to this dark and weary world, the blessed spirit which has departed without one stain of earth upon its silvery wings. No! it is for ourselves we weep—it is for *our own* loneliness we mourn; but *not* for the bright-faced child, who closed its loving eyes to the glad sunshine, and now lives a cherub in the realms of bliss; *not* for the fair girl, whose dream of earthly happiness was so soon exchanged for the perfect and enduring joy of Heaven; *not* for her, who, having just tasted the first draught of pure and passionate love, has turned from it, ere the bitterness which mingles in every mortal cup has reached her lip; *not* for the untimely fate of the young, the gentle and the good, do we shed the bitter tear. The arms of Everlasting Love enfold them, and He who said "Suffer them to come unto me, for of such are the kingdom of Heaven," has appointed to them mansions of eternal bliss, where, when our own longer and more painful pilgrimage is ended, we may hope to be welcomed by those "spirits of the Just made perfect."

"They die e'en as the flowers;
And the world knows not then,
Nor then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled;
Yet these are they, that on the souls of men,
Come back when Night her folding veil hath spread,
The long-remembered dead."

Brooklyn, L. I., April 25th.

Original.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

OH, cease, busy Fancy, to conjure up pleasures
That flit like bright phantoms o'er memory's glass,
And teach us to yearn for the forfeited treasures,
Which rise but to mock us, so swiftly they pass;
Which fade and dissolve into air, like a dream,
Or bubbles that glitter and break on the stream.

And yet, it is sweet, in our moments of sadness,
To gaze on the picture of former delights;
Till bounding again to the measure of gladness,
The heart has forgotten the sorrow that blights;
And revels a moment, in joys that are past,
But wakes to a bitterer pang than the last.

Yet Hope shall illumine the gloom of our sorrow,
The cherub whose smile is a life-giving ray,
Whose flattering promise of brightness to-morrow,
With ruddiness tinges the clouds of to-day.
Though memory's visions may heighten our pain,
Yet Hope's sunny smile can assuage it again.

Original.

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

BY ANDREW MC MAKIN.

MORN broke upon the waters!—and anon
The orb of day lit up the snowy beach,
Strown with a myriad chrystal stones, and
Curious shells that glittered in the sunlight.

The frolic waves,
Obedient ever to the bidding of the dark
Mysterious deep, like things of life and thoughts,
Each other chased along and o'er the smooth
Acclivities,—and broke in liquid sparkles
On the shining sands.

Gaily wheeled
The graceful sea-birds through the air,
Now sipping from the crested wave, now
Soaring into ether.

A vapory mist,
Wing'd by the zephyrs from the spicy groves,
Flew in curling wreaths along the strand
Or vanished into air.

A verdant headland,
Stretching tow'rd the west, clove, like some
Giant arm, the Sea for leagues, guarding
A lake-like harbor from the northern blast.
Within this cove, some fathoms seaward
Of the foaming surf, a youthful fisher, in his
Dancing skiff, threw out his line, and snared
The unconscious prey.

The hours passed
Yet still he sat, nor marked, upon the dim
Horizon's verge, a stranger sail, swept
By the breeze along the deep, full down
Upon his snug retreat. Anon, with muffled sweeps
A dusky barge was darting o'er the waves
Toward his tiny barque,—and, as the tiger
From his forest lair, upon his trembling victim
Fiercely springs, and bounding to the thicket
Disappears again—so from his skiff
The dark-brow'd clan, the startling fisher tore,
And with the might of sinewy arms, fast
Bore him to their Pirate prow!

No parting kiss,
Nor blessing shed upon his brow was heard.
One, only saw the savage scene. A gentle girl
With golden, clustering hair and angel face,—
Edith, the chosen of this youthful heart—
Essay'd to lure him to the strand, alas, too late
To shun the coming danger,—a piercing shriek,
Was heard, and lifeless on the sands she lay,
Till in the distance, down had sunk
The Corsair sail, and all was blank!

Years passed on.
The youthful captive, forced to hardest toil;
To lawless scenes, and rude encounters doom'd,
Return'd no more to 'suage a parent's grief
Or bless the gentle heart that loved him most.

Till one wild stormy night
The waves to fury wrought by rushing winds,
Uprear'd their flashing crests against the sky.
A booming gun, denoting dire distress,
The cottage inmates summoned to the shore.

A barque had stranded!
And the crew were battling with the raging surge;
One hapless soul the Ocean spared, and high
Upon the flinty rocks, motionless had cast.
The cotters bore him to their humble shed
With care, and joyed to see him breathe again.

His eyes unclosed
And starting up, with hands in air, as struggling
With the wave, he sunk into his Edith's arms!
And on the bosom of her long lost son,
The Mother's tears of joy were shed, and
Kneeling down, their fervent prayers arose
Like incense to the throne of grace.

Philadelphia, Penn.

Original.

L I N E S .

BY MISS M. MILES.

A low strain of music fell upon my ear, that stirred up many
mournful memories. One! the dearest and loveliest of our
household band, had fondly loved that sweet melody, and
as we watch'd hour after hour, beside her dying bed—she
would beg for music! low music! and flowers! for she prized
earth's beautiful things, as evidences of her *Father's love*.
And when she sunk calmly into the dreamless sleep, it was
with a spirit purified from error, ere the clouds of sorrow had
dimmed its brightness. But with music there is blent mourn-
fulness, for it calls memory's land "the loved and lost!"

It comes, to break the hush again,
That fairy-like, and thrilling strain;
But mournfully, tho' sweet and clear,
It lingers now upon mine ear—
Touching a chord within my heart—
That hath with earthly things, no part.

It carries me back to a still, pleasant room—
When the mild summer came, in its brightness and
bloom,
Where we watch'd thro' long hours o'er a dear one's
decay—
In the light of young loveliness passing away,
'Till it seemed as her couch were the couch of the blest.
And angel's watched o'er it, to bear her to rest.

No gloom round the dying! bright flowers were there,
The tulip, and blush rose, and lily-bell fair;
And music, just such as a pure one would love,
Whose spirit unfetter'd was soaring above.
And smiles of affection altho' when apart,
The bitter tears gushed, from the half-breaking heart.

The tones that she loved, are still dearest to me,
But mournfulness blends with their deep melody;
And tho' one sweet star has gone down in our Heaven,
And one "silver cord" in the harp of life riven,
There still is a land, where the music and flowers
Ne'er feel the sad blight, of this dim world of ours.

Original.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VICTIM.

"Bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE following autobiographic sketch, written by the individual whom we shall designate as Maurice Campbell, came into the possession of one connected by blood to the unfortunate, and was personally knowing to the principal facts therein related. The original manuscript was written upon detached pieces of paper, and it fell to the relative, to whom we have referred, to weave them into a more continuous whole, and to recount the catastrophe of his wretched life.

I commenced life with prospects of a flattering character, which promised, by good conduct, in a few years, to gain for me both respectability and wealth. I was the only son of parents, whose circumstances enabled them to give me an education fitted for a mercantile career, which I was to follow. Their affections and hopes were wholly concentrated upon me, and my welfare was their only solicitude. Upon attaining my eighteenth birthday, I was taken from the academy at which I had been placed, and entered, as clerk, a respectable mercantile house. By untiring attention to the interests of my employers, before many months I possessed their fullest confidence, which, continuing to deserve, at the age of manhood, I was received upon terms—most favorable terms, as a partner in the thriving firm.

Five years elapsed from the period of which I have just spoken—years fraught with events, most nearly affecting my fortune and my happiness. I had been my own master about a year, when my parents died within a few weeks of each other. Thanks to God, that while they lived, they had no occasion to blush for the conduct of their son! Their deaths were hardly unexpected, as, in the course of nature, their glass was nearly run, yet their loss was great to me—they were my parents—my dearest, oldest friends—my most affectionate counsellors; and the remembrance of their cares, their kindness, their love, will cling to me for ever.

The last year had, also, left me as the only surviving partner of our house. My senior partners had both been hurried into eternity at the same time, by the shipwreck of their vessel, on their return from a southern voyage of pleasure. After settling the affairs of the partnership, I found myself in possession of a sufficient sum to continue the business upon a contracted scale, for my own benefit. My lack of capital was, in a great measure, overcome by the name I had acquired for ability, integrity and punctuality. My business increased rapidly, and in a short time I received the greater portion that we had formerly transacted, which was highly profitable.

About this time, my dear friends and acquaintances suggested to me that, however, fortune might smile upon me in accumulating wealth, my happiness would be in jeopardy, unless I shared my prosperity with a fair partner. This counsel was reiterated by so many, and so frequently, that at last I began to give up my long cherished ideas of a single life. One of these kind

friends recommended to me a lady, whom she averred was born to become my wife; another was suggested on account of the clearness of her complexion; another, for the beauty of her form; another, for her sweet and gentle disposition; another, for her graceful and lady-like carriage—in short, each had some quality differing from the others, and some, all the virtues and accomplishments desired in a wife, if made according to the order of the most particular and considerate old bachelor.

I am not of the believers who hold the proposition, that marriages are made in Heaven—else we should find far less of those heterogeneous qualities in apposition, which mar the happiness of the wedded state, and bring the parties so often into open hostility and disgrace. So numerous are the malign influences, and so continually are they in action, that its beauty, alas! is too often defaced; they are, as the poet elegantly expressed it,

"Too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets,
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup."

How true this was in respect to myself, I shall not at this time speak, but will say without fear of an impeachment of my veracity, that by marriage, I entered upon a field of duties new and untrdden, and in which I proved unskilful, as a pilot, sailing upon a coast strange to him, and full of quicksands. That the result was not owing to my own want of judgment in the selection I made, I dare not assert.

I married a lady, sufficiently conscious of the great and important advantages of family distinction—of her own great condescension in connecting herself with a man, whose ancestors were not 'known to fame,' and who was ever reminding me of my superior fortune, although her bridal dowry was such, that it might have been wafted upon the summer's gale.

Things went on smoothly for a time. My wife, though vain, was not wholly without traits of character which were to be admired. Each day brought its accompanying pleasure and enjoyments. But this calm and sunshine were not to last for ever. Several years passed, and Providence had not blessed us with issue. Many were the regrets my heart gave forth because of this privation—but now I look upon it as a blessing. My business had prospered far beyond my utmost expectations. Wealth rolled into my coffers, as if by some magic power, and every succeeding year added to my name the reputation for virtues, which are the most valued by the merchant. My ships, were spreading their canvass upon every sea.

But with all this outward prosperity, there existed a void within my breast, that my fast-accumulating wealth could not fill, and which eventually effected my undoing. I have said my wife was vain—if this had been her only fault, many of my future embarrassments would not have transpired, and perhaps dissonance might have been avoided. Her parents were of the class called *fashionable*. This designation, however, they had assumed themselves, and the assumption had been silently accorded to them by others, with whom they were in the

practice of associating. They lived up to the last cent of their income, when, at the age of seventeen, they wedded their daughter to me. With habits contracted in such a sphere, Catharine found it infinitely difficult to succumb to the common-sense-view of life and the world, which actuated her husband. What I considered respectable and praiseworthy, she would denounce as unfashionable—and that word included in her ideas, all that was worth living for. I idolized her, for, indeed, she was a splendid woman, and I could not, for my life, but submit often to her caprices and fancies, when I was perfectly convinced of their impropriety. Had I acted in this according to my better judgment, happy would it have been for us both!

Early customs, with Mrs. Campbell, were not to be broken, especially when it was in her power to indulge in all that her excited fancy pictured to her, of old associations and pleasures. I purchased a large and elegant house in a fashionable neighborhood, and furnished it in a costly and superb manner. A rich and gorgeous establishment was in attendance, waiting her commands. My house was devoted to elegance and pleasure. It was a temple of splendor, and its appointments were in keeping. My wife was the presiding genius, and never was she in want of votaries at her shrine. There the softest strains of music fell upon the delighted ear, whilst the eye was charmed by the *chef d'œuvres* of the masters of the pencil and the chisel. Besides my city residence, I possessed a country seat upon the banks of the noble Hudson, at a convenient distance, which was the resort of our town acquaintances, where the dissipated scenes of the winter, were almost uninterrupted during the summer.

I foolishly encouraged this manner of life, knowing it afforded the highest gratification to my wife, but could I have led one less pretending, and more secluded, without paining her, it would have agreed better with my taste and disposition.

It was about midsummer at my villa, where I had remained for the last fortnight, absenting myself from the counting-room, that the first indication of difficulties came to my knowledge. I was the last who retired to bed that night. The air, during the evening, had been close and sultry, unusually so, for the location of my house, high upon the banks of the river, and I expected we should have a heavy thunder-shower. I had not been long in bed, when the rolling of the thunder began, and the vivid and quickly-repeated flashes of lightning was followed by the fall of the rain in torrents. I could not sleep. I turned from side to side in my bed—was restless and feverish. My mind was oppressed, as if coming evil had cast its shadow upon it. An hour passed, and the rain was still pouring, whilst the artillery of the clouds still fearfully continued its uproar. In an intermission of the noise of the elements, I heard a knocking at the front door of the house. My blood trickled through my veins, and a foreboding of evil, for an instant, incapacitated me for a single movement. After waiting a few moments, I was enabled to reach the window, and make inquiry. It was my confidential clerk from the city.

With tremor and agitation, I threw my clothes about me, descended to the door, and admitted him. We each drank off a glass of wine, he for the purpose of guarding against the effects of his wetting, and myself, to still the tumult of my mind, I then inquired the occasion of his visit, at that unseasonable hour.

He immediately entered upon a circumstantial detail of a series of manœuvres of a house in the West Indies, with whom I had been in connection for several years, of frauds and villainies of a most astounding character, which, if true to the whole extent, would involve all my wealth, even by husbanding it, to the best of my ability. As he proceeded with his tale, I filled and drank glass after glass, until the decanter was emptied to the dregs. Though always temperate, this quantity appeared to have no influence upon me; my system was steeled against ordinary consequences by this overwhelming misfortune.

I returned the next day to the city, nor did I visit my country-seat again for a month—which was, to me, a month of agony. I gave the closest attention to my affairs, striving to avoid for which, more than any other thing, I felt a secret horror—becoming a bankrupt. My worst forebodings, at the end of this time, were confirmed, though I escaped that severest affliction.

The most casual observer could perceive that I was a greatly altered man. From a lively disposition, in one short month, I had become grave almost to melancholy. Some attributed this change, immediately, to the loss of my property. Although this was true, in a certain sense, it was not from a miserly spirit, but from the inability of meeting my engagements punctually; it was from the loss of my bright name—my honor. The crisis called for action, decided and immediate action. Nor was I of that kind of men, when the occasion calls for strenuous exertion, who flitter away precious moments, which, if properly employed, often lead to the overthrow of difficulties, which, before, seemed insurmountable. I was resolved to give up every thing to my creditors. I felt that there were some short-sighted people who might blame me for doing so, but I had determined to act honorably, though a painful trial would be the consequence.

I now sought my wife, for the first time since my departure, after my apprisement of the evil tidings. I had kept her in ignorance of the extent of our misfortunes, hoping that the worst would prove less melancholy than the anticipation. My heart bled as I entered her apartment, and seated myself by her side, for I was about to deprive her of luxuries, and even necessities, to which she had been long accustomed; but honor impelled the effort, and I hesitated not.

"My dear Catharine," said I, taking her hand in mine, "what I am about to say, may not be wholly unanticipated by you, but I fear that your imagination has not painted, in sufficiently deep colors, the dreadful reality. We shall be necessitated to make great and speedy alterations in our style of living. We shall have greatly to retrench our expenses."

"My dear Mr. Campbell," she replied, "you know I could very easily, nay, with all my heart, give up our country-seat. For some time, I have thought it not so pleasant as formerly—since those pretending mechanics

have built on each side of us—yes, Maurice, we will part with it, I shall not regret it in the least.”

“And, Catharine, our establishment, our servants, our—”

“Certainly, Maurice, we can part with one pair of horses, and the black coach, and two or three servants, and the gardener—we can live very comfortably in town. We shall not then compete with the H’s, but then there are the Rodney’s, and the White’s, who keep but one coach, and one pair of horses and only three servants, beside the coachman, and footman.”

While Mrs. Campbell was thus exhibiting her generosity and self-denial in our misfortunes, I could not bid her pause to undecieve and break down her dream at once. I sat speechless, steadily observing her countenance, which betrayed neither anxiety nor agitation. As she finished, I placed my hand upon my brow, and sat in this position for several minutes, considering the manner in which I should inform her of the worst of the calamity. Before I had determined upon what plan to pursue, I was aroused by her saying:

“I trust, Mr. Campbell, your difficulties will not last long, and that we may soon return to our usual way of living.”

“You wofully misunderstand. Not long? Our misfortunes, Catharine, are very—very great—in truth we are ruined.”

“What do you say, Mr. Campbell? Ruined! what can you mean? I do not understand.”

“No, you do not understand—but now I tell you, Catharine—we are beggars! we have not a single dollar we can call our own—all is gone—I am a bankrupt!”

Mrs. Campbell, on hearing this dreadful announcement, went into hysterics. She fell back senseless, and lay in that condition a few minutes, when she suddenly sprung upon her feet, laughing and screaming, alternately. Her finger was pointed at me in derision, as she cried—

“Not a dollar! not a dollar! a bankrupt! ha! ha! ha!” Her eyes turned, and she again fell to the floor, in convulsions so terrible, that with all my strength, I could scarcely prevent her doing injury to herself. The convulsions continued an hour, when they ceased, nature having exhausted itself. She was then carried to her apartment, and placed in bed. I could never forgive myself for my incautious communication to her. The blow was too sudden and powerful for her irritable temperament to withstand, and disastrous consequences followed. But it ended not here—my dear wife was to be sacrificed by my misfortunes, and my stupidity. Her delirium still continued with short intermissions, although the convulsions had ceased. During the night, as she seemed to be getting worse, I left her for a moment, to call the servant, and in my absence, she leaped from the bed, and rushed to the window. She had succeeded in opening it, and stood upon the sill, where I espied her, on my return to the room. A single glance was sufficient to tell me her design, and in an instant I gained the window. I caught a slight hold of her dress, but it was too late to save her—she escaped my grasp, and with a single bound, fell a height of thirty feet. Horror-stricken

I descended to the spot, and found her lifeless—a mangled corpse, she lay upon the cold ground.

A long, long night followed that horrible event. How dark, how terrible! My faculties were benumbed. The world was vacant to me. I had no interest in the thousand movements, which excited its myriads to action and to strife. My mind would admit of but one idea, and that was the form of my disfigured wife as she lay dead, beneath the window. I was prostrated by this over excitement, and a tedious illness followed.

When restored, I returned to business. I paid my debts to the utmost farthing, and was left penniless. I felt not my poverty. In my case, honesty was its own reward. It was, however, not the only reward I received in acting correctly, for my creditors finding their demands liquidated with scrupulous exactness, joined in a loan, which enabled me to commence business anew. I again prospered, but my happiness had been ‘nipped in the bud,’ and wealth could not purchase its restitution.

A new passion seized upon me. I had suffered from the loss of wealth, which I never prized for its own sake. Now, the amassing of riches became an excitement, a delirium of pleasure. The pursuit caused me to forget my former sufferings, and I pressed on with greater and greater zeal, for its attainment. Though my successful business was gradually bringing in its thousands, and tens of thousands, it did not suffice to satisfy my inordinate desire of gain—

“It grew by what it fed on.”

Schemes of speculation now hurried me forward in the chase. Bank, and the stocks of other incorporated companies, absorbed my attention. I was upon the mart of business early and late, in sunshine and in rain, and challenged all ways and all means, that would afford a profit.

These pursuits continued for three or four years. I was considered, by the knowing ones, as one of the wealthiest of the wealthy. Still I was not satisfied. But a snare was fast forming, which, in a little while, enveloped me so securely, that it promised soon to hurl me from my prosperity, and leave me helpless.

One of those serious revulsions, which every now and then occur in the mercantile world, had begun, and in its course, was prostrating houses considered the most secure, with alarming rapidity. The growing difficulties were severely felt by me, as a great portion of my funds were invested in stocks, which fell to most ruinous quotations. Confidence appeared to have entirely abandoned the community. I made great sacrifices to obtain means to make my daily payments. I borrowed at usurious interest, and resorted to means of every kind to relieve my present necessities, but all in vain. I was on the verge of bankruptcy.

The panic had spread through the whole country. I could not collect debts due me, and all other resources were cut off. The probability was now reduced to certainty, that my paper must be dishonored. To an honorable mind, such an alternative produces indescribable sensations of pain, and this painful feeling is greatly exalted, when he considers that his difficulties are induced by no more praiseworthy motives, than an

immoderate thirst for acquiring sudden riches. I had launched into schemes which I did not fully understand, and lost thousands. Had I not swerved from my legitimate business operations, I could have weathered the storm, and still been wealthy. I should have remembered that the gratification of a passion becomes criminal, when that gratification clashes with prudence.

My mind presented to me but one chance, which promised an escape from my difficulties—it was a hazardous and wild scheme, involving virtue, honor, and even life. I was now a different individual—different in experience and in purpose, from when I first entered into life. My parents, though eminently moral themselves, had failed to implant the principles of Christianity in my heart, which are the only real safeguards against temptation in the hour of the ordeal, and most lamentable was the omission. I was now tempted and fell—and in that fall, fame, honor, self-respect, were all buried in one simultaneous ruin.

My warehouse was filled with merchandise, for which there was no sale; for those who still possessed money held it, as with a gripe of iron. This merchandise was insured in various companies at its full value. In an evil hour, I determined to burn my store and contents, and thus to obtain money. The plan was suggested to my mind, and resolved upon in an instant. It would free me from my embarrassments, and I should still be enabled to live with an unspotted name among men. In my own thoughts I said—

"It is, I know, an act of the highest criminality! But no matter, it shall be done—none will suspect me. I am called the honorable, the just—oh, fie! 'tis nauseous, 'tis fullsomeness—none will suspect that I could do a deed so damnable! I cannot, I will not!—but hold, must I again bite the dust in poverty? must my name be hooted at by the multitude? must I again toil for substance, and reap the empty air?—it must, it shall be done, though it bring me to the halter!"

It was a cold night in the month of January, that I had determined upon to put my nefarious project in execution. It was a beautiful night, indeed, too beautiful to be desecrated by a deed so foul. An inch of snow lay upon the ground. There was no moon shining, but the clear sky was lustrous with stars whose light being reflected by the snow, developed objects at a considerable distance with some distinctness. About midnight I escaped stealthily from my store, having lighted the brand, and crossed to the opposite side of the street, where I secreted myself from observation within an unfinished building. After a short interval I saw a smothered light through the small window over the door of my store. It gradually grew more distinct, and in a few minutes I could hear the crackling of the flames. Directly after, an alarm of fire was cried, by a passing watchman. The bells pealed, and a crowd gathered. The rattling engines came, but all was to no purpose. It was a grand and fearful sight! the crackling of the fire—the noise of the heavy timbers and walls falling—the large columns of flame wreathing high in the heavens—the working of the engines, and the buzz and uproar of the immense mass of human beings, made it awful to behold!

At this time I had left my hiding-place, and stood motionless, and apparently unmoved, gazing upon the demon-like work I had perpetrated—my arms were doubled across my chest; one foot was in advance of the other; I scarcely breathed through my dilated nostrils, for the air was too thin; my lips were closely compressed. Though I presented but little outward show of feeling, my mind was excited, nearly to madness—the agitation there, was like the fiery furnace I had kindled. I had been used, of late, to excitement, but the present moment was one of agony in comparison. My conscience was now fully aroused to my horrible crime—my deep villainy, my wreck of honor, at the shrine of mammon, and the sense of my utter abasement, overpowered my guilty soul—I remember then a choaking in my throat, a quiver of my frame, and a trickling of blood from my nostrils, and no more! I had fallen upon the ground in unconsciousness.

I was recognised upon the night of the fire, and carried to my home. My sickness was long, and in my delirium I had exposed my guilt to my attendants. In my ravings, I had repeatedly attempted my life, which was prevented. My reason returned with my health, but the deed which, harrows up my soul, is ever present to me. All tranquillity of mind is for ever fled from my bosom. In each one I meet, even my most tried and valued friends, I see an open or secret enemy, who has exposed me to the world, and is about to bring me to punishment, as if the hell within my bosom were not enough!

"Am I a man, to bear this load of wretchedness!—to feel the poisonous venom creeping through every limb, and vein, and muscle, destroying this body by inches, when, in a moment, a little moment, I can end all, all—tear myself from myself, and be at peace—peace! ah, no!—thou art never to be mine more! never more can I know thee—we are henceforth strangers for ever!"

I have lifted myself to a sitting position upon the sofa where I have been lying. My face is pale and haggard; my eyes are sunken in their sockets, and shoot forth an unnatural fire; and my lips are purple.

"It is to die but once—death must come to all, a little sooner, or a little later—what signifies this brief span! How many days, and months, and years, do men spend frivolously! ay, mischievously for good—better had they not lived at all. For myself—far better had I not been born! This life is but a burden—a heavy, heavy load to bear. I am tired of it, and thus, thus I end it!"

The wretched man had discharged a pistol through his head, and was found dead upon the floor.

Thus ended a painful tragedy—a tragedy achieved by that unholy lust for sudden riches, which has, within a few years past, so engrossed too many of all classes in our country, and upon which, at this moment, hangs a cloud, that should be to the present and future generations, like the fiery cloud of old, upon the deserts of the east, a warning and a sign for ever!

New-York, 1840.

A. U.

Original.

MY FIRST SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"He hung his head—each noble aim,
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign, redeeming flow,
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know."

I COULD not have been more than six years of age when she died, and yet I remember my first school-mistress as distinctly as the faces that passed before me an hour since. She was a quiet, gentle creature, that won the love of every living thing that looked upon her. In repose, her face was sad, sweet, and full of thought, but not handsome; though, when lighted up by a smile, it seemed beautiful as an angel's. I was a mere child, but my heart yearned toward her with clinging tenderness whenever she bent those large loving eyes on my face, as if she had been my own mother, or a dear elder sister. When she laid her small hand on my hair, and praised my work, her low voice would send a thrill of strange pleasure through my veins, and I returned her care with a love that lingers round my heart even yet, though years have swept over her grave, and her name is almost forgotten.

The humble district school-house, which stood on the summit of a very beautiful hill overlooking our village, had given place to a smart academy, with a belfry and green blinds, and which claimed the dignity of a male teacher the year round. Now it was not to be expected that a graduate of Yale College—a man who taught Latin and spoke French, could manage to teach the "little girls' class" how to knit worsted and sew patch-work, or that the smaller boys would make very great progress in their long lessons. So, after various meetings and consultations held by the committee, it was decided that the younger twigs, comprising some twenty children, all under ten years—should be cut off from that mother tree of learning—the academy, and placed under the charge of a woman teacher, who was expected to bend and cultivate them, so that in due season they might again be gathered beneath the shadow of that august institution. I have said that the district school-house had been levelled to make room for the new building, so, as the meeting-house, which stood opposite, but in a less exalted situation, was only used on Sundays, it was deemed advisable that our young ideas should be taught to shoot in that sacred and ancient building. It was a venerable if not very imposing pile—a solitary survivor of the old-fashioned Presbyterian meeting-houses, now, we fear, departed from the bosom of Connecticut for ever. Dignified by its own simple antiquity, the old meeting-house rises before my mental vision. Its three heavy doors opening to the south, east, and west, its narrow windows and weather-beaten front, that had braved the storms of a hundred winters—the footpaths, worn smooth and hard, branching from the highway up the gentle acclivity through the green-sward to the sepa-

rate doors. The burying-place at the back, in which slept some member of almost every family in the village, all are mingled with the first memories of childhood.

The interior of the building was solemn and imposing—opposite the southern entrance, a huge box pulpit monopolized half that end of the building, backed by an arched window, crowded with small panes of greenish glass, and surmounted by a wooden canopy, venerable with dust, and heavy carved work. Beneath this pile of unpainted wood, and along the whole paneled front, ran the deacon's seat, with doors opening near the foot of each set of winding pulpit stairs, and before the whole, stood the communion table of cherry-wood. Two broad aisles crossed each other at right angles, dividing the body of the house into four distinct portions, each filled with low square pews, edged with a carved resemblance of lattice work. The galleries were deep, heavy, and dimly lighted, and in the brightest day, was insufficient to relieve the shadowy gloom that for ever hung about the old building. I shall never forget the thrill of awe, with which we gazed in each others faces, on the first morning we entered its ponderous doors, and heard the sound of our footsteps, as we crept timidly up the aisle, reverberating through the empty galleries. Our mistress, too, looked pale and death-like, for a greenish light was shed over her from the arched window, and her naturally delicate features took the hue of marble. It was long before we could settle ourselves to the simple studies allotted to us, or could shake off the gloom flung over our young spirits by the vast solitude of the place. But custom soon wore off this sombre feeling; we soon found out that nothing on earth could be better calculated for a game of hide and seek, after school-hours, than the host of pews, and the heavy, old rumbling galleries. The deacon's seat became an excellent receptacle for our sun-bonnets and dinner-baskets, and the lower pulpit stairs made capital seats for the sewing class, for they received the benefit of extra light from the arched window; beside, the stairs were carpeted, and the benches were not, although our removal to the old meeting-house rendered us far more comfortable and happy than we had been with our learned master of the academy. We had no older scholars to amuse themselves with our imperfect pronunciations; and if the academy bell did sometimes drown the humble rat-tat-tat of our mistress' ruler against the heavy door-post of the old meeting-house, with its aristocratic clamor, then ten minutes play-time, thus gained, more than compensated for the lack of dignity. As far as out-door conveniences went, we certainly had the advantage of our lofty neighbors. The sweep of heavy green-sward, which fell from the old building to the highway, with a scarcely perceptible descent, afforded us a delightful play-ground, and we had the benefit of an old patriarch apple-tree, always full of robins' nests, and heavy with blossoms in the spring season, and which afforded us a delicious assortment of fine green apples during the summer. If our teacher was sent for from a distant town; and if she was not so well versed in the dead languages, and general sciences as the student across the way, she had one of the best hearts and sweetest tempers that ever brooded in a

female bosom. There was not a child in her little school, who did not love her. It was beautiful to see the little girls gather about her chair on a morning, with their simple offerings. One would bring a cluster of red cherries, and with the thanks of her kind teacher, causing her little heart to leap, and her eye to brighten, would return to her seat and hold up her book to hide the happy smiles, which spring up so naturally to the face of a child at each pleasurable emotion. Another brought a handful of damask roses, and was made happy if for that day one of the half-open buds shed its fragrance on the bosom or amid the curls of "the mistress." It was marvellous how soon the affectionate creatures learned to study her taste, and to read the expression of her eyes. Though she seldom displayed a preference for any one of our little gifts, but received all kindly, and with her own sweet, grateful smile; there was not a child in school who could not have named her favorite flower, or who would have dreamed of bringing any thing overblown or gorgeous for her.

Miss Bishop had not been among us a fortnight, before we knew that she was not happy. The color on her delicate cheek was unsteady, and sometimes far, far too brilliant. There were times when she would sit and gaze through the window into the grave-yard, with her large melancholy eyes surcharged with a strange light, as if she were pondering on the time when she, also, might lie down in the cold earth and be at rest. She was not gloomy—far from it; at times she was gay and child-like as ourselves. On a rainy day, when the grass was wet, and we were obliged to find amusement within doors, I have known her join in our little games with a mirth as free as that which gushed up from the lightest heart among us. At such times, she would sing to us by the hour together, till the galleries and the old arch seemed alive with bird music. But her cheerfulness was not constant; it seemed to arise more from principle and a strong resolution to overcome sorrow, than from a spontaneous impulse of the heart.

It is strange what fancies will sometimes enter the minds of children—how quick they are to perceive, and how just are the deductions they will often draw from slight premises. It was not long before the sorrow which evidently hung over our young mistress, became a subject of speculation and comment in our play-hours. One morning she came to the house rather later than usual. We were all gathered about the door to receive her; and when she waved her hand in token that we should take our places, there was a cheerful strife which should obey the signal first. Never do I remember her so beautiful as on that morning. The clear snow of her forehead, and that portion of her slender neck, exposed by her high dress, mingled in delicate contrast with the damask brightness on her cheek and lips. An expression of contentment, subdued the sometimes painful brilliancy of her eyes, and with a beautiful smile, beaming over that face in thanks for the offering, she took a half-open white rose, with a faint blush slumbering in its core, from the hand of a little girl, and twined it among her hair, just over the left temple, before taking her seat. The morning was warm, and all the doors had

been left open to admit a free circulation of air through the old building. My seat was near the pulpit, directly opposite the northern door, which commanded a view of the highway. I was gazing idly at the sunshine which lighted up a portion of the lawn in beautiful contrast with the thick grass which still lay in the shade, glittering with rain-drops—for there had been a shower during the night—when a strange horseman appeared, galloping along the road. He checked his horse, and after surveying the old meeting-house a moment, turned into the footpath leading to the southern door.

Seldom have I seen a more lofty carriage or imposing person, than that of the stranger as he rode slowly across the lawn. His face, at a first view, appeared eminently handsome; but on a second perusal, a close observer might have detected something daring and impetuous, which would have taught him to suspect impudence, if not want of principle in the possessor. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his dress, though carelessly worn, was both rich and elegant. He had ridden close to the door, and was dismounting, when Miss Bishop looked up. A slight cry burst from her lips, and starting from her seat, she turned wildly toward the side door as if meditating an escape; but the stranger had scarcely set his foot within the building, when she moved down the aisle, though her face was deadly pale, and there was a look of mingled terror and grief in her eyes. The stranger advanced to meet her with a quick, eager step, and put forth his hand. At first she seemed about to reject it, and when she did extend hers, it was tremblingly and with evident reluctance. He retained her hand in his, and bending forward, as if about to salute her. She shrunk back, shuddering beneath his gaze; and we could see that deep crimson flush dart over her cheek like the shadow of a bird, flitting across the sun's disk. The stranger dropped her hand, and set his lips hard together, while she wrung her hands and uttered some words, it seemed, of entreaty. He looked hard in her face as she spoke, but without appearing to heed her appeal, he walked a few paces up the aisle, and taking off his hat, leaned heavily against a pew door which chanced to be open. His was a bold countenance! I have seldom looked on a forehead so massive and full of intellect. Yet the dark kindling eye, the haughty lip, bespoke an untamed will, and passions yet to be conquered, or to be deeply repented of in remorse and in tears. As he stood before that timid girl, she shrunk from, and yet seemed almost fascinated by the extraordinary power of expression that passed over his face. His dark eyes grew misty and melting with tenderness as he took her hand again, reverently between both his, and pleaded with her as one pleading for his last hope in life. We could not hear his words, but there was something in the deep tones of his voice, and in that air of mingled pride, energy and supplication, which few women could have resisted. But she did resist, though even a child might have seen that the effort was breaking her heart. Sadly, and in a voice full of suppressed agony and regret, she answered him, her small hands were clasped imploringly, and her sweet face was lifted to his with the expression of a

tried spirit, beseeching the tempter to depart and leave her in peace.

Again he answered her, but now his voice trembled, and its deep tones were broken as they swelled through the hollow building. When he had done, she spoke again in the same tone as before, and with the expression of sad resolve unmoved from her face. He became angry at last; his eyes kindled, and his heavy forehead gathered in a frown. She had extended her hand, as if to take farewell; but he dashed it away, and, regardless of her timid voice, rushed toward the door.

Miss Bishop tottered up the aisle, and sunk to her chair, trembling all over, and drawing her breath in quick, painful gasps. We all started up, and were about to crowd around her with useless tears and lamentations, when the young man came up the aisle again. We shrunk back around the pulpit stairs, and watched his motions, like a flock of frightened birds when the hawk is hovering in the air above them.

"Mary," he said, bending over her chair, and speaking in a low, suppressed voice—for all traces of passion had disappeared from his face. "Mary, once again, and for the last time, I entreat you take back the cruel words you have spoken. They will be the ruin of us both—for, conceal it as you will, you cannot have forgotten the past. There *was* a time—"

"Do not speak of it, George Mason, if you would not break my heart here, and at once—do not—in mercy, arouse memories that never will sleep again!" said the poor girl rising slowly to her feet, and wringing her hands, over which tear-drops fell like rain.

"Be calm, Mary, I beseech you. I will say nothing that ought to pain or terrify you thus—consent to fulfil the engagement so cruelly broken off, and here, in this sacred place, I promise never to stand beside a gambling table, or touch another card in my life. I know that in other things I have sinned against you, almost beyond forgiveness, but I will do any thing, every thing that you can dictate to atone for the wrongs done that—that poor girl, and I will never, never see her again."

Miss Bishop looked up with a painful smile, and a faint color spread from her face, down over her neck and bosom.

"Can you take away the stain which has been selfishly flung on her pure spirit—can you gather up the affections of a young heart when once wickedly lavished, and teach them to bud and blossom in the bosom which sin has desolated? As well might you attempt to give its perfume back to the withered rose, or take away the stain from a bruised lily, when its urn has been broken and trampled in the dust. Vain man! Go and ask forgiveness of that God, whose most lovely work you have despoiled. With all your pride and wealth of intellect, you have no power to make atonement to that one human being, whom you have led into sin and sorrow."

She turned from him as the last words died on her lips, and covering her face, wept as one who had no comfort left. Tears stood in that proud man's eye, and his haughty lip trembled as he gazed upon her. He did not speak again, but lifted her hand reverently to his lips, and hastened away.

A week went by, and every day we could see that our "young mistress" walked more feebly up the lawn, and that the color in her cheek became painfully vivid. She had always been troubled with a slight cough, but now it often startled us with its frequency and hollowness. On Saturday, it had been her habit to give us some little proof of approbation—a certificate, sometimes neatly written, but more frequently ornamented by a tiny rose—a butterfly or grasshopper, from her own exquisite pencil. On the Saturday night in question, she had distributed her little gifts, and it chanced that a simple daisy, most beautifully colored, fell to me. I had long had a strange wish to possess a lock of her hair, and this night found courage to express it. As she extended the daisy for my acceptance, I drew close to her chair, and whispered, "If you please, Miss Bishop, I would much rather have some of your hair—that beautiful bright curl that always hangs back of your ear."

With a gentle smile, she took her scissors and cut off the curl which I had so long coveted. She seemed pleased with my eager expressions of delight, and holding up the ringlet allowed it to fall slowly down to my palm, in a succession of rich glossy rings. I had the daisy, too, and went home a proud and happy child.

The next Monday was a melancholy day to us all, for our mistress was ill—very ill. The doctor was afraid that she never would be well again. We sat down together as they told us this, and cried as if some great evil had fallen upon us. We saw her once again, but it was in the gloom of a death-chamber, and then she was in her old place again, there in the broad aisle of the meeting-house, but a coffin was her resting-place, and when we gathered about her, weeping and full of sorrow, she did not hear the voice of her little scholars.

Our mistress was buried back of the old meeting-house, and very often would the children she loved so fondly, linger about her grave. It was a strange fancy, but I seldom visited the shady spot without taking with me the little work-bag which contained her presents, and that one precious ringlet—her last gift. I was never afraid to linger about the resting-places of the dead, and one evening the twilight had settled over me while I still sat by that meekly-made grave. All at once the sound of a heavy footstep startled me, and the shadow of a man fell athwart the grass. I knew him at once, though he was much paler than formerly, and there was an expression of suffering on his face that awoke all my childish sympathy. It was the same man who had visited our mistress on the week before she left us. He seemed surprised at finding a child so near her grave; but when he saw that I recognized him, began to question me about the departed. I told him all, and he wept like a child, for my presence was no restraint upon him. After a time he took me in his arms, and asked if the departed had never given me any present—a picture-book or certificate which I would part with—he would give me a beautiful piece of gold for. I thought of my precious ringlet, and there was a struggle in my young heart.

"Did you love our mistress?" I inquired, for it seemed

wrong to give up the beautiful curl to any one who had not loved her as well as I had done.

"Love her—oh, God, did I not!" he exclaimed, covering his face and bursting into tears—such tears as can only be wrung from a strong, proud man.

"Don't cry, don't cry! I will give you the hair, I will indeed," I exclaimed, eager to pacify him, for it seemed strange and unnatural to see a man weep. Taking the ringlet from very work-bag, I held it up in the moonlight. His tears were checked at the sight, and with a quick breath he took it from my hand. Another burst of grief swept over him, and then he became more calm. When he saw that I would not take the gold, he kissed my forehead, and led me forth from the grave of "my first school-mistress."

Original.

SONGS OF THE WIND.

—
BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

—
INTRODUCTORY.

It was a summer eve, upon a scene
Lovely and rich, the glowing sun went down,
And through the purple twilight's bazy screen,
Gleamed Dian's crescent crown.

Earth seemed to breathe again; the burning heat
Of noon had passed, and o'er the fields embrowned,
The western breeze came forth in fragrance sweet,
Scattering its freshness round.

And waving to its breath, the ivy leaves
That greenly clothed the turret where I sat,
Gave rustling whispers from the shady eaves,
That woke the drowsy bat.

And from a window, crimsoned with the glow
Of the departing daylight, there were rolled
Strains of rich music, faint, at times, and low,
Stirring, at times, and bold.

Wild was the measure, for the harp that woke
The music, answered with its trembling strings
To the invisible and fitful stroke
Of Zephyr's waving wings.

And Fancy, as the strain gave thrilling sound,
Or into silence sinking softly died,
Hovering my wrapt and dreamy sense around
Wild words supplied.

—
SONGS OF THE WIND.—No. I.

—
To the tones of the harp, as they rose and fell,
Touched by the wings of the passing breeze,
Thought added words from her magic cell—
Words like these:—

A gallant ship on a glassy ocean
Silently lies;
The loose sails flap with her heaving motion,
And round her fearless flies
The water bird,
For he hath not heard
Sound of life from the drowsy crew;
For, amongst them all, there are but two
Upon whose eyes the dew
Of slumber doth not drop—
One at the helm, one in the top;—
This one gazeth forth to see
Token or sign of me,
That looketh up to the idle sail,
Then to the vane on the quarter rail,
Then to the bright and waveless sea,
But nowhere he traces a glimpse of me;
Yet am I nearer than they suppose,
Whistle,* sailor, and I will hear;—
Look! there are rippings dark
Spreading behind your barque,
And the streamer shows
I am near;
The lighter sails my influence feel,
Now doth the proud ship heel,
Foam at her prow—
Foam in her wake—
Forward she flies
Hurrying now
The hills to make
Which faint and blue in the distance rise.

* It is a common thing during the continuance of calm weather at sea, to hear the sailors whistling for a wind.

Boston, Mass.

Original.

TO JULIE.

—
BY CAROLINE ORNE.

I'LL think thou art with me in spirit, whene'er,
As day is declining, sweet music floats by,
Breathing softly those strains we used often to hear
With emotion, that sent the warm tear to the eye.

And when her last smile has grown dim in the west,
And the fair crescent moon hovers brightly above,
Like an earth-released spirit that watches the rest,
Of some dear one below it continues to love,

When through the green forest-glade, fragrant winds
steal,

With a voice ever sweetest at daylight's decline,
And in tones sad and low breathe their thrilling appeal
To the heart, then I'll think that thy spirit's with mine.

Wolfsboro', N. H.

Original.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE;

OR, THE STORY OF THE WHITE MARE.

THE history of the great picture is familiar; but, it is not every one who has made himself acquainted with its counterpart, and for a very good reason: no son or daughter of Adam *knows* any thing about it but ourselves, and of course we are "original"—probably the *most* original writer of the present day, (or night, to be strictly accurate, for we are delving into this business at half past twelve, P. M.)

The "grey mare" has sometimes been considered "the better horse," and she may have been, we believe. At any rate we intend to make her so on this occasion, for we propose so to paint her exploits as to founder her male competitor during the first mile of the heat. Death may consider himself very respectable a *cheval*, and the "historical painter" may pride himself upon it, and his executors may take airs, if they please; but a "discerning public" will see and acknowledge the difference between the sexes! Death is a different thing when mounted on an imaginary steed, from what he is on a veritable nag, of the same color and an opposite gender.

Mr. Valentine Volutus Grubworm, of Voluntown, in the staid old state of Rhode Island, once made a visit to New-York, and went, while he was sojourning in that great city, to the extraordinary extravagance of giving a quarter of a dollar for admission to the exhibition of "Death on the Pale Horse."

He thought it tolerably good, though he considered it rather "risky" for Squire Skeleton to ride out upon such a colt with no better bridle. No matter, however, he was pleased with the picture, and it was his opinion, that it would be just the thing for the sign post of Deacon Thurston, the tavern keeper near Taunton, who generally keeps full length portraits of several *distingues* in the equestrian circles, by way of adornment to his bar room. Filled with these feelings and prepared for eating, sleeping and dreaming upon horse flesh, he went home to East Greenwich; and it becomes us to say, because sober truth urges us to say it, that on the very night of his arrival, the classic picture of the pale horse, became as insignificant as a sorrel colt, compared with the mother—(if we were more particular, we should probable call her the "dam") of that highly favored animal.

Miss Mehitable Mohair—called by those best acquainted with her, for the last seven years, *No hair*, as she really *had* for that period, very little of her own—had strided a wind-broken jade, lately turned off the furrow for sheer inability to plough; and the poor old beast being superannuated beyond all useful avocation, had been mounted by Miss Mohair, from mere sympathy of color between the capillary accompaniments of the two worthies, biped and quadruped. Both of them had grown grey, in a struggle against time. Where, as Falstaff said, could you find better "sympathy?" It so happened that Mr. Grubworm returned by twilight to his native village, Slumpington, and long before he had reached the outmost suburb of that interesting hamlet, he encountered Old Grey and his phantom rider. They appeared to be a couple of twin skeletons, and which look-

ed most like the handy work of people who had "been picking a bone with the grave," was more than Grubworm would have been willing to take the responsibility of deciding. Mehitable made decidedly a good ghost, and her ambler to do exact justice in the premises, was all that could be desired of a starveling of the stable. "Lord a' mercy on us," says Mr. G; "here's another guess picture of death on the pale horse, than that ere daub I seed down to York: if I could catch that pair of *otomies** I'd undersell that feller in Barclay street, all holler; *he cant* paint death on his fast trotter like this! He aint up to it. It takes a Yankee gal and a Yankee hoss to show off the real critters; but I rather 'spect it aint best to make light of it—I guess these are both ghosts and I wish I wasn't quite so near 'em. One on 'em looks dreadfully like Hitty Mohair and t'other beast is the very image of Old Suke; but its my opinion that both on 'em have been murdered, just as the hoss and his rider were murdered in the picture, and they have met me here in Slump Swamp, only just to convince me of it." At that moment, horse and rider came plump upon the New-York connoisseur, and happening, (the horse,) just at that time to stumble, Hitty and Sukey tumbled incontinently upon our hero. The collision was none of the most comfortable, and would have convinced almost any body else that there was two much *pulpability* about it, to be considered ghostly, at any rate. It had, however, no such result. Mr. Grubworm was only the more confirmed in his terror, and was made quite sure that there was something supernatural in the rencounter; when after digging himself from under, he was addressed in a cracked voice in these words—whether from horse or rider, he never satisfactorily ascertained—at least for some time.

"Grubworm," says the ghost, "get up, and help us up, if you aint too drunk."

"Well, I guess that's a good one," answered the sufferer. "Drunk, I wonder! Whose staggeration is this here to be laid to, I should like to know?"

"Why, yourn to be sure," says the ghost. "'Tisn't likely the misfortun'd happened if you hadn't a stumbled under Sukey's fore heels."

All Mr. Grubworm could respond, in the terror of the moment, was comprised in very few words.

"Like enough; but 'tisn't best to make any words about it: I dare say its all my doins, but where under the light of heaven's did you come from, Hitty, and how under the sun come you to get on to that ere darned old droudge, of a dark night?—she hasn't done nothin' but plough between corn ever since I can remember."

The nocturnal equestrian was, as we think, perfectly satisfactory in her explanation, which was given in substance as follows: the language we take the liberty of translating from the *patois* of Narragansett to legitimate English.

"Mr. Grubworm, I merely mounted old Trotty My Tramp, for an evening ride down to Elder Slocum's conference, and our meeting with you was accidental altogether. If both of us looked like ghosts, I cant help it. It is rather likely we did; but if you have seen any thing

* This is white oak Yankee for anatomy.

in New-York, where I understand you have been fooling away your time, and where your neighbors say you have written desperate accounts of your *sights*—if you have seen any thing equal to “death on the pale horse,” which Sukey and I have had the honor of presenting to you to-night, I am very much mistaken. If you have not, suppose you should hand us over one and six pence for the show!”

C. F. D.

Original.

TO ELIZA.—ABSENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

DISTANCE our bodies may divide,
But spirit knows no space,
For though afar from thee I am,
I look upon thy face,
And see thy dear eyes' sparkling glance,
And hear thy lip's fond eloquence,
And feel thy gentle smile!—
Our babe lies nestling on thy breast,
Its heavings lull it into rest.

And now within its cradle-bed,
How gently thou dost lay
It down, and hush it into sleep,
Then softly steal away.

Thou'rt thinking now, I know, of me,
Thy eye looks in so dreamily.
Ah! sigh not thus, my love,
I'm not afar, but near thy side
In thought, in love, my gentle bride.

No link within the chain that binds
In one, our hearts, is broken;
The tie doth but the closer cling—
Be this, to thee, the token;—
Unite two bodies with one band,
Force them apart with eager hand,
And this will then be found;
The tie that once seemed loose and weak,
Hath strength no feeble arm can break.

Soon homeward I will turn, and then
Brief absence will have shown,
How each to each is dearer far
Than e'er before was known.
Thy tone will have a soothing power,
Unfelt till that fond meeting hour,
Thy smile will sweeter seem,
And from that moment I will be
Far dearer, loved one, unto thee.

Then sigh not at the lingering hours,
'Twill only make them go,
Like solemn funeral pageantries,
Sad, sad, and very slow.

Nor would I have thee light and gay,
As bird that bounds from spray to spray,
Thoughtless and aimless too—
But calmly happy—peace to prove
In present or in absent love.

Original.

GERMAN NOVELISTS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It has so happened that the most extravagant, only, among the numerous modern works of fiction in Germany, have come to the knowledge of American readers. From these, an estimate has been formed that does injustice to the mass of German prose literature. It is true that to the best and most favored of the various schools, belong peculiarities that unfit their productions for the taste of romance readers in this country. They, accustomed to novels full of striking incident and the pathos of character, would hardly relish the intellectual feasts so much boasted of by the *Æsthetic* scholars of Germany, where the metaphysical faculties are amply provided for, to the almost total neglect of the fancy or the heart. Works of this stamp must, of necessity, remain unprized among us, so long as there is so great a difference in the mental character of the two nations. But there are authors equally free from the exceptionable assumptions of the *æsthetic*, and from the exaggeration and mysticism of the old-fashioned school. These writers have, within a few years, begun to attract attention abroad, and will doubtless vindicate the romantic reputation of their country from the aspersions cast upon it.

The love of the marvellous and supernatural, which enchained us of old, has no longer power to render us blind to sins against good taste. Even the name of Hoffman, a rare genius, and a leader in the fantastic path, is now cited to exemplify how the most fertile fancy may be rendered useless by unbounded license. It is not our object to trace the developement of purer principles of taste in German prose fiction; but we will endeavor to exhibit something of the character of a few of their prominent authors, selecting such as are most likely to become popular in this country.

None of their novelists rank higher than Spindler. He is deservedly illustrious, but we are disposed to deny him the praise bestowed by some compatriot critics, of being the Schiller of prose romance. He lacks the creative power, the philosophy and the purity of that great poet, although he merits abundant commendation for the fertility of his invention, and his power of depicting manners and characters. In his pictures of the feudal ages, we are struck by the gloomy colors in which he portrays all that we have been wont to associate with bright images of romantic honor, valor and simplicity. The plot of his stories is happily complicated, and always interesting; and his scenes are strikingly represented, and impressive from the strong individuality with which he endows his personages.

Among his numerous tales, comprising twenty or more volumes, the longer Historical Pictures or Sketches possess great merit; and of these, one of the earliest, though by no means the most perfect, *Der Jude* (The Jews) offers a fair specimen of his merits and faults as a novel writer. Such is the amplification of detail in this work, that it would utterly baffle the most patient effort at analysis. In fact, there can hardly be said to be any main action or story, the interest being so divided, that

we are almost bewildered in the maze. We have striking actors enough for half a dozen romances; an ambitious, luxurious prelate, a brilliant but unprincipled woman, with her agents and her victims—a fierce, lawless captain of banditti, a recreant—and a faithful Jew—a lovely, unfortunate Jewess—a noble and moral hero—a fair, ingenuous maiden, who becomes his wife, etc., etc., etc. All these are mingled with a host of others less important, and the attention of the reader is strained amid the crowd of incidents, to keep them in view. The interest must be powerful that could carry the reader through such a labyrinth to the end; and that we arrived there, we regard as no small triumph of the author. He gives a most graphic and life-like, though a dark picture of the age; of the luxury and rapacity of the priesthood, and the violence and rapine prevailing even among the nobility, as well as their lawless imperiors. The sketches of Thierre and of Wallrade, are admirable, as are those of the Duke, Ben David, the Jew, and some of the nobles. Regina is a sweet creation. We cannot say as much for the hero and heroine; Dagobert's love for Esther makes no manner of progress through the four volumes; and it is a poor piece of contrivance, that, at the least, disappoints expectation by making him marry Regina. The chief fault of the novel is its want of unity. The fortunes of the elder Frosch, the love and adventures of the younger, the exploits of the bandits, the persecution of the Jews, and the proceedings of the Secret Tribunal—are mingled in one web, but do not tend to one point. That a painful impression remains on the mind, is owing to the strong light in which Spindler exhibits the abuses of the feudal system; the unrelieved aspect in which he shows the evils of society in "the first half of the fifteenth century."

Tromlitz, though inferior in invention to Spindler, equals him in the faculty of individualizing his personages, and painting the peculiarities of different countries and ages. He is abundantly prolific, and though he cannot be esteemed a novelist of great skill, his works are rich in interest, and take a strong hold on the imagination. Like Spindler, he is too fond of multiplying characters, but excels in historical portraiture, and in the art of showing, by forcible example, the influence of different times and circumstances on the human mind. The dramatic interest he imparts to his stories, and the boldness of his conceptions, have commanded for him a success, which qualities less universally popular, might have failed to obtain. Yet we know not if any secondary degree of praise ought to be bestowed on his just pictures of historical character in Germany and Italy.

Many of the tales of Zschokke have been translated, and published in the magazines of the day, and have met with general favor. He is, in truth, a favorite, both in Germany and Switzerland, and numbered among the classics in his line. He was born at Magdeburg, in 1771; and being deprived of both his parents at an early age, was brought up by his relatives. When very young he learned to feel deeply the want of parental care and affection; he never saw without tears, says his biographer, the tenderness lavished on his playmates by their fond parents; and often used to rise from his bed at

night, and kneel down to pray fervently that he might once behold the spirit of his departed father. His isolated condition in childhood, nourished in his mind a degree of self-confidence, a resolute will, and a hatred of oppression, for which he was remarkable during the rest of his life. His exclusion from external sources of happiness led him to indulge in the creations of imagination; and this romantic tendency in his mind was cultivated by the narratives of an old sailor, a laborer at the house of one of his relations, who used to spend the evenings in relating wild adventures by sea and land—the marvellous histories of Robert Pierrot, Robinson Crusoe, etc., etc. The fancy of the youthful auditor became deeply imbued with a love of the wild and wondrous, till he began to imagine himself called to the destiny of a Robinson Crusoe. He looked forward with eagerness to his anticipated voyage to the South Sea Islands; applied himself diligently to the studies befitting a seaman, and actually commenced a journal in which he determined to record all extraordinary occurrences.

But the day dreams of a lad, twelve years old, are seldom realized. Circumstances made him indeed a wanderer; but not exactly in the way he anticipated. In 1795, he began his travels through Germany toward the south. On entering Switzerland, he felt as if transported into a new world. He wept tears of joy on beholding her mountains, her luxuriant woodland, her cataracts, and her bright blue streams. He visited every part of the country, and spared no effort to render himself familiar with the customs, manners and character of the people among whom he desired to spend his days. Having been prevailed on to take charge of a school, and afterwards created a citizen, he was engaged in turn by the governors of many Swiss Cantons, in administrative offices; till, at length displeased with the conduct of the Berne Senate, he withdrew from public life.

Thenceforth he passed his time in the bosom of his family, occupied in domestic pleasures and cares, and devoted to the pursuits of literature. His works are of more sustained excellence than is usual in a voluminous writer. His stories do not irresistibly compel attention by startling incident, so much as attract by simple pathos and delicate discrimination of character. A vein of satire runs through many of them, which is generally pleasing and in good taste, but sometimes degenerates into caricature, and savors of contempt for the ordinary forms of society. He had, too, the fault common to many of his countrymen—a fondness for sentimental philosophizing, and for tedious disquisitions; these he introduces in his dialogue, too often at the risk of becoming tiresome. Some of his tales—as *Eros—Die Verklarungen*, etc., are written apparently to illustrate some theory, the arguments being mingled with the narrative. Those that are most free from this tone of exaggerated philosophy, are delightful; for example—*Florette*, a charming tale of the first love of Henry IV. *Leaves from the journal of a Vicar in Wiltshire*. *The Dead Guest*. *"Tis very possible."* *The Evening before the Wedding*, and many others.

Another of Zschokke's defects is a frequent disregard of probability. *The Blue Miracle—Tautchen Rosmarin—Walpurgis night—Die Nacht in Brezweizmeisl*, etc., are exceptionable on this ground. Most of his productions illustrate some moral truth, or convey some just precept. The Vicar's Journal is in praise of contentment and pious submission to the will of Providence. *Die Bohne* flings a shaft at female gossip, and the absurdity of a morbid fancy. The Dead Guest is in ridicule of superstition. "Tis very possible," shows the advantages of a sober mind through the vicissitudes of human life, illustrated in the history of a statesman famed for moderation and distrust of fortune's constancy—who kept his place in all the changes of government, during, and after the French Revolution.

Hauff has as much simple pathos as Zschokke, with more of an air of reality about his tales. They have, it is true, a romantic tone, sometimes bordering on extravagance; but when he does not overstep bounds, he is truly touching. One of his most beautiful tales—"The Beggar-girl of Pont des Arts," is spoiled by a denouement that outrages probability, as well as decorum. The author goes too far in endeavoring to enlist our sympathies for a gifted woman, whom a wayward fortune ceases not to persecute, and threatens to overwhelm her, till she is driven to rescue herself by the sacrifice of her noble feelings. The following is a description of the heroine's first appearance.

"One evening—it was about eleven of the clock, rainy, and the wind blowing cold and piercing, we were going from the *Quai Malaquais*, over Pont des Arts to the Louvre. Pont des Arts is only passable for foot passengers; and it happened that no one was stirring any where about us. We crossed the bridge, drawing our cloaks well round us, and I was already ascending the steps on the other side, when my attention was arrested by an unexpected sight.

There stood, leaning on the bridge, a tall and slender female figure. A dark-colored hat was tied close down over her face, which was further concealed by a green veil. She wore a dark silk mantle, and the wind, which blew fiercely against her, revealed the outline of a delicate and youthful shape. A small hand was put forth from her cloak, and held a plate; before her was a lantern, the feeble and flickering light of which fell on a foot that Cinderella might have coveted. Nowhere is there, perhaps, so much misery in contact with so much luxury and magnificence, as in Paris; yet there are comparatively few beggars. They seldom are seen pushing their way forward; and never run after the stranger, nor persecute him with petitions. The infirm or blind sit or kneel at the corners of the streets, quietly holding out a hat, and leaving it to the passer-by, to notice or disregard their supplications. The beggars I felt most for were those who took their station nightly in the streets, with heads covered, motionless, and ashamed, apparently, of their occupation. My acquaintances in Paris had informed me, that these were, for the most part, people of respectable condition, reduced by misfortune to extremity; who, unwilling or unable to earn their bread, had resorted to this last expedient to pro-

long a wretched existence—till despair terminated it in the waters of the Seine.

To this class, undoubtedly, belonged the female of Pont des Arts, whose appearance struck me. I looked at her more closely; her limbs seemed to tremble more violently from cold, than the flame of her lantern; but she was silent, suffering the bleak night wind to speak for her. I felt in my pockets; but could not find a frank—a single sous. I turned to Faldner and asked him for some change; but, vexed at being exposed to the cold by my delay, he cried, "Leave the beggar and come along! Let us get to bed, for I am freezing!"

"Only a few sous, friend!" I insisted; he caught me by the cloak to pull me forward. The poor damsel now ventured to say, in a voice trembling, but very sweet—and to our astonishment, in good German, "Oh, gentlemen, have compassion!" Her voice, and unexpected use of my native language, affected me powerfully; I again urged my request for some change. Faldner laughed. "Here," said he, "are a few franks; make your bargain with the girl, but let me out of the scrape!" He hastened away as he spoke. I felt really embarrassed; she must have heard what my companion said, and I feared we had wounded the feelings of one in misfortune. I approached her hesitatingly. "My girl," said I, "you have chosen a poor place to stand; there will not many pass here to-night."

"If only," whispered she, scarce audibly, after a pause—"if only those few who pass have feeling for the unhappy!"

There was something in her manner, and the tone in which she spoke, that showed she had seen better times. "You are my countrywoman," I continued; "may I ask—will you tell me, if I can, do more for you, than give you this trifle of silver?"

She answered—"We are very poor, and my mother is sick and helpless."

Impelled by the unaccountable feeling of sympathy I experienced for the girl, I asked, "Will you conduct me to your mother?" She was silent; the request seemed to surprise her. "Think not," I said, "that I have any other motive than the honest wish to aid you, if I can."

"Then come!" replied the veiled damsel; she took up her lantern, extinguished it, and hid it with the plate, under her cloak.

The girl led the way across the bridge. As I walked in silence a little behind her, I had opportunity to observe her. Her figure, as far as I could see, for the mantle, her whole air, her voice, particularly, bespoke extreme youth. Her step was quick, light and elastic. She had declined the assistance of my arm in walking. At the end of the bridge she went up into the Rue Mazarin. "Has your mother been long sick?" I asked, coming to her side, and endeavoring, through her veil, to catch a glimpse of her features.

"For two years," she answered, sighing; "but it is eight days only since she became so bad."

"Have you been often at that place?"

"Where?" asked she.

"On the bridge yonder."

"To-night, for the first time," she answered.

"Then you have not, as yet, found any good place; other thoroughfares are more frequented."

I had no sooner made this remark than I repented it; for I saw it must have hurt her. She wept, but suppressed her sobbing as much as possible, and faltered—"Ah! I am such a stranger here, and I am ashamed to go into the crowd!"

How deep must be the misery that had driven this creature to beggary! Once or twice, I confess, the thought crossed me which had occurred to Faldner, but it was instantly banished. If she really belonged to that outcast class of females, why was she found veiled in a spot so unfrequented? Why did she so sedulously conceal a form and features, which, judging from what I saw, must possess the advantages of beauty? No! hers was certainly a case of real misfortune; it was this and her shrinking diffidence—her evident shame for guiltless poverty, that so appealed to my feelings."

In the *Jew Sutz*, Hauff has furnished a better tale, as far as incident and plot are concerned. *Lea* is quite an original creation. The sister of a powerful Jew minister, who though favored by the sovereign, is hated by the people, she has lived secluded from the world, and innocent of all its deceptions. Her brother, designing, selfish and vicious as he is, has ever been most solicitous to shield her from temptation and from evil. Her child-like gentleness, her ingenuousness, her dependence, her devoted affection, with her virtuous feeling and magnanimity, are beautifully painted, and form a character quite new in German fiction. We had marked for extraction, from this interesting story, the spirited scene of the Jew's arrest after the death of the Duke; but our limits oblige us to be content with quoting a touching paragraph relating to *Lea*. The Jewish maiden's former lover is one of those who conduct the trial of the ex-minister.

"It was a gloomy evening in October; the old advocate had been some days absent, and his son was at work in the library-room at a new examination, when his younger sister, now the happy bride of Captain Reelzingen, entered, looking more grave than usual. She spoke, at first, upon different matters, but seemed scarce able to restrain the tears, which, at length glistened in her soft blue eyes, while she asked if her brother would be angry at her introducing an old acquaintance. The young man looked at her in surprise, but ere he could answer, Katharine hastened from the apartment, and returned leading in a veiled lady. Before the light fell on her whole figure—before she raised her veil, his throbbing heart told him who stood before him. The blood rushed to his temples; he started up, but she had already cast herself at his feet, and thrown back her veil. It was *Lea*; those eyes once beloved, were tearfully and imploringly raised to his; her pale thin hands clasped together, were stretched toward him in act of supplication. "Mercy!" she cried; "let him not die! they say he must die; his only hope is in you. Where shall I find words to touch your generous heart? to speak to you who once understood me so well?" Tears choked her utterance, and Katharine also wept. Full of surprise and grief, Gustavus took her cold hand, and

raised her from her humble attitude. He gazed upon her; how sad was that look! Her cheeks were pallid and attenuated; her eyes sunken; her mouth that seemed formed but for smiles, had evidently been long a stranger to a smile. The dark hair that fell over her white forehead, and contrasted with the death-like hue of her cheek, gave her an unearthly aspect.

"*Lea!* unhappy *Lea!*" cried the young man, "how long have you held yourself concealed, and denied your friends the consolation of knowing that you wanted for nothing—of knowing what they could do for you?"

"Ah! 'tis not for that, that I besought your noble-minded sister to bring me hither!" answered she, with a mournful smile. What should I need? Long since, I buried all my dreams and my hopes; I have planted my remembrances as flowers on the grave, and water the flowers with my tears. No! you were ever kind to the unhappy; give me only the consolation of knowing that my brother shall not die! Ah! it is so bitter to die; and what will his death profit this land?"

"*Lea!*" said Gustavus, embarrassed, "I assure you nothing has yet been said of death—and I believe—you must be cheered—I think the matter will not be carried so far."

"It will! but in your hand lies his fate!" whispered she. "He told me when I spoke with him, 'If it were not for the letter—the letter may be my ruin.' Oh, Gustavus! keep him years—his life in prison—if it must be! What mischief can be do, in chains? But do not kill him! Gustavus! be merciful! forget the letter! nobody knows of it but yourself! With yonder waxen light you may save a man's life!"

"Brother," said Katharine, approaching and taking his hand, "do it! your conscience will never reproach you; for his power to work harm will be taken away. Burn the letter; it may appear that it has been lost."

The young man cast a look on the weeping maidens; feelings he could not vanquish struggled in his bosom. For a single instant, he wavered. *Lea* perceived his hesitation: she caught his hand, pressed it to her heart—to her lips. "He will save him!" she cried in transport; he is noble, and will not, like the rest, revenge his injuries on the fallen. He will not suffer him to die laden with sins, but give him life for repentance and amendment. Oh, gracious God! I thank thee that Thou hast sent thine angel on this desolate earth, dispensing mercy with open hand, not smiting the sinner with the flaming sword of vengeance!"

"No, no! it is impossible!" exclaimed Lanbek, in a tone of the deepest sorrow. "*Lea!* I would give life to purchase your peace—but mine honor! my good name! It is impossible; the letter has been seen—read—I must produce it to-morrow! Katharine! speak! I conjure you! Can I—dare I do it?"

Katharine wept still, but a slight motion of her head seemed to signify that it could not be. *Lea* had listened with eager, rigid gaze; a slight flush passed across her pale cheeks; she bowed down her head, as if unable to receive the cruel denial; but when Gustavus appealed to his sister, with a heart-thrilling look, in which trustfulness and sorrow were mingled, she stretched out her

hands convulsively, like a drowning person, who grasps after some feeble twig beyond his reach.

"Lea!" said the young man, "may we not do somewhat for you? You are used to affluence—you are now—I perceive it but too well—in poverty! * * * Your brother's possessions shall and must be saved for you. You have the best claim. I will do my best to urge it."

"Kind Gustavus!" interrupted Lea, "let that alone. The people say he wrung his possessions from the poor of this land. He did evil in that; it would have been better had he never seen this land, but it would be likewise wrong in me to make use of this wealth which has brought him to an ignominious death. From you, dear maiden, I will receive thankfully what you offer. I hear you are betrothed; may you be happy! may these be your last tears! or, if you weep, may it be the sorrow of another that moves your sympathizing heart!"

"You must not leave us thus," insisted Gustavus; "it is the deceitful calm of despair that leads you thus to speak. Part not in anger from me, Lea! Heaven knows I cannot do otherwise!"

"I know it, too, Gustavus: and I was but a foolish girl to put you to so painful a trial. So deep is our misery, that a slight alleviation were too dearly purchased with your peace and honor. Farewell! I shall need little, soon, perhaps, nothing more; if I am in want, I am not too proud to come to this lady, the only friend my misfortunes have procured for me."

Her glance, full of woe and of affection, rested an instant upon him, then she turned and left the room, accompanied by Katharine. The young man looked sadly after her; the hour seemed the most solemn of his life; but he thought not he saw the maiden for the last time."

Ludwig Tieck is a genius of a different order. His appears to be a spirit nurtured under a classic sky, that has arisen in might to chastise the follies of his generation. Almost every story in the eight volumes before us, that bear his name, affords an illustration of some fallacy or hallucination of the popular mind. He endeavors not only to show the erroneous tendencies of the multitude in his own age, but to reclaim them from their strange wanderings, and direct them in the path of common sense. A plentiful harvest was open to his labors: not only in the faults inseparable from the national character of the Germans, but also in those into which they had been led by false teachers, and self-sufficient leaders. Tieck has deserved, for his efforts to correct these faults, the lasting gratitude of the reasonable, not only among his own countrymen, but wherever men have profited by his lessons. To crown all, the philosophical truth he seeks to inculcate, is recommended by a pure morality, and an excellence of style that render his works as valuable as any that can be found in the literature of this country.

We have not space to enter into analysis of any of his *novellen*; and can barely mention a few of the best. Among these are *Die Riesenden*, and the *Wundersuchtigen*, in which he shows up some of the absurdities of modern philosophy—magnetism and magic. In *Des Dichters Leben*, the violence of fanaticism, working upon

the passions of men, is powerfully depicted; and *Der Hexen Sabbath*, a noble story, presents a striking picture of Catholic bigotry. The *Zauberschloss* holds up superstition in its proper light, and contains many amusing incidents, with a variety of well drawn characters. A tale of much simplicity of plot, yet interesting at the same time, is the one entitled *Musikalische Leiden und Freuden*, in which a variety of adventures are detailed, illustrating the pleasures and the troubles of musicians. The main story concerns a young Count, an amateur who falls in love with a singer from hearing her once merely; and travels about several years unable to find her, having seen only the back of her neck and her finely shaped ear. He discovers her at last in the poor daughter of a musician, and fulfils his vow by offering her his hand and fortune. The dialogue—and dialogue occupies an unusually large share in Tieck's stories—contains many critical remarks upon the great masters in music. The following observations on Mozart's great work are put into the mouth of one of the characters.

"The first time the Don Giovanni of Mozart was represented, I was persuaded to visit the theatre. It had been recently composed, and the great man's fame was not yet so well established in Germany as afterwards, as I observed to a distinguished connoisseur, who could not talk enough of the bad taste of the work. For my part, it seemed during the overture as if all my senses were enthralled. I cannot describe the feelings that came over me, when for the first time I listened to true music and understood it. My delight increased as the representation proceeded; the design of the author was perfectly clear to me. And the great spirit of the work, its glorious melody—the wonderful magic, the multiplicity of sounds the most opposite, blended with exquisite skill into one harmonized whole—the deep expression of feeling—the union of the bizarre and the terrible—the bold and the lovely—the cheerful and the tragic—all that renders this production the ONLY one of its kind—passed through my ear into my inmost soul. The influx being so sudden, increased my ecstasy; and I could now scarcely await the Belmont of the same master, the passion of which had not less enraptured me.—I sought also to comprehend other composers; Gluck's grand style, his noble rhetoric, the deep soul of his works captivated me; I rejoiced in Paisiella and Martini; Cimarosa's clear spirit enlightened me, and I strove to apprehend and appropriate the diversities of musical style, etc. etc."

Die Verlobung is a beautiful story. *Der Jahrmarkt* with *Die Riesenden* and others, have little interest for foreign readers, as the lash of satire is there applied to the follies and vices of German provincial life. *Pietro von Abano*, a tale of the famous sorcerer, is attractive from its vigor of narration, and richness of coloring; but, avowedly a tale of enchantment, belongs to a different class from those above mentioned. Tieck here departs from the pure simplicity that generally characterises him. The story is more in the taste of those who admire the wildnesses of Hoffmann, and who read to beguile a gloomy hour by the startling creations of fancy. The portion of greatest interest is that describing the restoration of Cre

scentia from the dead by magic art, her state half dead, half alive, and the eagerness with which she desires a return to that repose she has been compelled to abandon.

As a short specimen of Tieck, we quote a scene in which a youth, by mistake, is introduced into Bedlam. It is from *Die Riesenden* :

"They descended to the great Hall. Wolfsberg, from having been shut up so long in his little chamber, was half blinded by the light, by the company—and the prospect of plain and mountain opened on his view from the windows. He could not at once collect himself, and required time to become familiar with the objects before him. The director was walking up and down, in a more gloomy mode than usual; he seemed occupied in his own thoughts, and troubled himself not with the company.

Two men were apparently deeply engrossed in chess; another was reading in a corner, and frequently smiled, or shook his head, giving now and then sighs of approval, as if he was perfectly absorbed in his author. One was sleeping in an arm chair, remarkable for his crimson dress; his head was covered with a large three cornered hat. Another stood gazing fixedly upward toward the sky, holding a graduated stick in his hand, which he was every moment counting over. Three strange looking persons stood near, disputing vehemently; one was a large man; his head upright, his eyes dilated; he croaked more than talked, and seemed to have the advantage over his slender neighbor, whose face was thin and pale, with lips expressively thin, and great blue eyes that seemed more immense by comparison. The third speaker laughed incessantly, opening a huge ill-formed mouth, and drawing deep lines in his copper cheeks. Wolfsberg looked for his trusty Friederich, to introduce him to this singular company, but he was gone, leaving him to make acquaintance for himself. He approached the chess players, and saw to his surprise at the first glance, that both kings stood in check, unobserved by the seemingly attentive players. His amazement increased, when one of the players took up the white tower moved it diagonally across the board, captured a bishop and placed it next the king. The black king now retired with a knight's step, and a white knight took three pawns in a diagonal direction. "How is this, gentlemen?" cried Wolfsberg, "you play against the first rules of the game!" "Ha!" exclaimed one of the opponents, looking up from the board, "look you—this novice wants to teach us to play chess." "Take it not ill of the ignorant fellow," said his adversary; "he is not initiated into the secret of cosroe, and the Oriental fashion of playing; he knows not that you are one of the old Indians' great spirit! nor how you can put to shame his feeble knowledge. Know, young Westlander, Vandal, Goth, or Slave, as it may be—we play chess not with board and step, and leap, as in your countries. Our free spirit recognises neither the conventional dignity of the king, nor the inferiority of the pawns; but we play after our sympathies, in that spirit which binds all worlds together by invisible laws. Every night my friend has a new inspiration; the following day I become inspired. The other then guesses by his lofty instinct, the new system

his companion has devised, and enters into his mysteries. There is infinitely greater variety in this method, than in the modern fashion of moving the pieces."

"That is another matter, indeed," said Wolfsberg as he retired. He went up to the individual who was reading; but noticed to his astonishment, that he held the book upside down, and was turning the leaves backward. "Sir," said he, courteously, "are you so absent that you do not perceive that one cannot read in this manner? Or perhaps you know not how to read?" The man rose up hastily, made him a low bow, looked at him, bowed yet lower, then with lisping voice and a tone of excessive civility—replied—"I perceive, most respected Sir unknown, that you are pleased to express yourself like a simpleton. You are pleased to speak as one ignorant of a knowledge too vast for your narrow superficial horizon. What! Because I do not read forward, or hold the book upright, I know not how to read? Ay, if I knew not a single letter, poor vagabond, and but took the book with faith and devotion in my hands, could I not obtain the knowledge?—Yes! the printer's ink and crooked figures are before your eyes; the smell of glue and paper tickled your nostrils, and you make a face, like a sheep in a thunderstorm, and think you have sipped wisdom and are bigger than your author! Good no-thinker—most respected blockhead, I was years ago a reviewer, active and judicious,—well used to books. My judgment was clearer the less I read; I carried my skill to perfection, and had only to look at the title and place of publication, to judge of the book. Is that no art? Since I have retired to this solitude, I have, because I am humble and diffident, taken to books again. But I read not forwards. The end is my beginning, and now that I am used to read upside down, I should find it impossible to read after your stupid, brainless fashion. And where is the beginning—you simpleton? Does not the first verse in the bible speak of another beginning. Could we find that, it would still refer to another. There is an end—Oh, votary of stupidity! even with your understanding; with that you are at an end!" After this—he bowed very low, and concluded—"Pardon me, most respected, and sensible of the eminent; so greatly your inferior, I do not venture to dispute with you in chief matters, but humbly to submit a few doubts—in the form of a petition for information; thereby to give you an opportunity to display more broadly your deep wisdom, more clearly your clear spirit—more vividly the radiancy of your knowledge—your thought;—*Enfin*—great man—I am silent!"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Wolfsberg with horror, for now first the suspicion flashed upon him, as he cast a hasty glance round upon the guests, of what was their real character, "I am in a MADHOUSE! Who has been daring enough to send me hither?"

It was but seldom that Tieck gratifies a passion for mere excitement: his tales generally proceed in calm, easy and equal tenor to the end, which hardly merits a denouement. One of his objects is to correct a prevailing vice in letters; and he knows his own lessons by never overstepping the modesty of nature or the sobriety of homely reason. His productions are calculated to work

good that shall endure when the most extravagant flights of imagination have ceased to astonish.

We cheerfully bear witness to the merits of J. P. Lyser. A young author, whose fame has not yet ripened in his own country, we look upon him as one of rich promise. We have read but few of his tales besides those contained in the two volumes before us; they all give evidence of vigorous imagination and cultivated taste. There is a force, and graphic power in his style, joined with simplicity, that we confess is infinitely agreeable to us. He ever studies to avoid prolixity of description and detail, the besetting sin of the German writers; on the contrary, he so condenses his matter, as to give his productions a peculiar character, different from that of almost every writer among his countrymen. His *Kunst-novellen*, (Tales of Art) are novelties in the world of fictitious composition. In fact, they can scarcely be regarded as works of fiction. The object of each tale is to illustrate the character and style of some painter or musician; the incidents are generally taken from the biography of the artist; or if any thing is added, it is done to carry out the illustration, and finish a picture drawn from the life. Most of the celebrated German and Italian masters in music are here introduced intimately to the reader; Handel, Tartini, the Bach family, Palestrina, Mozart, Bellini, Gluck, and Haydn. The story of the French painter, Callot, in which the events of his life are woven into a beautiful tale, will attract the reader's attention from its romantic interest, even before he perceives the skill with which the character of this whimsical, original artist is developed and exhibited. The secret marriage of Tartini, his flight and seclusion in a convent, his well known dream of playing the violin for a wager with the devil, and his accidental discovery by his wife's relatives at Assisi, while playing behind the curtain in the church, are used by Lyser in a very happy manner.

The picture of Handel is truly noble and spirited. We have this great composer exhibited to us, as a man of high and honorable feelings and a soul deeply imbued with the grandeur that shines forth in his works; but austere in his deportment, and cherishing a sovereign contempt for the petty mockeries of art which then pleased so much the London world of fashion. His neglect of the formalities, and etiquette of aristocratic life had rendered him a stranger at Carlton House; the description of his reception there by George II. in the midst of his Court, after the representation of the Messiah, and the rough answers of the master to the gracious compliments of the monarch, are highly amusing. Handel claimed for his work a higher reward than court honors could bestow; when the king thanks him "for the fair entertainment he had provided them in the Messiah," his answer is—"Sire—I have endeavored not to entertain you, but to make you better!" It is the constant endeavor of the author to show us the true and lofty sphere of art; her power and her mission to elevate the heart of man, and preserve him from temptation by directing him to noble enjoyments. "From her pure and holy presence all that is debasing is for ever banished;" and he exhibits her true votaries invested with a dignity that vindicates

in a degraded world the cause of goodness and beauty. One sad example he has given us, of a spirit fitted for the duties she imposes and the pleasures she provides, but perverted by evil passions, drawn aside from its calm path, and plunged into the horrors of infidelity and insanity. It is that of Friedemann Bach, the great son of the great Sebastian. The tale opens with a vivid picture of the young man involved in dissipation and intrigue, the victim of a coquette, the prey of ungoverned passions, loathing himself, and shrinking from the pure eyes of his excellent father. This pious—affectionate old man forms an admirable contrast to his son, as does the younger brother, Phillip Emanuel Bach, an ingenious youth, who lives free from the vices that stain the unhappy Friedemann. Sebastian's admonitions to his son, of whose guilt he is yet ignorant, his innocent self-gratulation, and his well meant advice in regard to his behavior in society, are characteristic and touching. After inquiring into his new productions—he is disposed to indulge in an old man's chat about marriage—

"Since it has pleased God, of his goodness, to grant us a meeting on this New Year's morning, let me ask, my dear son, how it is with you in other matters. Eh—Friedemann, will you not soon take a wife among the daughters of the land? I warrant me, Monsieur, the court organist, need not seek long, to find a handsome, and a willing damsel. Well—speak—young Sir!"

"Dear father, there is time enough."

"Bah—bah! time enough! I was not older than you are, when I married your mother, and by my faith! would have taken her much sooner, if I had had my place. So to work—Friedemann! 'Early wooed has none rued!'"

"It is a serious step, father."

"It is indeed, and one I am sure you would not take lightly; but I pray you, dear Friedemann, do it speedily. Ha! how delighted I shall be when a grandfather! and if the young one is a boy, he shall be named after me, and I will teach him to read his first notes. Yes—tis true; marriage is no child's play; I can assure you, son, I was often sorely put to it, and obliged to work hard to earn daily bread for my boys and girls. Well—has not the gracious God also blessed me? Have I not brought all up well—both to be good men and skilful musicians? It is worthy of remark, Friedemann, that from my great grandfather down, all the sons of the Bach family have had taste and talent for music. Make haste, now, and take a wife; if your boys have the hereditary gifts—how happy I shall be! Listen; when I wrote my last Fugue, I thought of my sons, and of you particularly—and owned myself blessed. I have often pleased myself by imagining I could write something, like the old masters, which might delight and edify the world a hundred years or so hence. God forgive me if there was a spice of worldly pride in the thought. Now, however, I indulge not in such dreams. But one idea has often occurred to me, which I shall cherish all my life long. How delightful will it be, when all the Bachs meet together in the Kingdom of Heaven, and unite there in singing to the glory of God; their hallalujah's resounding for ever and ever in presence of the Uncreate, who was and is and

shall be. Friedemann! child of my heart! let me not miss you there!"

"Father!" exclaimed the youth, and sank overpowered at Sebastian's feet.

The old man, who knew nought of the anguish that was struggling in the bosom of his son, regarded this burst of feeling as merely the excess of filial emotion. Laying both hands on the head of the kneeling youth, he said solemnly—"God's peace be with you, my Friedemann—now and for ever!—Amen!"

Friedemann rose, pale and agitated. He kissed his father's hand, and slowly withdrew from the apartment; but no sooner was the door closed than he rushed through the hall like one frantic, down the steps and through the streets, till he reached the open space, when he flung himself on the frozen ground, dashed his hand against his burning forehead, and cursed aloud his miserable being."

The series of the "Bach family" consists of three tales; in each of them, we trace the progress of poor Friedemann's mental disease. "The old musician discovers him to us in the extreme old age; the wreck of his former self, forlorn, helpless, living in a garret, and supported by the labors of a young artist, whom he saved from suicide. None of his friends know of his existence; and his real name is unknown even to the companion of his misery. The following extract introduces him.

"In a poor garret-room, in the Friedrichstadt at Berlin, sat an old man before a table, engaged in reading musical notes, and making observations, from time to time, with a pencil on the margin of the sheets.

A few coals were faintly glimmering in the chimney, though a violent storm raged without; the flame of the small lamp flickered so that strange shadows were shifting perpetually over the low walls; the sashes rattled in the window frames, and the weather-cock creaked upon the roof. It was a bitter night.

But small heed gave the old man to the roaring of the wind; to the discord around him. And though his tall and once noble figure—enfeebled and stooping—and his pale, furrowed and sunken cheeks showed the ravages of age and disease, yet his eyes still flashed a fire, as he eagerly perused the sheets before him, that strangely contrasted with the snow-white, scattered locks upon his head.

It struck twelve. There was a sound in the streets below, of shouting and of music, and from a neighboring church floated on the blast the words—"We praise Thee—oh, Lord God!"

The old man looked up and listened; and at length murmured—"Again?" The door opened, and a young man entered; his eyes were bright as those of his aged companion, but his locks were dark, and his face even paler and more attenuated.

"Welcome, fellow sufferer!" cried the old man; "did you hear the bell strike?"

"I heard it—it was the last."

"Was it?"

"Go you to rest."

"To sleep, mean you? Look, I am calm. I have

quelled the evil spirit; I have read over my father's legacy for that purpose. Would you had had such a father, poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Four and eighty."

"Four and eighty? When they numbered seven and thirty—no more of that!"

* * * * *

"I shall never reach that age; but tell me your name!"

"He who composed that noble work," said the old man, pointing to the music, "was my father."

"And have you not torn out the first leaf, that bore the title and name? I can learn nothing, as you know well, from the music. Speak, old friend, who are you?"

"The Old Musician."

"So call you the few who have seen you in this great city, and none can give me another name for you. Tell me, yourself."

"Let me be silent," implored the old man; "I have sworn never to reveal my name, save to one initiated, if I can find such."

* * * * *

Theodore dies suddenly; the poor old man sits all day in the cold beside the bed where he had found his friend dead, till taken into another room by the compassionate landlady. He then resumes his former practice of wandering through the streets of Berlin, listening to music wherever he can hear it. It was this habit which had procured him the name of "The Old Musician."

As he wandered one evening through the streets, he came unexpectedly in front of a brilliantly lighted palace, from which music sounded. He was going in, according to his wont, but the Swiss, who kept the door, rudely pushed him away. So he stood without and listened; and though the night wind blew fiercely, he continued to stand and listen, murmuring now and then to himself—"Excellent! Admirable!"

A lacquey, in rich livery, came out to speak to the Swiss; when he espied the old man, he cried, "Oh! there is the Old Musician! are you alive yet, grandfather? It is long since I have seen you; you are welcome back; but why do you stand there in the cold, chattering your stumps of teeth?"

"Monsieur, the Swiss would not let me in," replied the old man.

"Monsieur, the Swiss is an ass! Never mind, old fellow; come up with me; it is warm within, and I will give you a cup of wine to thaw your old limbs. We have a great concert for you to-night!" He took the old man by the arm, and led him up the steps, saying to the Swiss, "Hark ye! you must always let him pass in future; he is no beggar, but the Old Musician; he comes only to hear the music, and my lord has given orders that he shall be admitted."

The lacquey led the old man to a seat next the fire in an ante-room, near the concert-hall, drew a table up to him, and said, "Here, grandfather, sit down and keep quiet; I will set the screen before you that nobody shall see you. You can hear every thing; and I will fetch your glass of wine when I come again."

The old man sat and listened to the music; it thrilled his inmost heart, as the kiss of spring thrills the cold

earth. If aught can revive the wasted life in a human heart, it is music in its purity, as it descended from Heaven, and is revealed in the works of the great masters.

Many hours had the old man sat there, when the lacquey, who had paid him more than one visit in his corner, came to him, and said, "It is time for you to go; the company will soon break up. My boy shall go with you to your house."

"That was admirable music!" said the old man, drawing a deep breath.

"Well, I am glad you are pleased," replied the servant; "the more so, as all you heard to night is the work of one master, who is the guest of my lord."

"What is his name?" asked the old man quickly.

"Herr Naumann, chapel-master to the Elector of Saxony."

"A Saxon!" exclaimed he, pleased. "Naumann? yes, he is a brave composer; where does he live?"

"Here, in the house."

"Let me speak with him."

"Most certainly. I will tell him, if you want to ask something of him."

"To ask? no; I want to thank him."

"Very well, come early to-morrow morning."

"I will come."

Naumann was not a little surprised, when the lacquey told him, next morning of the old musician, and begged him not to refuse his request for an interview. To the question, "Who is he—what is his name?" the servant could answer only, "He is the Old Musician; nobody in Berlin knows his name. He is half crazy at times, but understands music thoroughly, as several musicians have told me."

"Bring him in!" said Naumann; the lacquey opened the door, and the old man entered. Naumann started when he saw him, for, spite of his poor apparel, his deportment was dignified and noble. He went to meet him, and said, "You are welcome, sir, though I know not your name. I am told you are a lover of art, and that is enough." He offered him a chair, and begged him to be seated. The old man, without accepting the seat, replied, "I come to thank you, sir, for the very great pleasure I enjoyed last evening. I was privately a listener to the concert, in which your latest compositions were performed. My name shall not remain a secret to you; I am Friedemann Bach!"

Naumann stood as if struck with a thunderbolt when he heard that name. "Friedemann Bach!" repeated he, in astonishment and sorrow, "the great son of the great Sebastian! Great Heaven! only last year I visited your brother, Philip Emanuel, in Hamburg. The excellent old man mourns you as dead."

"I would be so to him—to all who knew me in earlier days. It would pain them more to hear I was living, and how I lived, than to believe in my death. Even in this city, none knows that Friedemann Bach is yet in existence; not even Meldensolm, the friend of the great Lessing, to whose kindness I owe it that I needed not to starve, while he was living."

"What can I do for you?" asked Naumann; "oh, if you knew what I have felt for you so long—and now, more than ever—admiration—love—sorrow! what can I do for you?"

"Nothing!" answered Friedemann. "You have done all for me in showing me what I could and should have done. You know how I failed, wherefore nothing succeeded with me, not one of all my bold and glowing plans. But you need no warning. You walk in the right path, securely—cheerfully; I can do nothing but thank you for your noble works. God's blessing be with you, throughout your life; for me, I feel that I have nothing more to do on earth."

Mozart's *Don Giovanni* consists of a series of scenes, written in a style very spirited and amusing—giving account of the first production of that opera, and the circumstances attending its composition and representation. We know not how much actual fact there is in the incidents; but the character of the original composer, whimsical, yet kind-hearted, is depicted to the life. The sketch of Bellini admirably paints the susceptible artist, who could only compose when deeply in love; but Lyser is mistaken in the object of his passion. We do not know any authority for the supposition that he loved Malibran. The story of Joseph Haydn illustrates his early life, and is related with considerable humor, a quality which Lyser evidently possesses in no slight degree. He takes occasion to introduce several laughable anecdotes of different artists, as, for instance, the one mentioned by Marie Antoinette, in the tale entitled "Gluck in Paris," of the famous dancing-master, Noverre, having gone to Gluck to abuse the Scythian dances in his *Iphigenia in Tauris*, upon his assertion that no dancing in the grand opera could dance to that music, Gluck, in a rage, picked up the little man, danced him through the whole house, up and down stairs, singing the Scythian ballets the while, till having got him out of the door at last, quite breathless with his involuntary exercise, he finished by asking him, "Now, sir, have you the face to say there can be no dancing to my music?"

The critical remarks embodied in these tales upon the style of different artists are the most valuable portion of the volumes. They are sometimes mixed up with a little German philosophising; but Lyser has kept himself more clear of that fault, in general, than might have been expected. We should be glad to extract the criticisms he has put into the mouth of Corregio, upon his own paintings and those of Raphael, in the beautiful tale of "Corregio;" but we are obliged to content ourselves with the following fragment of a conversation between Gluck and young Mehul, just before the production of his *Iphigenia*. Mehul has just declared his intention of devoting his powers to dramatic musical composition. Gluck says—

"Prove them, young man. Go to work boldly. Do not deliberate long—but what is revealed to you, lay hold on with glowing inspiration—plan, and complete it with earnest heed! It will soon be shown what you can do, now, or in future; and if I judge you rightly, I think it will not go wrong with you! Yes! this is the great point, that we deviate not from the path! But it is hard

to remain steadfast, and men and the world make it yet harder for the artist. Many, of whom better things might have been hoped, fall in the conflict."

"You remain victor!"

"Hem! Nothing is perfect on earth; and even if I have gone through life neither a fool nor a knave, I am not without faults. Each, for good or evil, must eat of the apple of knowledge before he can truly value the best. To the majority, the All-Benevolent, has granted to know but little, till they are in danger of losing what they have or it is irremediably wasted. Happy he, who quickly apprehends and holds it fast—*fast*—nor lets it go—though his heart should be torn in the struggle! What will you say when I confess that a perception of the highest—the *only* good, came late, fearfully late, to me! I am often astonished when I look back on my earlier days. Music was all to me from my childhood. In my home, in lovely, earnest Bohemia, I heard her voice, as the voice of God, in all that surrounded me. In the dense forest, the gloomy ravine, the romantic valley, on the bold stark cliff—in the hoarse song of stream and torrent—her voice thrilled to my inmost heart, like a sweet and glorious prophecy. All was clear to my youthful vision. Love commanded, and there was light! Oh, fair and golden time! Then I thought there was nothing so great and godlike, that man, impotent man, could not achieve it. Too soon I learned that something was impossible. The royal eagle soars upward toward the Sun;—yet can he never reach the orb; and how soon are clipped the wings of the spirit! There come harassing doubts, false ambition, thirst of gain, envy, disappointed vanity, worldly cares—the hateful groans of earth—that cling to you and drag you downward, when you would soar like the eagle. Thus it is in youth, in manhood, in old age. One, perhaps, redeems himself from folly; discerns and appreciates the right, and might create the beautiful. But with folly also flies youth, its ardor and its vigor; and there remains to him enthusiasm, passion for the sublime, and—a grave!"

"Oh, no—no!" cried Muhel with emotion; "much more remains to you!"

"Think you so?" asked Gluck, and after a pause added, "well, perhaps something better, this time; for when I freed myself from all that is unworthy or base, there came to me a radiant vision, from the pure bright Grecian age. But believe me, the work of apprehending it, and shaping it in the external world, is my last! Melancholy it is, that a whole vigorous, blooming lifetime, could not be consecrated to such a theme alone! I submit—I could not do otherwise; and I will bear the result, whether these Parisian bawlers adjudge me fame and wealth for my work, or hiss me down.

The hour struck for the rehearsal, etc."

We understand that an English translation of these interesting tales has been prepared and may shortly be published. We should be glad to see works of this character become popular; a far higher knowledge than that merely historical may thus be conveyed, pleasingly, to the youthful mind.

Columbia, S. C.

Original.

THE PARTING—A PICTURE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

He loved her to the last. And when they parted,
He spoke not of farewell—but bent his brow
Into her hand, that lay among his hair
Which cluster'd o'er its whiteness—dark, and damp,
And scatter'd like the locks of one whose dreams
Have made his pillow like Procrustes' bed
And his night sleepless. And her Parian hand,
Vein'd like the marble that it rival'd, shook
Over his forehead, as the hand of one
Whose spirit is o'ermastered by her tears—
Who tells you by her sobbings that within
There is a gath'ring of great shadows, all
Unlike the shadowings of earth—a pall
That dims the inmost heaven which we feel
Is part of the far visions of our heart!
Her sobbings shook her—while her channel'd face
Was bow'd and veil'd before him.

She had turn'd
Away. She could not gaze—not look on him.
Her fancies were too fearful. She believed
Their parting was for ever—and her heart
Wept like her eyes! She had heard whispers come
Often, at midnight, when the storm was loud,
That told of distant seas—and whirlpools there
Which he too soon must buffet.—Yet her lips
Had scarce done quiv'ring with the virgin vow
She made him at the altar. There was yet,
It seem'd, an echo of strange melody
In the far holy of her bosom—yet
That chanting of the sound that dies alone
When *we* die, and go downward! 'Twas his voice,
Low, but of music she could ne'er forget,
Like clarion's sunk in her rememb'ring ear.

But they must part. His call was to a land
Where his white brow might blacken with the shade
Of rank disease—and hot and withering airs
Devour the beauty of his manliness,
And shrink those hands to talons, that now lay
Like sculpture on her own. He must go forth
Where men were like the wolves that swept the land,
And blood was pour'd for pastime. He must go
Where love must be forgotten—and the heart
Sink inward—silent, dungeon'd, and forlorn.

Again he bent above her—but spake not.
She rais'd her lip and eye.—She was alone.

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us; and this, too, for fear, lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice; so we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say, humanity and good will, for all who are of the same nature with us.—*Hierocles*.

Original.

IL PONTE SANTA TRINITA—FLORENCE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I.

BEAUTIFUL bridge! I love to see
 Thy noble arches spring,
 And o'er the ancient flood beneath
 Their graceful shadows fling;
 How like a fairy fabric now
 Those curves symmetric seem,
 Lifting thy form so airily
 O'er Arno's yellow stream!

II.

Like life's unceasing current roll
 The turgid waves below,
 Spanned by the structure genius rears
 To decorate its flow;
 Hallowed and pleasing in thy strength
 The changeful tides above,
 Rising as free and firm as Truth
 Yet beautiful as Love!

III.

Upon thy mossy parapet
 At eve I loved to lean,
 And see the sun go proudly down
 In panoply serene;
 Care's restless voice, and Passion's throb
 Were then at once subdued,
 As if thy silent spell had charmed
 My heart to quietude.

IV.

I loved on winter nights to hear
 The swollen tide rush free,
 And see thy shade upon it fall
 So dark and silently;
 The torrent round thy massive base
 Its gurgling eddies hurled,
 And calmly looked thy statues down,
 Like heroes on the world.

V.

And when the moon had spread her veil
 Of beauty o'er the tide,
 I've lingered oft to watch from thee
 The silver waters glide;
 The music of my votive thoughts
 Blent with the river's moan,
 I deemed each ripple's break a sigh—
 The echo of my own.

VI.

And like those visions which were reared
 On being's troubled stream,
 Thou wert an emblem to my soul
 Of Youth's unbroken dream;

12

Fresh flowers upon the passing wave
 I cast in careless glee,
 Nor thought my hopes, like them, would speed
 To an o'erwhelming sea!

VII.

For ages has thy pavement borne
 The gallant charger's tread,
 While priestly trains have o'er it moved,
 And peasants gaily sped;
 And now, as through Time's pass, the crowd
 Press on and ne'er delay,
 To gaze around and note how fast
 The current glides away.

VIII.

Thy pillars, tinged with hues of age,
 Of years departed breathe,
 And many a tuft of clinging weeds
 Thy dim escutcheons wreath;
 Yet beautiful and firm thou art,
 And all that pass thee by,
 Behold thy grace with new delight
 And joy-enkindled eye.

Original.

POETICAL HAPPINESS.

"Were I to choose my lot in life, I would not be a poet, though it is possible for a poet to get through life tolerably easy; yet the chance is against him. After all, a bustling man of business, one who has not leisure to think of the ills of life, nor any great acuteness of sensibility to expose him to their attacks, such a man has the best chance of happiness."—BYRON.

"Of happiness!" to eat and drink!
 Upon his gains to sit and think!
 Spurn those below—hate those above him,
 With none to rev'rence, or to love him;
 What "chance of happiness" is there
 In such a life?—what pause from care?

Are real pleasures strewn around?
 By him they never can be found,
 He knows not they his lot might bless,
 He knows not what *is* happiness.

How far below the pure, refined
 Enjoyment in a "poet's" mind;
 The "bustling world to him is nought,
 His high-wrought pleasures come unsought,
 From an unsullied fountain, flow
 The genuine streams of joy—and woe;
 And none with feelings warm and kind,
 Would shun the sorrow they may find,
 (By duty or affection led,)
 Though mourning o'er the lost—the dead.

The poet deeply feels the woe
 That selfish spirits never know,
 And feels, *creates* bright pleasures,—where
 They only find o'erwhelming care,
 Has cause his "lot in life" to bless,
 It teaches what *is* happiness.

White Marsh, Pa.

S. W.

MY OWN GREEN ISLE.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

THE POETRY BY BERNARD BARTON—MUSIC BY MRS. WAYLETT.

ANDANTE.

Though lof - ty Scotia's mountains, Where savage

f

grandeur dwells — Though bright be Eng - land's fountains, And fertile be her plains :

p

When 'mid their charms I wander, Of thee I think the while, And seem of thee the

fonder,— My own green Isle— My own green Isle— My own green

Isle; And seem of thee the fond-er, My own green Isle;

f

SECOND VERSE.

While many who have left thee,
 Too soon forget thy name,—
 E'en time hath not bereft me,
 Of thy endearing name;
 Afar from thee sojourning,
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still Mavourneen,
 My own green Isle.

THIRD VERSE.

Fair as the glitt'ring waters,
 Thy em'rald banks that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters,
 Thy gen'rous sons as brave;
 For their dear sakes I love thee,
 Mavourneen, though unseen,
 Bright be the sky above thee,
 Thy shamrock ever green.

Original.

NEW-YORK.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

HAIL! happy city! where the arts convene
 And busy commerce animates the scene,
 Where taste and elegance, with wealth combine,
 To perfect Art, in every bright design;
 Where splendid mansions that attract the eye
 Can boast, what Opulence could never buy,
 The generous wish that springs to Virtue's goal,
 The liberal mind, the high, aspiring soul;
 The free-born wish, that warms the patriot's breast,
 The chaste refinements that make beauty blest:
 These are the charms that give Industry, here,
 A pleasing relish and a hope sincere;
 And while they bid the sighs of anguish cease,
 Strew Labor's pillow with the flowers of peace.

When the sad exile, freed from ocean's storm,
 First treads our shore, what hopes his bosom warm!
 For welcome meets him with an honest smile,
 And kind attentions every care beguile.
 No dread of tyrants here his peace annoys,
 No fear of fetters mar his bosom's joys;
 No dark suspicions on his steps attend,
 He only needs one, here, to find a friend;
 He finds, at once, a refuge and a home,
 No longer mourns the cause that bade him roam.

Where'er he turns, on every side are traced
 The marks of genius, and enlightened taste;
 He sees in every portico and dome,
 The architectural grace of Greece and Rome;
 And finds in our unrivalled promenades,
 Charms that may vie with Athens' classic shades.
 That rural scene which skirts the loveliest bay
 That ever sparkled in the solar ray;
 Where the rude engines of relentless Mars,
 Once frown'd in ranks beneath Columbia's stars,
 But which have since for ever yielded place
 To fashion, beauty, elegance, and grace—
 That lovely scene first greets the wanderer's eye,
 And cheats his bosom of a passing sigh,
 So like some spots upon his native shore,
 By him, perhaps, to be enjoyed no more!

On either hand a mighty river glides,
 Which here, at length, unite and mingle tides,
 Like some fond pair, affianced in the skies,
 Whose forms, as yet, ne'er met each other's eyes;
 When the auspicious fated moment rolls,
 They meet—they love—unite, and mingle souls.

Magnific piles, the monuments of Art,
 And lofty spires adorn this splendid mart;
 Where Piety erects her sacred shrine,
 And pays her homage to the power divine;
 Where heaven-born "genius wings his eagle flight,
 Rich dew-drops shaking from his wings of light."
 Where Science opens wide his boundless store
 Of classic sweets, and antiquated lore;
 Where freedom, virtue, knowledge, all unite,
 To make the scene an Eden of delight;

While pulpit, press and bar, are all combined,
 To mend the heart, and elevate the mind.

Nor do these mighty engines toil alone,
 By other hands the seeds of taste are sown;
 The Drama opens its bright instructive scenes;
 Its object *use*—amusement but the *means*;
 For though the muse resort to fiction's aid,
 Fiction is here, but truth in masquerade,
 And thousands, who her grave entreaties shun,
 Are, by her borrowed smiles, allured and won.

Original.

THE MEMORY OF PENN.

A few years ago a party of Indians visiting Philadelphia, were shown the monument of Penn. Actuated by one common impulse, they simultaneously knelt down, as if to do homage to the lifeless marble.

YEs, bow before the marble bust,
 Though Mignon slumbers with the just,
 Yet in your hearts his noble name
 A prouder cenotaph shall claim.
 Yes, bow; if virtue, here on earth,
 If mental powers and moral worth,
 If temper mild and even,
 If universal Christian love
 Can claim a deed to worlds above,

Then Mignon reigns in Heaven.
 Then bow, for 'tis not oft ye find
 Such blameless ones 'mong human kind.
 'Tis no affected gratitude

For worthless service that you kneel,
 No shedder of your fellows' blood,
 Demands the homage that you feel.
 But to the Christian's virtue, binds
 The gratitude of noble minds.

Supported by no warlike bands,
 No fiery cross on banner gay,
 No popish charter for your lands,
 He cast his monarch's seal away,
 And owned that those to whom was given
 These hills and plains and vallies wide,
 By charter from the God of Heaven,
 Needed no other claim beside!
 His was the holy power to move,
 Based on the might of Christian love!

Original.

FAME.

He called me his "blessing rich and rare,"
 And dearer to me, those sweet words were,
 Than the loftiest notes, in which thou, oh! Fame!
 With thy clarion voice, could'st sound my name.

Alas! there is little desert in me,
 Applause to gather from him or thee;
 But for this—that his slightest look of praise
 Enricheth me more than all thy bays,
 Even for this—if thou sound my name,
 It should be in a kindly tone—oh, Fame!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Original.

THE MEETING OF THE SPIRITS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SHE floated on a silvery cloud,
And to the earth drew near,
Still bending down her angel-glance
On what was once most dear,

On mountain's breast, on forest-shade,
Green in her native air,
And on that temple's hallow'd dome,
Whence rose her Sabbath prayer.

She hover'd round her pleasant home,
In blooming spring-tide gay,
But faded were the flowers she rear'd,
And mute her harp-strings lay.

There, sickening on his lonely couch,
Was stretched her bosom's friend,
And stranger forms were bending low,
His helplessness to tend.

He fainted—and though all unseen,
She to his side drew nigh,
And shook fresh perfumes from her wing,
Like breath of Araby.

And deep within his secret soul,
Her spirit-eye she turn'd,
And saw the shafts that in each vein,
With restless anguish burn'd—

Beheld the tear that drains the heart,
In ceaseless fountain pour,
And knew the love that cheer'd his life,
Must light its path no more.

And then, before His glorious throne,
Who ruleth earth and sky,
Sigh'd forth, like trembling music's tone—
"Oh, Father! let him die."

A corpse lay on its pillow white,
And grief was moaning low,
But the glad meeting, in the heavens,
Might none but seraphs know.

Hartford, Conn.

Original.

A MAY-DAY SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

YES! thou shalt wear the wreath we are merrily braiding,
Of buds and blooms—the beautiful roses of Spring!
Amid the hair, thy forehead of snow, o'ershading,
'Twill mock the blush that steals to thy cheek as we sing.

For thee we twine;—for who could so gracefully wear it
As she, whose heart is lovely and pure as the rose,
The wreath is thine, and the happiness, each of us share it,
For thou art so meek, no envy can mar thy repose.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY: Harper & Brothers.—This, the last production of James, the most industrious, and, certainly, the most popular of modern novelists, adds another cluster of bright leaves to the already brilliant chaplet which adorns his brow. We entertained fears, some time since, that the novelist was writing with too great rapidity, and without that effort which is necessary to sustain an author who has filled a large space in the popular heart. After reading this work, however, we have come to the conclusion that no preceding romance, by the same writer, can justifiably be pronounced superior as a literary work. James understands his art in all its ramifications, and nothing is wanting in the results of which criticism itself demands. In variety of incident, in rhetoric, in beauty and strength of sentiment, in the complete delineation and finish of character, in the emulation of good deeds and noble impulses, in the promotion of the best liberty of man, in the elevation of the female character, in the presentation of historical truth, in the reconciliation of conflicting evidences upon the lives of the great, in an earnest desire for the purification of all that pertains to humanity—in a word, to the broad and general representation of mankind, by the most faithful exhibitions, he brings powers of mind and ability to execute such as no novelist—we remember all—of our day, in fact, of any day—has shown more than a resemblance, great, even, though the similarity may truly be pronounced to have been. In paying homage to the great intellect, mankind are apt to spurn as unworthy all but one in the same sphere of action, but the day will come when the name of James shall stand like "a star apart" in its own individual brightness. We have bowed to the brilliant light of Scott—but then "*Sol occubuit, et nulla nox secuta est*,"—the sun sets, but no night follows!

OUTLINES OF DISORDERED MENTAL ACTION: Harper & Brothers.—This forms another part of the family library. The generally-received opinion upon the subjects treated, are here arrayed in a lucid and simple style, which, to the youthful reader, will prove acceptable. We do not agree, on many points, with the college-worn doctrines of Mr. Upham. They are too sensual by half; neither do we rank ourselves with the transcendental school. To the tyro, however, all of this volume is important, as it will lead to thought, which, in philosophical or other studies, is better than books, and more to be trusted.

LADY JANE GREY: Lea & Blanchard.—This novel is by Thomas Miller, formerly known as the basket-maker. The period of history which the author has chosen, is an inviting one, and it is but poor justice to him to say that he has managed his subject with commendable skill, force and beauty. The reader will not commence these volumes without progressing to the end, for the incidents and characters introduced, excite a degree of interest which is not common to novels of this class.—*Carville*.

THE YOUTH OF SHAKESPEARE: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a work of fancy, founded upon the materials, scattered far and wide, furnished by the contemporaries of the myriad-minded bard. It introduces many persons whose names are familiar to the literary antiquary, and is written in a very pleasing style, introducing incidents of a character which are sure to entertain the reader. The condemnation of some of Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, is a fault which cannot pass unnoticed, since our adoration of the poet may be indulged in without detracting from the merits of his brother dramatists, several of whom were gifted with extraordinary powers of mind, and in admiration of which, the true critic may delight without hesitation. We think that the history and writings of these men do not justify the treatment which they have received from the hands of this novelist.—*Carville*.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK: Lea & Blanchard.—The first three numbers of this new work, by Charles Dickens, scarcely suggest any remarks. It is evident, nevertheless, that the work will, in its progress, be much more sprightly than a superficial view of the parts published, lead us to anticipate. The work is handsomely illustrated, and the portrait of "Bos," a capital one.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—This theatre is now gliding smoothly along on the tide of success. Since our last, Mrs. Fitzwilliams has passed through a short and tolerably profitable engagement. To say that the audiences have not been so large as the talents of the actress should command, would be to state what has happened to every performer who has come amongst us, up to the arrival of Fanny Elssler. Mrs. Fitzwilliams is a charming votary of Thalia, and adds to the graces of her comic displays, those of the song and the dance. Her musical talent is particularly evident in her burlesque singing of operatic music, while the naïveté with which she executes a simple ballad, shows an appreciation of the poetry and music which it is her province to present to her auditors. In "Foreign Airs and Native Graces," the versatility of her genius shines with remarkable lustre, and no one can witness the exhibition without being struck with the accomplishments of the lady, and the powers of the actress. In comedy, she excels by the naturalness of her colloquy, which seems rather the result of the moment than any premeditated display of elocution. Her style, therefore, is exceedingly pleasing, and she has the happy faculty of imparting good humor to all around her, making even the auditors, seemingly, to be of the scene rather than out of it. In the dignified lady she is not at home, but in the lively daughter of nineteen, the gay widow, or the hoydenish ward, she appears to very great advantage. In all parts, where a flow of animal spirits is necessary to a correct delineation of character, she is mistress of her art, and to these she has the good sense to confine herself, rather than hazard her reputation by depicting characters of a different stamp, which, though well rendered, could not increase her fame. To one feature of Mrs. Fitzwilliams' engagement we must express our entire disapproval, although in doing so, we know very well that all our censure falls upon the lady. "The Soldier's Daughter," an old and favorite comedy was produced, shorn of its beams, and the lively English widow of the original, displaced to make room for a poorly-acted Scotch widow, in which the language was too broad Scotch for a lady to use, and at all times, not well kept up—certainly without that evenness which would appertain to a perfect delineation of a Scotch character. If Mrs. Fitzwilliams is ambitious to show her ability to speak with a Scotch accent, she could find some play which would furnish an ample field for the scope of her attainment, and a good old English comedy would not suffer a mutilation, which cannot be justified on any grounds whatsoever. One of the most ridiculous results of this change is that Mr. Wheatley, or whoever plays the part of the brother, is obliged to speak pure English, if he follow the copy, and thus apprise the audience, in the outset, that the play has been pulled to pieces to suit the fancy of the actress—a complaint which may be made now against almost every eminent performer who is seen on the boards. Surely, to change our subject, there can be but little credit attached to the talents of those who suit plays to their talents rather than their talents to the plays. It is positively annoying to find almost every actor altering the text of our standard plays, thus injuring the author, oftentimes, for the benefit of the actor. We firmly believe that the continuance of this custom is exceedingly baneful to the best interest of the drama, and we think a wholesome rebuke from the audience, occasionally, would be marvellously effective in setting up a reform which is, indeed, most certainly called for by the shades of departed authors. The progress of this system, in conclusion, we may add, indicates to what a low position theatrical criticism has arrived, since against it not even a whisper is heard.

Fanny Elssler made her début before an American audience in a dance, called "La Cracovienne," and in the ballet, entitled "La Tarentule"—a piece of no great merit, and little calculated to display the accomplishments of the actress. The house was crowded in every part, and the enthusiasm exhibited on the occasion was scarcely within bounds, when we reflect upon the torpidity of our audiences during the performances of comedies and tragedies—intellectual entertainments more worthy of the applause of an enlightened public than mere dumb show and

tinsel. Fanny Elssler is not so immeasurably superior to other performers in her line, either, to justify any very extraordinary excitement, if we may judge from what we have seen. She is, however, excellent in her style, and her graces shine with no mean lustre. Undoubtedly, she is deserving of very high praise, and when we say that she is a finished artiste, we would express a warmth of commendation which we have not space to utter in detail. Her poetry of motion is nervous and brilliant; not bold or startling, her grace and movements of an anapestic order, if we may be allowed the expression, though sometimes she skeletonizes with great rapidity and quickness. In some other ballet it is possible that we may have a different style exhibited, but thus far we speak only of the character of the exhibitions which we have seen.

Miss Shirreff took her farewell benefit on the eve of her departure for Europe, on the 21st, ultimo. The house was thronged on the occasion, and the performances went off with uncommon spirit and effect, while the testimonials of gratification were abundant, and the evidences of regret for the loss, at least for a time, of the lady and the opera, were communicated in a manner which must have been exceedingly acceptable to the vocalist. May she experience in her own land that enthusiasm and kindness which she has in this.

CHATHAM.—This establishment appears to be very successful and is well attended. During the past month Mr. Booth, and Madame Celeste, who were engaged for a few nights, have sustained themselves through profitable engagements. On some occasions, Mr. Booth appeared to have lost little of his original brightness, on others he performed in a spiritless manner, though we can scarcely say to the disappointment of a majority of his auditors. On his last night, his voice was rich and powerful, his manner equal to that of his best days, and the gratification of the audience was general and intense. Madame Celeste has performed effectively in her well known melo-dramatic plays, and has given much delight to the admirers of pantomimic acting. We have spoken of her merits so particularly in former numbers that farther comment is useless. It is but just to add, notwithstanding, that she does not seem to have lost her relish for the profession, and has given the same satisfaction which her efforts heretofore have created.

OLYMPIC.—This little box holds on in the even tenor of its way, without embarrassment, presenting four pieces every night to large audiences. Some of the plays have been performed upwards of fifty nights during the season, and still the manager finds it for his interest to announce them for repetition. It is the policy of Mr. Mitchell to present amusing local trifles, and the reward of the enterprise is certain and always equal to the anticipation. The company is a good one, all things considered, and the several members play with much harmony and effect. The whole seems like an entertainment at a family party.

EDITORS' TABLE.

LADY BULWER.—The following is an extract of a letter from Paris, dated April 10th, 1840. In publishing it, we fully concur with our correspondent, in every particular. We consider the treatment Lady Bulwer has experienced from her husband, (*the great novelist*), cruel and unmanly in the extreme. For an expression of our disapprobation of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's brutal conduct towards his much injured wife, we refer the reader to the last August number of this magazine.

"Since I apprised you of my introduction to Lady Bulwer, she has related to me many interesting details of her history, which I presume is a subject of interest to you, as to the world at large. Her story is on every lip, and rumor blind, with her thousand tongues, has a new tale for each, remember, then, that what I relate to you is from the mouth of Lady Bulwer herself; facts, which I have since heard authenticated by others.

Chevelly is no fiction; but rather a feeble portrait of realities and characters too black for earth or humanity. When Chevelly first appeared, the wife that would thus make public, the faults of him to whom she was bound by the first and most

sacred of ties, *however bad his conduct*, was in America universally denounced, with the exception of one print—the Ladies' Companion; but none knew how that holy tie had been defied and trampled on; none knew the wrongs of that wife, the repeated whips and stings which lashed her, like a noble steed maddened by the spur of its remorseless rider, to this desperate leap; and those who rashly judged her, remembered not, knew not, perhaps, that she had no father to protect, no brother to avenge, no friend—for fear renders misery, oppressed by power, friendless; nothing but her own tongue, her own pen, impotent weapons, to battle against her mighty adversary.

She rose up to justify herself, but pleading to an audience blinded by the dazzling brilliancy of her demoniacal tyrant's talents, was condemned! But the gilded and worshipped veil which enshrouded the foulest deformities of spirit, has fallen from this second Mokannah, and discloses a demon surpassing in darkness the storied one of old; and Bulwer, whose genius has kept an admiring world in awe, over whose fascinating, but meretricious, productions the gentle tears of thousands have fallen, whose magic pen has touched with tenderness the inmost soul of all, has spent an existence in withering that of one! Bulwer is worse than demon, that could say to his own wife, "Madame you are fatherless and brotherless, beware, for I will crush you to atoms!"—to these words adding *insults and blows*.

Yet there are those who ungenerously assert, that though the world does not know it, Lady Bulwer must have been in the wrong, or why should her husband have treated her with such cruelty? She may have been; she may never have learnt the secret of domestic peace—never "to answer 'till a husband cools," for what perfection is given to mortals that could make her always right? But if such have been the case why should her actions have been kept in such mysterious secrecy? Would not scandal rather have magnified her lightest deeds, and spread their fame on every wind? And what acts of hers are imaginable, that could have justified the savage brutality which she has endured? Some blame her for making herself what they term "public." Public forsooth? She was dragged before the world; not thrusting herself forward, to tempt the uncertain judgment of its partial tribunal.

She strove, in vain, to live in privacy, banished with her young children from her husband's house, to make room for another, whom, in the face of the crouching world of titled sycophants that surrounded him, the lawless libertine dared to install in her place.

She sought refuge in the retirement of a country life, but his persecutions followed her even there; he scanted her means until she was reduced to comparative penury, endeavored to prevent the publication of her effusions, and, at length, when other means of torture were exhausted, stabbed her with the last most dreadful blow, by depriving her of her only solace and consolation, her adored children;—"till goaded to desperation by the continuance of sufferings that had blighted her youth and were wasting her prime, with the slanders of those who chose to make her case one of public interest, she rudely, herself, drew aside the hallowed curtain, which should veil the sorrows of private life, to demand justice of a world where it was not to be found, to fly from the fast showered arrows of calumny, and rob of their fair seeming marks, her exultant oppressors.

Admit this action was not wholly feminine, still the publicity was her misfortune, not her fault. Which of the two evils were the better, the choice of silent suffering, to be the worm which turns not when trod upon, or assume the deadly venom of the serpent, that resents the wanton blow, and seeks protection in inspiring fear? How difficult would those who point out the course she should have pursued, find it to follow that path themselves? Wisely has Shakespeare said "I can easier teach twenty men good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." There are atrocities which escape punishment or belief, because too bad to be credible; such are those committed by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer; but there are proofs of some of them beyond the power of contradiction, for Lady Bulwer has in her possession letters, in his own hand writing, with

his own seal, filled with bitter taunts and fearful menaces, while others of earlier date, written in sudden fits of repentance, confess the injuries which have been done her. On being informed of the existence of these papers by the lawyer of Lady Bulwer, Sir Edward replied that they were *forgeries*; but on being told that the post mark, etc., could not be forged, and that a woman would hardly forge of herself such base accusations, which these letters contained, caught in the snare, he exclaimed "Well, I assure you, sir, every word of them is truth." Yet is pity his due, inasmuch as to his early education are attributable many of the errings of his after life. From his mother he inherited his evil passions, that mother who so far from correcting his youth, glanced over his most glaring defects in infancy, and if it be possible that woman can wear so foul a shape, as to become the abettor of vice and crime, who connived at, and encouraged his vallanies in manhood.

His brother, whose grovelling mind needs no stooping to commit any baseness, is even than himself, a more despicable character; his agent in wickedness, the spy upon Lady Bulwer, the ignominious tool devoted to her annoyance, and it was through his medium that the late scandalous occurrence, of which you have probably heard, took place.

The *femme de chambre* of Lady Bulwer was waylaid by some ruffians, who offered her a high bribe, for secret admission, at night, to the house of her mistress; the maid without positively refusing or consenting, on returning home related the circumstance to Lady Bulwer, who desired her, should the proposition be again made, to accept it, forewarning her of their proceedings. The plot succeeded, and Lady Bulwer had proper authorities ready to detect them. This disgraceful affair was a few days since brought into court, for trial; the sensation it created was unbounded, and the court was crowded to overflowing, with English and French nobility, etc. The men were, also, accused of attempting to steal her papers.

Sir Edward Bulwer being informed of these occurrences, and fearing the disclosures which might be made at such a trial, hastened to Paris, and stopped the proceedings, (not before, however, the case had been stated to the Judges,) on the *plea*, that a married woman had not the right to carry on a cause without the consent of her husband, proving this to be both the law of England and France, and testifying that Lady Bulwer had no power of her own, being only separated, not legally divorced, and announcing that he had come forward to deny his authority or countenance to her trying the cause.

In the course of the argument it was inadvertently admitted, that the men discovered in the house of Lady Bulwer, were, (what was before only suspected) the agents, "proper agents," as they were most appropriately termed, of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and appointed by him to keep surveillance over the conduct of his wife in his absence! And this *honorable* husband, skilful in all evil, on a technicality of the law, has robbed his unfortunate wife of common justice. Her domicile is violated at night, her person endangered, her papers laid open, and she cannot come forward in a court of justice to say *I demand redress*; and her tyrant triumphs in his all-powerful villany! He is beyond, above the reach of the law, too rich, too great, to come within its pale; and she says with truth "men made laws for themselves, and to protect the birds of the air, and beasts of the field; there are none for women."

At the suggestion of the court, Lady Bulwer has appealed, and the merits of the case will, in a few days, be canvassed again. Her character is irreproachable, not even her enemies can blemish her fair fame by a suspicion. But her history is a stain upon the nineteenth century, and will go down with the writings of her oppressor, to depreciate their merit, and darken with an eternal shadow their splendor. I shall never forget the voice in which she said, when I assured her that sooner or later justice would come, "Yes, there is a species of justice awarded us when we are dead and gone, but the sun that shines over our graves, little benefits our bones."

In her appearance Lady Bulwer is a fine and noble looking woman, strikingly handsome, and of high bearing; her age was given in court as thirty-five, but she looks even younger, for

"As the west wind's sigh
Freshens the flowers it passes by,
Time's wing but seems in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before."

Many of her own sex, in that spirit of petty jealousy which hurls covert pebbles, because it fears openly to fling stones, assert "her teeth are singularly white," that "her color is not natural, she certainly paints," and from the peculiarly beautiful tint of her complexion, this suggestion of malice might easily gain belief; but I have twice seen her when she was perfectly pale, and after riding in the air a few minutes, that strangely lovely hue of peach blossom tinged her cheek and chin. Again at her apartment, when I entered she seemed to have been weeping, for her eyes were swollen and her cheeks pallid, but after a lively conversation of a few moments, the "rosy gifts" again adorned her cheeks, and contradicted the slander of their being placed there by any than nature's hand. Her conversation is extremely interesting, abounding in sprightly repartee, without being satirical, and her manners gracefully and affable. Time may make many changes, but it will hardly efface from the minds of those who have once really been acquainted with her, the image of Lady Bulwer.

P. S. Another of her productions may shortly be expected to see the light, but she did not inform me of either name or subject."

THE LATE SAMUEL JENKS SMITH.—It was with feelings of no ordinary emotion that we heard the announcement of the decease of our friend, the editor and proprietor of the "Morning News," although from his own lips, before his departure, we heard the utterance of doubts as to his return from Europe, whither, by the advice of his physician, he had set sail to reinstate a constitution which had been worn down by an ardent temperament, that heeded no obstacles in life where labor seemed to promise success. Mr. Smith died on board the packet-ship *England*, having left his native country and an interesting family only a few days before. The immediate cause of his death was inflammation of the brain, which was exceedingly painful until a few hours before his death, when he resigned himself, in the christian's hope, to the hands of his creator, taking leave of all earthly affairs with a calmness which indicated a heart uncontaminated by the snares of this thankless world.

Mr. Smith, in the course of a short, but useful life, was the founder of several literary papers, and although somewhat fearful of trusting himself unadvisedly with his pen, wrote with no common force and vigor. Whatever may have been the faults of his judgment, his heart was always in the right place, and he commanded the respect of those who were not justified in being his friends. They who knew him best, knew best the nobleness of his nature, which was firm in its friendships and sympathetic with the oppressed of every degree and rank in society. We sincerely condole with the family of the deceased, from whose hearth-fire has been wrested an amiable and devoted husband and father.

ISAAC C. PRAY.—To the readers of this magazine, it is unnecessary to speak very fully of the gentleman whose name we have now introduced. From the commencement of this work, to the present time, he has been a constant contributor to its pages, and the best comment upon his productions is the demand by our readers for his writings, which we have endeavored to supply through every volume. Mr. Pray has sailed for London, where he is to reside for the next year, making such observations in Europe as he can, during the cessation of his literary labors in the great British metropolis. Of his certainty of success in that region, there can be no question, since his writings are already widely known in England, and his amiable character cannot but introduce him to those whose pride it will be to contribute to his prosperity. We wish him an agreeable sojourn, and a safe return to this city, hoping, meanwhile, that at an early day we shall receive some token of his remembrance, he having promised, if possible, to furnish an article occasionally.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—We observe with pride the rapid advances which this noble art is making in our country. Eminently calculated as it is to impart profound and abiding intellectual gratification—to cherish and perpetuate hallowed remembrances—to correct the manners and elevate the taste of a community, its prosperity is not in the least astonishing, while it favors the progress of the sister arts, which attend upon civilization and refinement. Portrait painting is an especial and deserving favorite with all. It is the talisman of memory—of sentiment and of thought. Our city is already the home of many young artists of great promise, as well as some who have achieved an enviable reputation. Among those whose works have recently come under our observation, Mr. David R. Barker, of 550 Pearl street, may be classed as one of the most distinguished. The recent productions of his pencil are varied and extensive. His portraits are easy, dignified and at once beautiful and expressive. His paintings possess a finish and a grandeur, we have rarely witnessed in the efforts of other artists. A visit to his studio would prove both interesting and instructive. Mr. Barker has nearly completed a life-like and spirited portrait of Miss Shirreff, which will embellish a future number of the "Companion."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—This popular summer resort is again opened, and many improvements have been made in the interior, which are calculated to add to the comfort and gratification of the visitors. Perhaps no person understands better than Mr. Niblo, the nature of the entertainments which the community expect at this establishment, and no one can be found more ready to hazard that expense which is necessary to bring them forward successfully and satisfactorily. There can be no question that the garden, this year, will be quite as fashionable as during any previous season, and from the designs of the proprietor, of which we have had some inklings, we are free to predict that the public will have every reason to be satisfied with the excellent arrangements which have been made for their accommodation and pleasure.

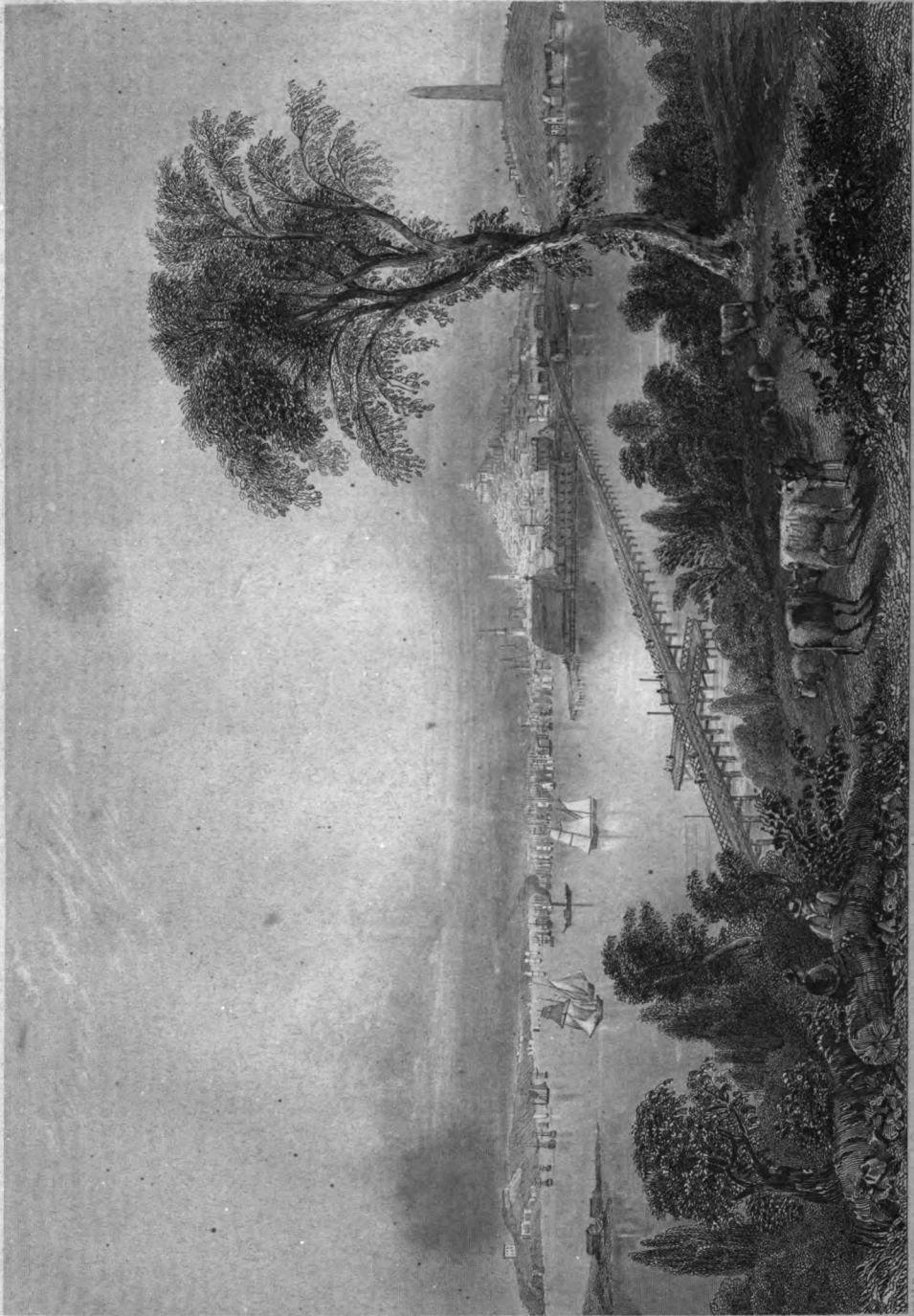
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The fine arts—the productions of painters and sculptors particularly—are worthy of every attention, and we regret that the circumscribed limits of our magazine will not allow us to make a critical examination of the paintings for the present year. In a city like this such an exhibition is gratifying to a numerous class of citizens and is beneficial to those artists whose productions are introduced thus to the community, for if no immediate benefit arise to the painters themselves the taste which the exhibitions gradually inculcate, in the end results most favorably for the interests of the art. The array of paintings this year, if not so imposing as on some former occasions, is, at least, of such an order that we may well recommend the public to visit the Academy. The price of admission, certainly, is but a trifle when we consider that many of the paintings alone, if exhibited separately, would draw crowds at the same price.

Among the artists, this year, will be found Iman, Frothingham, Ingham, Cole, Chapman, Durand, Mount, Miss Seager, Miss Hall, Miss Stuart, Mrs. Guillet, Mrs. Libolt, Giovanni Thompson, Harris, Powell, Rossiter, Morton, Whitehorn, etc.

PLATE OF SUMMER FASHIONS.—BRIDAL-DRESS.—A robe of plain white silk, flounced with a broad, rich lace, festooned by small roses, equi-distant from each other—the corsage low and full—sleeves short and close, edged with rich lace to correspond with the founce—hair plain, with rich lace veil, thrown carelessly over the head and fastened on each side by bands.

WALKING-DRESS.—Robe of fancy colored silk, with full trimming in front—corsage half size and plain—mantilla of white muslin, trimmed with lace—Tuscan straw hat, close cottage, with a wreath of flowers.

EVENING-DRESS.—White muslin, looped at the side with bunches of roses—corsage low with a frill of wrought muslin—sleeves tight, with three frills of the same—hair dressed full with curls.



1844

VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM THE EAST.
(From the East.)

J. H. Bartlett

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

the rights and liberties of America. We must not omit to mention the Common, a public square, planted with trees, and surrounded by the Mall, a gravelled walk,

All, all exist on this mysterious plan,
From viewless insects, up to lordly man !

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.



THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW YORK JULY, 1840.

BOSTON.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand."

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

BOSTON, the subject of the present month's frontispiece, is the capital of Massachusetts, and the fourth city in population, in the United States. The view represents it as taken from what is termed Chelsea, on the east side of Boston Bay, and embraces the principal points and buildings. The city is situated in Suffolk County, on a peninsula of about two and a half miles long, by one mile broad, at the west side of the bay, and is built in what may be termed the form of a crescent, around the harbor, which is one of the most safe and convenient in America. Several bridges connect the peninsula with the adjacent shores, where are to be found those beautiful villages for which Massachusetts is so famed. The bridge conspicuous, in the present engraving, is Charlestown Bridge, connecting Boston with the town of that name, in Middlesex County, where are situated a State Prison, the Massachusetts Insane Hospital, and a Navy Yard of the United States. Near this place was fought the famous battle of Breed's Hill, but better known by the name of "*Bunker Hill*," and a monument in memory of the same, which is seen in the right of the engraving, is now being erected by an association. It was here that the fearless patriot, Joseph Warren, yielded his valuable life, and whose requiem as a favorite bard expresses it—

"Time, with his own external lips shall sing,"

while the battle-ground will be ever associated with the plains of Marathon and Plataeæ. Boston is the second city in the Union in the shipping interest, and the manufactures are most extensive, embracing almost every art known to civilization. Among the principal buildings, are to be enumerated the State House, Faneuil Hall, Faneuil Hall Market, a splendid structure of granite, five hundred and forty feet in length; the County Court House, the Massachusetts Hospital, and the Tremont House, one of the most elegant hotels of the United States. Boston has ever been famous for its many institutions of art and science, and literature so liberally patronized, and so beneficial to its community, and noted for the greatest number of literary men, produced by any city in the Union; indeed, so much is it proverbial for this last trait of character, that by distinguished travellers it has been honored with the name of "*the Literary Emporium of the United States*," while it has likewise been ever among the foremost in asserting and defending the rights and liberties of America. We must not omit to mention the Common, a public square, planted with trees, and surrounded by the Mall, a gravelled walk,

and both together covering a space of nearly fifty acres. The inhabitants are courteous, warm-hearted and hospitable, and in no city in the Union is the stranger more kindly received and cherished. The following lines are, perhaps, not inapplicable of its character, and that of its citizens:—

Thou beauteous city of Columbia's land,
Home of the wanderer of a foreign strand,
Whose hearts are open as the dawning day,
To cheer the Pilgrim on his dubious way.
Though far from home, and clouded was his sky,
Thou gavest the hand, and dried his tearful eye;
Bade him forget his toil and travel past,
And moor his barque within thy haven fast.
Thy daughters, lovely as the first young flower,
That opes its bosom at the summer hour,
Whose eyes with gems of pity ever gleam,
Yet bright as sunbursts on the dewy stream.
Thy brothers, manly, candid, true and brave,
Who guard the boon their fathers died to save,
For here the quenchless fire of Liberty began,
And spread its blaze to every patriot man.
'Twas here the tyrant, in his power of might,
Bowed down to Freemen in the bloody fight.
Thou three-hill'd empress! Proudly dost thou stand
And gaze upon thy island-studded strand;
While rolls the ocean to thy emerald breast,
Or, like a child in slumber, lies at rest.
My heart is with thee, Boston, still with thee!
In busy throngs, or 'neath the woodland tree;
A wayward youth—a son of foreign shore,
Yields thee this tribute from his heart's deep core.
Take, take the gift, 'tis all that he can pay,
For nights of bliss, and hours of soul by day.
Oh! may God cast his mantle o'er thy form,
And shield thee ever from the world's wild storm!

R. H.

LOVE.

YEs, Love may surely boast a source divine,
Whatever be its early form and feature,
It flows, like Sol's life-giving beams, benign,
From the Creator to the humblest creature.
It is the very life and soul
Of all that live, and breathe, and move;
There's not a pulse from pole to pole,
But vibrates solely from the power of love.
The largest form, the smallest thing
That nature's boundless kingdom holds,
Whether it moves on foot or wing,
Or finny oar, or sinuous folds.
All, all exist on this mysterious plan,
From viewless insects, up to lordly man!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Original.

THE GAMESTER'S FORTUNE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PYRMONT was even more visited than usual in the summer of 18—. Day after day came fresh parties of rich and fashionable strangers, to pass a few weeks at the celebrated watering-place. Among other amusements, a faro table was established there. The owners of the bank looked on every newly-arrived guest as game, which they, like skilful hunters, were to entrap as speedily as possible.

It will be generally confessed, that during the season, at a watering-place, men are more apt, than in any other circumstances, to give themselves up to amusement; and that the attractions of the gaming-table are then less easily resisted. Persons, who at home never touch a card, may there be seen earnestly engaged in play. At Pyrmont, it was the custom of the most distinguished guests to join the players every evening, and lose a few pieces of gold.

One of their number only ventured to abstain from following this prevalent fashion. It was a young German Baron, Siegfried by name. When all the rest were at play, and he seemed thus excluded from every social diversion, he would withdraw for a solitary walk, or retire to his chamber with a book in his hand.

Siegfried was young and rich, of a noble figure and pleasing manners; so that it was not to be wondered at that he was esteemed, caressed, and by the women, even idolized. An unusual good fortune seemed sure to attend him in every thing he undertook. People talked of numerous love affairs in which he had been engaged, and which, though the reputation of another might have suffered thereby, always resulted to his advantage. Some of his acquaintances, in speaking of his uniform luck, mentioned a single instance, that happened in his early youth. Siegfried, while upon a journey, found himself unexpectedly in want of money. He was obliged to dispose of a valuable gold watch, set round with diamonds; and being prepared to part with it for a very paltry sum, was so fortunate as to meet with a young travelling prince, who, being in want of a watch, paid him its full value. A year after, when Siegfried had come of age, he saw an advertisement in the newspapers, of a watch to be disposed of by lottery. He purchased a ticket at trifling cost, and drew the watch, which proved to be his own splendid one. Not long after, he exchanged it for a valuable ring. He remained some time in the service of Prince G——, and the Prince, on his dismissal, sent him, as a token of his gratitude, the self-same gold watch set round with jewels!

The young Baron's singular refusal to join the rest at cards, when his good fortune promised him so much gain therefrom, became the subject of general remark. It was agreed among the inveterate gamblers, that Siegfried, with all his admirable qualities, was a miser;

too penurious to risk the least loss. It did not affect their opinion, that this accusation was repelled by the Baron's whole behavior, both at home and abroad. Envy is always ready to find a flaw in the character of every highly-gifted person; and if no stain be found, it can readily create one. This slanderous explanation of the Baron's objections to card-playing, was readily received.

Siegfried soon heard what was said, and as nothing was more abhorrent to his honorable and liberal nature, than the idea of niggardliness, he resolved, at once, to prove his ill-natured defamers in the wrong. For this purpose, much as he disliked gaming, he determined to go to the table, and by the loss of a few hundred louis-d'ors, vindicate his good name. The sums he risked, he was fully bent upon losing; but his wonted good fortune would not here desert him. He won continually; whether he changed or continued the cards, his luck was the same. It was not a little amusing to see him so annoyed at his own success. Those who observed him, thought his demeanor betrayed a touch of lunacy; in truth, they might well take for a lunatic, a player who was anxious to lose his money.

The circumstance that he had won considerable sums, rendered it necessary—so reasoned the young Baron—for him to go on, and lose what he had won against his wishes. Still, however, the fortune continued on his side. Before he was conscious of the change, meanwhile, a love for faro-playing had sprung up within him, that imperceptibly increased and obtained the mastery over his feelings. He no longer pondered on the chances of getting rid of his ill-gotten gains. His attention was fettered to the game, and he spent whole nights at the table, seeming to enjoy not so much winning the money, as the fascinating game itself.

One night, as he was playing, he chanced to look up, and noticed a tall elderly man, who stood exactly opposite him; and fixed his eyes steadily upon him with an earnest, melancholy gaze. Every time the Baron lifted his eyes from the game, he met the look of the stranger; till he began to feel uneasy under this mysterious scrutiny. When they had done playing, the stranger was the first to quit the hall. The next night he again stood opposite the young Baron, regarding him with intense, mournful gaze, as before. Siegfried controlled his feelings so far as to say nothing; but when, on the third, the stranger took his former place, and he met again the glance of those dark deep eyes, he said to him, not without some demonstrations of annoyance, "I must beg, sir—you will oblige me by choosing another place. You disturb my playing."

The stranger bowed with a smile, in which there was not a little sadness, and without saying a single word, withdrew from the hall. The following night he again stood opposite the Baron, and his look was more earnest and penetrating than ever. The Baron was enraged. "Sir," said he, "if you are pleasing yourself with a joke, by staring me thus in the face, I beg you will choose for the purpose another time and another place; at this present moment—" a motion of his hand towards

* A translation from the German.

the door, served to show his meaning—instead of the harsh words he with difficulty repressed. As before, with a slight bow, and with the same inexplicable smile, the stranger departed.

Siegfried found it impossible to sleep, from the excitement of play—the wine he had drank, and the unusual feelings he had experienced. In the faint dawn, he seemed to have constantly before him the figure of the stranger. He saw that face attenuated, furrowed, and marked by sorrow; those deeply-set, melancholy eyes, whose glance had so disturbed him; and remembered, in spite of his poor apparel, the dignity of his bearing, which was that of a well-educated gentleman. And with what mild, sad patience he had borne the harsh words of the Baron! crushing down into his heart all bitterness of feeling, and leaving the hall without reply! “No,” cried Siegfried, “I have done him wrong—deep wrong! Was it becoming me, to treat a gentleman in this boorish manner, and without the slightest cause?” He went on to convince himself that the earnest gaze of the stranger had been occasioned by an oppressive feeling of contrast—as he saw him—the Baron—amassing heaps of gold, while he felt himself pinched by bitter poverty. The Baron’s final resolution was to seek the stranger, and offer an explanation of his conduct.

Accident favored him; for the first person he met, walking in the great avenue, was the stranger. The Baron accosted him, apologized for his behavior the preceding night, and asked pardon for the hasty language he had used. The stranger replied that he had nothing to pardon, but rather to excuse himself for having placed himself again opposite the Baron, after having been informed that it disturbed his play. Siegfried went still further; spoke of the difficulties that too often embarrass those most deserving of prosperity, and gave his companion to understand that he was ready to employ the money he had won, and more, in his service, if he could thereby assist him.

“I perceive, sir,” answered the stranger, “that you think me in need. I am not; for though I am far from rich, yet I have sufficient for my support, according to my simple way of living. And if I were in need, judge, sir, yourself, whether I, as a man of honor, could accept the gold you proffer by way of making amends for an injury you imagine me to have sustained at your hands.”

“I think I understand you,” returned the Baron. “I hold myself ready to give you satisfaction in the manner you require.”

“Alas!” said the stranger, “how unequal would be a duel between us! I am sure you think, as I do, that a duel should not be rushed into from childish passion, and that a few drops of blood are unavailable to wash clean a man’s sullied honor. But there are some cases in which it is rendered impossible that two men should exist upon earth together—lived the one on Caucasus, and the other on the Tiber—and here duelling is a necessity, to decide which shall give place to the other. Between us, as I said before, it would be most unequal; as your life is worth far more than mine. In killing you, I should murder a world of bright hopes, while your hand,

with me, would only put an end to a being full of wretchedness—of bitter, tormenting recollections. But the sum of the matter is, I have been in no wise injured by you. You bade me go, and I went.”

The last words the stranger uttered in a tone that spoke of habitual internal suffering. The Baron took occasion once more to excuse himself, at the same time alluding to the uneasy feelings the stranger’s earnest gaze had awakened within him.

“Would that my look *could* have penetrated to your heart,” said the other, “and warned you of your dreadful danger. In your flush of youth, ingenuous, light-hearted, unsuspecting—you stand on the verge of an abyss: a single step, and you plunge down, where there is no recovery. In a word, you are on the point of becoming a passionate lover of gaming. It must be your ruin in the end.”

The Baron assured the stranger that he was mistaken. He explained how he had first been induced to play, and pledged himself to give it up as soon as he had lost a few hundred pieces—which he really wished to do. His luck, he assured him, was as unwelcome as inexplicable.

“Ah!” cried the stranger, “this luck is one of the artful machinations of infernal malice! Yes! this remarkable fortune of yours, Sir Baron—the circumstances under which you were induced to play—your whole manner in the game, which too plainly betrays your rising interest in it—all—all—remind me of the terrible fate of one, like you in many things—who began as you have done. It was this feeling that moved me, so that I could not turn my eyes from you—so that I could scarce restrain myself from telling you, in words, what you might have guessed from my looks! I saw—I saw the demons clutching at you, eager to drag you into their foul pit! I would have called to you that destruction was before you. I wished to make your acquaintance, and in this I have succeeded. If you will hear the story of the unhappy individual I mentioned, perhaps you will be convinced that I am under no delusion, if I look upon you as standing in imminent danger.”

They went to a more retired spot, and seated themselves on a bench under a spreading tree. The stranger then began his narration.

“The Chevalier Menars was, in youth, distinguished by the same brilliant endowments that have rendered, you, Sir Baron, the object of general admiration. In respect to property, however, fortune had not equally favored him. He had little; and only by observing the strictest economy, was he enabled to make such an appearance as became the descendant of a noble family. He had nothing to venture, and could not, therefore, indulge in play; nor had he any disposition towards the gaming-table. In other matters, success crowned his every undertaking; so that his luck became proverbial.

“One night, contrary to his usual custom, he was induced to accompany one of his friends to a gambling-house. The friend was soon deep in play. Quite unconcerned about all that was passing, and occupied with other thoughts, the Chevalier walked up and down the room, looking occasionally at the table, where the

heaps of gold were accumulating. Suddenly an old Colonel cried out, "Ho—ho! here is the Chevalier Menars, with his luck, amongst us; and we can win nothing, for he takes part with none of us! Come, sir, you shall play for me."

"The Chevalier plead his want of skill, and of experience in the game; but to no purpose. The Colonel would accept of no excuse; and he was compelled to seat himself at the table.

"It happened with the Chevalier exactly as with you, Baron, his luck was wonderful, and he soon won a very considerable sum for the Colonel, who could hardly contain his joy. This good fortune, though it astonished all the players, made not the least impression on the Chevalier himself. Nay, his aversion to play was greatly increased, so that the next morning, while he felt languid and dull from the effects of his dissipation, he made a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, to be again found in a gaming-house.

"His resolution was only confirmed by the selfish solicitations of the old Colonel. You would be astonished to discover what superstition there is among gamblers, and the old man had blind confidence in the good luck of his young friend. Meanwhile, the story of his wonderful success, the first time he touched a card, went abroad, and there were some who scrupled not to accuse him of deep fraud in the matter, and to say that his alleged inexperience was all a piece of hypocrisy, to cover his designs, and preserve his character.

"About a year passed, and by an unexpected loss, the Chevalier was reduced to great strait. He confided his difficulties to his most intimate friend, who readily gave him assistance, while, at the same time, he reproved him for his obstinacy in rejecting the proffered gifts of fortune.

"Our destiny," said he, "gives us all a hint in what direction to seek and find our fortune. But some are too indolent to perceive or understand. The power that rules over us, in your ear whispers loudly, 'Go and win gold at play, or else be miserable, needy and dependent.'

"The thought now flashed upon the mind of the Chevalier how lucky he had been that night! After this—awake or dreaming, he saw nothing but cards before his eyes, and heard, in fancy, the monotonous call of the bankers—the ringing of gold pieces. "It is true!" he said to himself; "it is the only means by which I may save myself from want, and avoid being a burden upon my friends. It is, therefore, my duty to follow the path pointed out by destiny."

"That night his friend accompanied him to the gaming-house, and lent him twenty louis'd'ors to begin with. If he had been lucky when playing for the Colonel, he was now doubly so. He drew the cards blindly, but it seemed as if Chance had bound herself to his service. When he left the house, he was master of one thousand louis'd'ors.

"He awoke next morning in a kind of intoxication. The gold lay in heaps upon his table. He thought himself dreaming; rubbed his eyes, touched the table, and drew his treasure nearer to him. As he thought over what had happened, and counted his riches again and again, he felt, for the first time, the poison of avarice

infect his soul! Before it withered and died the purity of his early youth.

"He could scarce wait for night, when he might renew his devotions at the unholy shrine. His luck continued; so that in a few weeks, during which he played every night, he had amassed a large sum.

"There are two kinds of players; those who enjoy the game, and the succession of chances, and those who play merely for the love of gain. To this latter class the Chevalier belonged. With the money he had won, he established a faro-bank, and here, also, fortune favored him to such a degree, that his bank was soon the richest in all Paris. His house became, also, more frequented than any other.

"The wild and lawless life of a professed gamester, ere long, deprived the Chevalier of those physical and mental accomplishments which had once gained him esteem. He ceased to be a faithful friend, a cheerful companion, or a courteous gentleman. His taste for art and for knowledge was extinguished with every noble ambition. On his death-pale cheek, in his dark, flashing eye, could be read one passion only, which held all his faculties in bondage—the love of gold: Satan had kindled in his bosom the flame of avarice, and it fed upon his heart.

"One night fortune was less favorable than usual to him, and he met with some trifling loss. In the course of the evening, there came in a little, old, withered man, of squalid appearance, who approached the table, took up a card with trembling hand, and laid down a gold piece. Many of the players looked at him in great astonishment, and most of them treated him with marked contempt. Their manner, however, did not affect him so as to move a muscle of his face, much less to provoke him to angry words.

"The old man lost—lost one stake after another; and the more he lost, the more loudly exulted the other players. He continued to play, doubling his stake each time, till he lost five hundred louis'd'ors on a single card. The others laughed at, and taunted him. The old man flung at them a basilisk glance, and hastily left the room; but returned in half an hour, with pockets full of gold. He again staked largely, and again lost all.

"The Chevalier, in spite of his own madness in his unhallowed pursuit, preserved some degree of dignity in his demeanor; and expressed himself much displeased at the open contempt that had been shown the old man. 'Oh!' cried one of the gamblers, 'you do not know old Francisco Vertua, Chevalier, or you would not complain of us, but rather applaud what we did. This Vertua, a Neapolitan by birth, has been fifteen years in Paris, and is the basest, wickedest miser and usurer in the world. He is a stranger to every human feeling; and were his own brother expiring at his feet, he would not give a single louis'd'or to save him. The curses of many a wretch, ay, of whole families, who have been ruined by his machinations, are heavy on his head. Every body hates him who knows of his existence. He has never played before, long as he has been in Paris; so that you need not wonder at our astonishment to see the old miser at the table, nor our joy at his loss. The

wealth of your bank, Chevalier, has blinded the old fool. He thought to pluck you, and has lost some of his own feathers. Ha! ha! Yet I cannot understand how Vertua, penurious as he is, could be brought to play so high. Well! he will hardly come again! I think we are rid of him!

"This conjecture proved false; for the next night Vertua came again, and played and lost as before. He bore his ill fortune silently, but with a bitter smile. But the passion of gaming had taken possession of him, and he continued to play, night after night, in a sort of desperation. Ere long, he had paid thirty thousand louis-d'ors to the bank. He came in one night, pale as death, with looks greatly disturbed, and stood at a distance from the table, his eyes fixed rigidly on the cards the Chevalier held in his hand. Just as Menars had shuffled the cards, cut them, and was beginning to deal, the old man rushed up to him and spoke in his ear with a stifled voice, 'Chevalier! my house in the street Saint Honoré, with the furniture, plate and jewels, is valued at eighty thousand francs; will you hold the stake?'

"'Good!' replied the Chevalier, coldly, without turning round, and the game began.

"'The Queen!' cried the old man, and the next moment the Queen was lost! The old man staggered back, and leaned motionless against the wall. None troubled themselves further about him.

"The game was ended; the players dispersed; the Chevalier was locking up in his casket the gold he had won, when old Vertua came towards him, pale and agitated, and said imploringly, 'A word, Chevalier, a single word!'

"'Well, what is it?' asked Menars, taking the key out of his box, and measuring the old man from head to foot with a contemptuous glance.

"'I have lost to your bank,' said the old man, 'all I have in the world. I have nothing, nothing remaining; I know not where, to-morrow, I shall lay my head, or satisfy my hunger. All my hope is in you, Chevalier. Lend me, out of the sums you have won from me, only the tenth part, that I may commence business again, and be saved from starvation.'

"'Do you not know, Signor Vertua,' replied the Chevalier, 'that a banker must not lend money out of his gains? Such is the old rule, and I shall not depart from it.'

"'You are right, Chevalier,' cried Vertua, trembling with his eagerness; 'my request was unreasonable—absurd! The tenth part! no, no, lend me the *twentieth* part!'

"'I tell you,' answered Menars, 'I will lend you nothing of my gains.'

"'True, true,' stammered Vertua, growing paler, and trembling more violently, 'you can lend me nothing. I would not do it in your place! But give a beggar an alms; give him, out of the riches blind fortune has heaped on you to-day, an hundred louis-d'ors.'

"'In truth,' said the Chevalier, scornfully, 'you know how to personate the beggar, Signor Vertua! I tell you, not an hundred—not fifty—not twenty—not a single lou-

isd'or shall you have from me. You shall not have the least aid in setting up again your detestable business. Fate has beat you down in the dust like a poisonous worm, and I will not lend a hand to raise you up again. Begone, and perish, as you deserve!'

"Vertua covered his eyes with both hands, and groaned deeply. The Chevalier called his servant to place his box in the carriage, and said in a stern tone, 'When will you deliver up to me your house and effects, Signor Vertua?'

"A shudder passed through the old man's frame, but he answered in a firm voice, 'Now—this moment, Chevalier! Come with me.'

"'Good!' replied Menars. 'You can lead the way to your house, and remain in it till the morning.'

"Neither spoke on the way. Vertua at length pulled the bell of the house in the street Saint Honoré. An old woman opened, and cried, as she saw her master, 'The saints keep us! have you come at last, Signor Vertua? Here has been Mademoiselle Angela, half dead with fright on your account.'

"'Silence!' said Vertua. 'I hope to Heaven Angela has not heard that unlucky bell! She must not know I am come.' The old man then took the light out of the hand of the domestic, and led the way into a large apartment on the left hand.

"'I am prepared for all,' said he. 'You hate me—you despise me, Chevalier. You have ruined me, but you know me not. I was once a skilful player like yourself, and as favored by capricious fortunes. I travelled over half the continent, amassing riches wherever I went. I had a lovely and faithful wife, whom I neglected, and who was miserable amidst all my wealth. While my bank was established at Genoa, I succeeded in despoiling a young Roman of his rich inheritance. As I besought you, so did he beseech me for a trifling loan, if only sufficient to enable him to return to Rome. I rejected his petition with scorn, and in despair he plunged his stiletto deep in my breast. My wound produced a long and dangerous illness. My wife watched over me with tenderest care, soothed my sufferings, and awakened better feelings in my heart. I made a vow never to touch a card again. I purchased a small country house near Rome, and went thither, with my wife, on my recovery. How happy was I the following year. My wife gave birth at last, to a daughter, and died a few weeks after. I was in despair; I accused Heaven, and execrated myself. I left my country seat, and came to Paris. Angela grew up the lovely image of her mother, and for her sake I wished to increase my property. I lent out money, it is true, at high interest, but it is a vile slander which charges me with usurious fraud. My defamers are the spendthrifts who know not how to use money, but borrow, and then rave against me, because I claim what belongs, not to me, but to my daughter. I could tell you of much bitter abuse that I have suffered wrongfully; nay, I could tell you of prayers that have gone up to Heaven for me and for my Angela, from those we have relieved. But wherefore? you call it all folly—you are a gamester! I heard of your fortune, Chevalier! I heard daily of this and that person

reduced to beggary at your bank, and I thought I would try my own luck, which had never yet failed me, against yours. This thought became a passion—a madness. I went to your bank—I went again and again, blinded by headstrong, delirious folly, till my—till my Angela's possessions became yours! This is all I have to say. You will permit my daughter to retain her wardrobe?"

"I have no use for it; she may keep it," replied the Chevalier. "You may also take your beds and such articles of household furniture as are necessary. I do not want any trash or lumber, but whatever is valuable you will leave behind."

"The old man stood a few moments speechless before the Chevalier; then wiping the tears from his withered cheeks, sank at his feet in a paroxysm of anguish and despair. 'Chevalier!' he cried, with clasped hands, 'if there is human feeling in your breast, be merciful! be merciful! You are heaping ruin, not on my head, but on my daughter's—my Angela's—my innocent child's! For her sake be merciful! Lend her the twentieth part of the inheritance of which you have despoiled her! Oh, yes, you will have pity—you will help us! Oh, Angela, my daughter'—and weeping and groaning the old man continued to call on the name of his child."

"This insipid tragedy-scene begins to be tiresome!" said the Chevalier, with cold contempt. But before he could utter another word, the door was thrown open, and a young girl, in a white night-dress, with hair floating over her shoulders, pale as death, rushed in, threw herself on her knees beside old Vertua, raised him up from the ground, on which he had prostrated himself, clasped her arms round his neck, and cried, 'Oh, my father, my father! I heard it—I know all! have you then lost all? Have you not still your Angela? Why, for the loss of houses and gold, will not Angela be near to love and cherish you. Oh, father, do not humble yourself before this despicable monster. Not we—it is *he* who is poor and wretched in the midst of his riches; for he stands there alone, with none to love him on the wide earth! Come, father, quit this house with me! Let us quit it directly, that this cruel wretch may feed himself no longer on your distress!'

"Vertua sank half insensible in a chair; Angela knelt beside him, clasped his hands, and kissed them, and tried all the innocent arts she was mistress of, to soothe her father; now trying to smile away his grief; now conjuring him, with tears, to go with her."

"Who could witness such a scene, unmoved by the artless beauty, and the sweet voice of the lovely maiden? She looked like an angel, and her office of kindness was angelic. The Chevalier was not unmoved. A hell of remorse and self-humiliation was in his breast. He looked on the pure being before him, and abhorred himself. Yet into the midst of the stormy darkness of his soul, descended a beam from Heaven! The Chevalier had never loved. A deep passion now took possession of his heart. The flame was kindled, but he felt it hopeless. How could *he* hope to win the love of the pure and spotless Angela?"

"He tried several times, in vain, to speak, and seemed to suffer some internal struggle. At last he said in a faltering voice, 'Signor Vertua! listen to me. I restore you all I have won from you. There stands my casket—it is yours with its contents. Nay, I must pay you yet more. I am still in your debt. Take it, take it—'

"'Oh, my daughter!' cried Vertua, in ecstasy; but Angela, rising with dignity, approached the Chevalier."

"Sir," she said, while she fixed on him her proud, beautiful eyes, 'we have what is better than houses and gold, which you can neither bestow nor take away. Your gifts—your favors, we reject with scorn! Keep, sir, your wealth, on which rests a curse that shall follow you to the end of your life. There can be no peace for a heartless gamester!'

"'Ay!' exclaimed the Chevalier, wildly—and in a changed voice—'accursed, indeed, may I be, doomed to the deepest perdition, if this hand ever again touches a card! And if you then drive me from your feet, Angela, it will be you who have wrought may destruction! Oh, you know not—you understand me not—you think me mad, but you will know—Angela! my life or death hangs upon you! Farewell.'

"Having uttered, in haste, these broken sentences, the Chevalier rushed from the house. Vertua comprehended, in part, the cause of his agitation, and earnestly endeavored to persuade his daughter to accept what he had bestowed, and esteem him a benefactor. Angela could not, however, but look with horror upon the man who lived by ruining others."

"The Chevalier awaked from his dream of wealth, to find himself on the verge of an awful abyss. To the astonishment of all Paris, he broke up his bank, and was seen no more at the gaming-house. He shunned his former companions, and gave himself up to the indulgence of his unhappy passion. Soon after, he met, one day, old Vertua and his daughter, Angela, who could not have believed that she could look without horror on Chevalier Menars, felt pity when she saw him pale and haggard, with eyes always cast on the ground. She knew that since that night, he had given up gaming, and changed his whole course of life. *She* had wrought this change; she had saved him from perdition. Was there not something in this thought to flatter her woman's vanity?"

"While Vertua saluted the Chevalier with scrupulous courtesy, Angela said to him in the softest tones of sympathy, 'What is the matter, Chevalier? You are ill! Indeed, you ought to send for a physician!'

"Angela's words filled the unhappy man with hope. From that moment his whole demeanor was changed. He became a frequent visitor at old Vertua's house; in short, before many weeks had passed, he had won the heart of the fair Angela, whose hand her father willingly bestowed on him."

"Angela, now the wife of the Chevalier, was sitting one morning at her window, when roused by the noise of trumpets and martial music, she looked forth, and saw a regiment marching by. They were going to Spain. She could not help pitying the poor soldiers, thus doomed to almost certain death. One of the men, wheeling

his horse suddenly round, stood directly before her, and confronted her with a look full of despair. That intense, though momentary gaze, seemed to plant a dagger in her breast, and as the young man turned to join his comrades, she sank back on her seat insensible.

"She had recognized in him, young Duvernay, a neighbor's son, with whom she had grown up in habits of intimacy. He had loved her well, and she had not withheld encouragement from his suit, till dazzled by the superior accomplishments of the Chevalier. Now, heart-broken by her inconstancy, he had devoted himself to death!

"She crushed down her feelings, but that look of reproachful anguish was ever in her thoughts. She grew melancholy, and the change was not unnoticed by her husband. Angela became aware of this, and exerted herself to control her feelings, for the Chevalier treated her with unlimited indulgence, and strove to gratify her every wish. In the exercise of duty, her happiness gradually returned; but it was soon clouded by the illness and death of her father.

"Since the night on which he had lost all his possessions to the Chevalier, Vertua had never touched a card; but in his last moments, the passion for play occupied his whole soul. While the priest was endeavoring to administer the consolations of religion, he lay with closed eyes, muttering between his teeth, '*perde*,' '*gagne*,' and imitating, with his trembling hands, the motion of one who deals the cards. In vain did Angela and her husband strive, by every effort of tenderness, to recall his thoughts. He knew them not, but sighing 'I have lost!' expired.

"Angela was overwhelmed with anguish, less for the loss of her parent, than the awful circumstances of his death. The Chevalier was still kind to her, but moody and abstracted; and a presentiment of yet greater evil came upon her. She feared every moment lest he should drop the mask, and return to the vice of his former life.

"There was but too much reason for her fears. The fiend-like passion had revived, in all its energy, in the bosom of the Chevalier. He thought and dreamed of nothing but play, and of accumulating riches. He was wearied of his quiet, domestic life. His discontent was increased, and his resolution fixed, by a few interviews with one of his former associates, who laughed at his scruples, and taunted him with being held in bondage by his wife. He called Menars a fool to give up the world for a woman's sake; and Menars thought this argument quite conclusive.

"It was not long before the Chevalier established a bank, which soon became as rich as his former one. His luck did not desert him; and he had plenty of victims on his list, whose fortunes went to swell his treasures. Poor Angela! her happiness was for ever destroyed. She was awakened from a long, pleasing dream, to certain misery. Her husband, who found the reproach of her pale face and wasting form intolerable, treated her with coldness, and soon with contempt. Sometimes she saw him not for days together. He dismissed all her servants, and supplied their places with others; and Angela found herself destitute of all

sympathy. Often would she lie awake, weeping and praying, whole nights; and when, towards the dawn, she heard her husband's carriage before the door, and the heavy money-box brought into the hall, his harsh voice giving orders, and the doors of his apartments slamming after him as he went to bed, she would burst into tears afresh, and pray more earnestly that Heaven would terminate her miserable life.

"One night, in the gaming-house where the Chevalier presided, a young man, whose fortune had been sacrificed at play, started up from the table where he had lost the last stake, and shot himself through the head. His blood and brains besprinkled the players, who all fled in horror. The Chevalier alone remained in his place, perfectly indifferent, and asked if it was one of the rules of the game, to leave it unfinished, because a fool thought proper to kill himself.

"The players were indignant at the Chevalier's cold-blooded behavior. The affair became public; the police interfered, and the bank was broken up. The Chevalier was indicted for fraud in playing; in no other way could people account for his wonderful luck. He was obliged to disburse heavily to procure his liberty. He saw himself disgraced; shunned by all; he returned to his wife, who received him with open arms, and ventured once again to indulge the hope of his amendment.

"The Chevalier, with his wife, left Paris, and took up his residence at Genoa. Here he lived secluded from society; and might have been happy, had the bad spirit been expelled from his soul. Alas! the demon soon entangled him again in his chains, and this time, beyond redemption.

"His evil reputation had followed him from Paris to Genoa, so that he dared not venture to set up a bank. The richest bank in Genoa, at this time, belonged to a Colonel in the French army, who had left the service on account of a dangerous wound, which unfitted him for active employment. The Chevalier visited the gaming-house where he presided, and envious of his good fortune, resolved to venture his own luck against him. The Colonel bade him welcome; and the first deal proved in his favor, as it was wont to be. But the blind goddess soon showed herself fickle, and before he rose from the table, the Chevalier had lost a considerable sum.

"The Colonel encouraged him to persevere; but from that moment Fortune turned her back upon her former favorite. He played every night—lost every night; still he desperately went on, till a few thousand ducats, in paper money, was all that remained to him.

"The day after he was thus reduced, he ran about the city, getting his money changed into gold. At dusk, his pockets filled with the gold pieces, he was leaving his own house, when Angela, pale and weeping, threw herself at his feet, and implored him, by all he held sacred, not to persevere in this course, which must lead to ruin and misery.

"The Chevalier raised his poor wife, pressed her to his bosom, and said with stifled voice, 'Angela—my injured Angela! it must be so! I must do it. But to-morrow—to-morrow, dismiss your cares, for I swear to you I am going to play to-night for the last time!'

Be calm, Angela! Go to sleep—dream of happier days—go to sleep, and if you are at peace, I shall have better luck! He kissed her forehead, and abruptly quitted the house.

"Two deals—and the Chevalier had lost his all! Motionless—almost breathless, he stood and gazed, as if stupefied with anguish, on the table.

"You play no more, Chevalier?" asked the Colonel, as he shuffled the cards for a new deal.

"I have lost all!" replied Menars, with forced calmness.

"Have you, indeed, nothing farther to stake?" said the Colonel.

"I am a beggar!" answered the Chevalier. His voice trembled, but he suppressed all other signs of emotion.

"The Colonel went on quietly dealing the cards.

"Before the next deal, he said softly, without looking at Menars, 'You have yet left—a lovely wife!'

"What of her?" demanded the Chevalier, sternly. The other did not immediately reply.

"Ten thousand ducats against—Angela?" said he, half turning round, as he handed the cards to be cut.

"You are mad!" cried the Chevalier.

"Twenty thousand ducats against Angela?" said the Colonel, in a whisper, stopping a moment before he began to deal.

"The Chevalier was silent a few seconds, then with a gloomy frown he consented to the stake.

"A few moments, and all was lost! Gnashing his teeth, he started up, and pale as death, staggered to the window.

"The players departed; the Colonel approached his victim, and said in a low tone, 'Well, what farther?'

"Ay!" cried the Chevalier, in a voice hoarse with emotion, 'you have made me a beggar, but you must be a madman to suppose you have won my wife. Ha! is my wife a slave, to be bought and sold?'

"If she is willing to go with me," answered the Colonel, 'I have bought the right to take her, at the risk of twenty thousand ducats.'

"She will spurn you!" exclaimed the Chevalier; 'she will scorn your infamous proffers! Ha, ha! you have risked your ducats for nothing!'

"I do not despair," replied the Colonel, laughing scornfully. 'How can Angela help abhorring one who heaped on her such misery and shame? It is you she will reject. Yet more; you deem me a madman! a fool, who will find himself cheated of his prize? Chevalier, your wife loves me—ay, *me!* loved me before your hated arts separated us! I am that Duvernet, to whom her love was pledged ere she saw you—ere you bought the daughter's hand by the ruin of the father! She repented it when it was too late! Ha, do you shrink? I have avenged your victims! I resolved on your ruin; I devoted myself to play—I followed you to Genoa! I have succeeded! and now to your wife!'

"The Chevalier stood as if struck by a thunderbolt, at this terrible disclosure. He saw all the load of misery he had brought upon poor Angela. He now feared, in truth, that she would desert him. After a while he

mastered his agitation sufficiently to reply with pretended calmness—"Angela, my wife, shall decide!" He then followed the Colonel toward his own house.

"They entered the hall. The Colonel was proceeding to Angela's chamber, when the Chevalier drew him back.

"She is sleeping; will you awaken her?"

"Hem!" answered Duvernet; 'do you suppose she has had much undisturbed sleep since you have made her so wretched?'

"The Chevalier groaned deeply. He fell on his knees before the Colonel, and cried in agony, 'Be merciful! You have made me a beggar—leave me my wife!'

"It was thus old Vertua knelt at your feet, unfeeling villain, and you had no mercy upon him. The vengeance of Heaven has overtaken you!"

"Having thus spoken, Duvernet turned and walked towards Angela's chamber.

"The Chevalier sprang before him to the door, flung it open, and rushed to the bed where his wife lay. He drew aside the curtains, crying, 'Angela! Angela!' but she did not reply. He stooped over her, seized her hand, let it fall suddenly, and staggered backward into the room, pointing, at the same time, towards the bed. The Colonel, alarmed, went and parted the curtains. *Angela lay there a corpse!*

"Duvernet threw his arms toward heaven, and with a cry of horror, rushed from the house. None of his friends ever heard of him afterwards."

The stranger, having ended his story, rose abruptly and left the arbor, before the Baron, who had been deeply interested, could utter a word.

Some days after, the Baron heard that the stranger was ill in his chamber, and went to see him. He expired without being able to speak with his young friend, but from some papers he left, Siegfried learned that he was no other than the unfortunate Chevalier Menars.

The Baron profited by the warning, and the dreadful example of the evils of gaming, and vowed solemnly never afterwards to be guilty of that fearful vice. We have never heard that he failed to keep this promise.

Original.

JUST SEVENTEEN.

JUST seventeen! the sweetest age,
That's entered in fair beauty's page;
Lips like the rose-bud cleft in twain,
With pearly gems the cleft to stain;
Eyes like twin stars, beneath some cloud,
That comes their sparkling light to shroud;
Rich tresses of the auburn glow,
Free waving o'er a brow of snow;
And then the bosom heaving, swelling,
Where tickling Cupid holds his dwelling—
Of woman's life, no year I ween,
Is like soft, pouting seventeen.

ROBERT HAMILTON.

Original.

FEMALE IRRELIGION.

It would be difficult to determine which is the most disgusting, religious cant or open and avowed infidelity, if even the *pretence* to belief, were not an acknowledgment that we *ought* to have faith, and that unbelief is to be avoided as a sin against conscience and against society. Hypocrisy is among the most hateful of the blemishes that disfigure the human character, and is so repugnant to the fine feelings of a man of honor, that he sometimes rather loosely pronounces it even more contemptible than the undisguised revilings of professed skepticism; and to a merely superficial observer of human frailty it is so. The man who but partially studies his own bosom and *passes his impressions off for thought*, would always come to that conclusion; for meanness and manliness are such opposite qualities that the contrast strikes powerfully; and sometimes the case is decided without due discrimination. Nothing is more natural than to decide between affected piety and acknowledged disregard of religion, on this ground. A well constituted mind so abhors hypocrisy in all its shapes and has so utter a loathing for the snivel of church-going-cant and for the frivolity of its professions, that it frequently finds itself ready to yield its preferences even to an infidelity that at least steers clear of deception. The conclusion is wrong, but we repeat, that it is natural; and have no hesitation in adding, is grounded upon a good feeling, though erroneously applied.

These thoughts, cursorily and perhaps carelessly thrown together, are intended as a merely prefatory vindication of the writer of the few remarks that will follow, from a charge that may possibly be brought against himself. He would guard with more solicitude against the suspicion of insincerity than against any other imputation with which his character might be assailed. What he says, he feels, and what he utters, though it may be very erroneous or very silly, is always uttered with the single hope that it will be deemed in *earnest* and be received in good faith. Give credence to his sincerity and less is cared about the estimate that may be made of other qualities.

With the firmest faith in the reality of religion, and with the full belief for ourselves that Christianity is the most rational as it certainly is the most benign and most *practical* code of spiritual and temporal guidance, it is by no means our purpose to defend its tenets, urge its authenticity, or prove either its purity or its divine origin. All this will be taken for granted. It has already been too ably and too conclusively established by other hands to leave any such necessity to us. Such is not the object.

We have a merely isolated aim. *This* article is a "lay discourse" altogether, and though it claims to be Christian in its tone and spirit and object, it were fair to say in the onset that its writer makes no specific professions of any thing but *belief* and a uniformity of endeavor to square his acts as nearly as possible to the precepts of "the faith that is in him." Graduated to the standard by which *some* sects measure their members, he would come abundantly too far short to be admitted. At any rate he hopes so.

We believe that it will be conceded that your male

flouter of religion is by no means among the most attractive members of the community, and that whatever may be the strength or weakness of individual belief in revelation, decent people look with horror on *such* disciples of depravity. They find no favor even among those who have their own abstract embarrassments in belief. What then is the light in which a woman is looked at under such circumstances? It is to *this* point we speak; it was this aspect of the case which led us to a consideration of the subject, and all that has been said before must be excused as introductory—possibly a lawyer might call it "surplussage."

An irreligious *man*—one who professes to be so, and glories in his own shame—who considers it an honorable distinction to be ranked among unbelievers, and who mouths blasphemy among his acquaintances as a sort of *accomplishment* to be proud of, is unquestionably disgusting enough; he takes decided precedence of the porter-house drunkard who blurts blasphemy over his mug of Albany ale without knowing what he says, and is merely vulgar and profane amidst an association whose whole object is a forgetfulness at once of self-respect as well as of respect for every thing else. There may be excuse for such excesses, though there is certainly no justification for them. But, what extenuation can be awarded to the *female* who so far forgets herself and her sex as to repudiate the God who made her by contravening his ordinances. What possible palliation can *she* plead? Man may make himself a beast, and does so very often, but, can woman brutify herself to his level—the lowest level of human nature—without exciting special wonder? Humiliating enough is it, that she sometimes debases herself to personal pollution—that she is frequently found capable of disregarding the sanctity of earthly associations, but, it is too bad to believe that she can voluntarily jeopardize the safety of her soul!

That she sometimes holds her immortal existence in quite as slight esteem as she does her earthly fame, is, however, but too manifest from her history, and especially from her *modern* history. Even her superstition—if you please fanaticism—has sometimes added charms to the amiability of woman; she has frequently found a *salvo* even in her faults—would it be too much to say that she has made herself interesting in her crime? The reader of her history must answer, no. It would be exceedingly easy to adduce a thousand instances in proof of this position, and to exhibit a catalogue as long as all the muster rolls of female "benevolent societies" in Europe and America. Sorry are we to say so, but, a great many of the distinguished women in the world, have been *bad women*! It were gross slander on the sex, however, to say that the pestilence has been general or that pernicious example has by any means been followed to any alarming extent. It *has* not been followed but avoided by the great majority. Woman is intrinsically the salt and savour of human existence; but for her the world would not be worth inhabiting. *Her* presence is all that renders it desirable to live! What, then, would be the condition of the world if women were to volunteer an infidelity that would render it wretched? Who under the light of heaven could sustain the wish to live on earth

after its brightest ornament and its *only* comfort had concluded to render it wretched by banishing the belief that its dearest hopes and its most cherished associations were but a miserable imposture! Suicide is the only resource that can occur to him who, confiding to woman, has faith in her infidelity! Who could wish to cling to his existence, in the belief that his sister, his mother, or his wife! is of opinion that his faith is false and that the cherished affections of his heart and the precepts of his education are no better than so much deception!

For the purpose of placing a proposition before the reader, not *actually* conceded with any other view than to exhibit its intrinsic absurdity, let it be admitted that religion *is* of doubtful reality—if you please, of *more* than dubious authenticity in its origin—suppose if you please, that it is mere poetry and fiction—if *our* religion, the religion of Jesus Christ furnishes the best examples and affords the purest axioms of human action, were it well to discard its rules and repudiate its precepts? Certainly not, as it seems to us. At all events, it will always be impossible to convince us that *unbelief in woman* is not the most revolting feature in human character. To look without loathing upon a lady-libertine, is impossible, and to behold her in the light of the worst of all libertinism—infidelity—is enough to make us forget that she *is* woman—in fact, to regret that woman ever came on earth!

Thoughtlessness and levity are, perhaps, characteristics of the sex, and far be it from us to find fault with them; volatility and vivacity may run into thoughtlessness and do so sometimes very gracefully, but irreligion is unendurable. A woman's unbelief in religion is scarcely less derogatory than an avowed disparagement of chastity. In our opinion, there is about as much depravity in the one as the other.

That our holy religion is "worthy of all acceptance"—that he who scoffs at its rites or its ordinances deserves not only the penalty of its own denunciations, but the scorn of every well regulated mind, must be acknowledged even by those who have no formal connexion with the Christian Church. The despiser is disgusting, as we verily believe, to his own comrades in vulgarity. It has always seemed to us so, at any rate. We have rarely witnessed a *rowdyism* of unbelievers, in which each individual did not seem to crave a monopoly of the blasphemy for himself. While he was uttering the commonplaces of infidelity from his own mouth it was all very well and he considered it very current wit; but, the moment that an associate launched into a similar strain he became shocked, and hardly ever failed of rebuking the enormity. There is something intrinsically revolting in irreligion, even among the very men who delude themselves into the belief that they possess it.

When Dr. Young said,

"An undevout astronomer is mad,"

he might very well have added that a pretended unbeliever is not only a fool but a liar. He is a liar since he utters the grossest of untruths, and he is a fool for supposing it possible to make any body believe him!

What must be said of *woman* under such circumstances? If the rougher and ruder sex forfeit all claim

to respect by denouncing religion, and loses *caste* even within its own narrow circle of associates, to what fathomless depth of degradation and contempt does female character plunge itself by such denunciation! Contempt is not the word we should use. It is not contempt with which we contemplate the spectacle of a woman who has so far forgotten her sex and her nature as to proclaim herself an unbeliever—it is horror! We shrink from her presence, as we would avoid a viper. Female skepticism is social poison—it is the *bohon upas* of civilized society. No man approaches it but with dread, and even the criminal, condemned to die under its branches, would prefer any other death. It is impossible to imagine any thing more than half as hideous as woman's deformity in *this* aspect. To find her in the haunts of infamy, to look upon her in her lowest estate in *any* station, were painful enough; but, we submit to every man of proper feeling if he ever yet saw woman in any other grade of debasement *quite* so low or quite so striking in the utter profundity of her fall, as when he has heard her avow herself an infidel? It may have been his lot to fall in with a female felon in a Court of Justice, and possibly he may have seen a woman on the gallows, but did he ever look upon her with as much loathing? Woman may steal or she may murder and go to gaol or to the gallows for the crime, for she shares a common lot in the division of human frailty; but she was not made for *Owenism*!

Fanny Wright is no woman—mother though she be. She is merely a "man-milliner" who furbishes up matters marital without too scrupulous an inquiry into dates. In other words, she is, *exceptio probat regulum*, and a very decided exception she is. If it had so chanced that she had been born a few years sooner, she would most certainly have been whipped—dreadfully whipped too—through every county and township in which she ventured herself, and deserved every lash vouchsafed to her: for though every son and daughter of Adam and Eve have the right to the free exercise of their own opinions, and though we would be the last to coerce restraint upon them, yet we do maintain that they have no right to obtrude them on the public. People cannot very well be punished for taking arsenic, especially if they take it in doses potent enough to kill themselves, but they have no right to poison the public wells. Suicide is a crime that human laws find it difficult to reach after the perpetration, but, it is their duty to do execution upon all *other* homicide, because the criminal leaves himself amenable to human punishment.

We do not pretend to an understanding of other people's feelings, but we claim the right to represent our own; and begging the privilege of assuming them to be in consonance with the feelings of a majority—we trust a very large majority—of mankind, there will be no hesitation in saying that there is not on earth, in the waters underneath, or in the heavens that overhang it, so deeply disgusting an object as a woman who repudiates religion. Woman may unsex herself by profanity of merely colloquial language, and *that* is degradation deep enough, she may be a curser and swearer with some slight hope of amendment; it is not utterly impossible that her last and

lowest personal depravity may be redeemed by repentance and reformation!—the Magdalen herself may meet with favor; but, we put it to the most charitable to say whether there is rational liberality enough extant to look with any allowance upon her who permits herself to disavow dependence on her God!

Is it possible, even for infidelity itself, to look with any thing but loathing on the religious infidelity of woman? False in her faith on that point, is there ground for dependence on her upon any other? Is she who disregards the Deity deserving of faith from man?

Woman presents herself to the world under every advantage; she comes before it with every thing in her favor. Man, as he ought to do, holds his homage in never ceasing fealty. She *commands* his respect and she makes it the most pleasing portion of his existence to love her! How sadly does she change the scene, how deplorably does she desecrate her destiny, when in defiance of the best and purest attribute of her character, she throws away her brightest gem and discards her choicest charm! Woman never looks lovelier than in her reverence for religion, and it is impossible for her to appear more unlovely than in despising it. How *can* she ever forget, not only the higher and more sacred considerations which should be the end and aim and object of human life, but those graces which adorn and beautify her sex in particular, by wandering into the vagaries by which none but the worst specimens of *manhood* disfigure and brutify their nature!

If it were possible for her to look at herself as she is looked upon by others—if she could see her features in the same mirror in which they are seen even by the skeptic himself, no woman could ever be an infidel or permit herself to speak lightly of serious things; even if she felt no loftier incentive than the good opinion of the opposite sex. We submit it to the most confirmed and most determined one of the number, if we are not right!

C. F. D.

Original.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE mystic words are spoken,
And thou art now a bride,
The chain till death unbroken
Now binds thee to his side;
Strange! that a breath should sever
The ties by nature wove,
And alter thus, for ever,
The fate of her we love.

Full many a vow is proffered
Before Affection's shrine,
But never yet was offered
A holier gift than thine;
Thou bringest to the altar
A spirit pure and high,
A faith that may not falter,
And a love that cannot die.

I may not see them dress thee
In all thy bright array,
But from afar, must bless thee,
On this, thy bridal day;
And though in notes of gladness,
Love's tribute I would pay,
Yet something of deep sadness
Will mingle with the lay.

Few are joy's bright revealings,
Quenched is the poet's fire,
And therefore mournful feelings
Still echo from my lyre.
But tenderness is thrilling
From every simple string,
And deep affection filling
My bosom while I sing.

Oh! did the bard inherit,
As once in days of yore,
A Seer's prophetic spirit
The future to explore,
Gladly I then had given
My hopes as words of sooth
And prayed auspicious Heaven
To prove my verses truth.

Original.

TO GENEVIEVE.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

UNHAPPY heart!—in vain
Thou turnest to the brilliant scenes of life;
Alas! amidst the tumult and the strife,
Thou canst not break thy chain!

Once, all array'd in light,
The beauty and the glory of glad things,
As from a guardian-angel's laden wings,
Broke on thy ravish'd sight.

Now, thou art sadly prest!
Night throws her pitying mantle o'er thy tears,
But sorrow finds thee, when the morn appears,
Weary with Love's unrest.

Why didst thou turn away,
Amidst the dreary desert, from the stream
That would have blest thee, for the false, false gleam,
That glitters to betray?

Oh, sorrowing heart, farewell!
Would that the wish could bear with it repose!—
Vain hope!—the sun that gilds the Alpine snows,
But lights them where they fell.

Yet, thou art ever mine!
Time cannot rob me of thee;—for thy name,
Link'd with my own, I give to deathless fame,
A poet's love with thine!

\$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

MARY DERWENT.*

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

"Alas! thought he, how changed that mien;
How changed those timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes.
Ah, why should man's success remove
The very charm that makes his love?"

CATHARINE MONTOUR was too deeply engrossed by her own feelings to observe the strange agitation of the Missionary. She seated herself on the stool, and, with her face buried in her robe, remained minute after minute in deep silence, as if gathering strength to unlock the tumultuous fountains of her heart once more to a mortal's knowledge. When she, at length, raised her face there was nothing in the appearance of her auditor to excite attention. He still leaned against the rude wall, a little paler than before, but otherwise betraying no emotion, save that which a good man might be supposed to feel in the presence of a sinful and highly gifted fellow-creature. She caught his pitying and mournful look, fixed so earnestly upon her face, as she raised it from the folds of her robe, and her eyes wavered and sunk beneath its sorrowful intensity. There was a yearning sympathy in his glance which fell upon her heart like sunshine on the icy fetters of a rivulet; it awed her proud spirit, and yet encouraged confidence; but it was not till after his mild voice had repeated the question of—"Lady, confide in me—who and what you are?" that she spoke, and when she did find voice, it was sharp, and thrilled painfully on the ear of the listener. The question had aroused a thousand recollections that had long slumbered in the bosom of the wretched woman. She writhed under it as if a knot of scorpions had suddenly begun to uncoil in her heart.

"What am I? It is a useless question. Who on earth can tell what he is, or what a moment may make him? I am that which fate has made me, Catharine Montour, the wife of the Mohawk chief. If at any time I have known another character, it matters little. Why should you arouse remembrances which may not be forced back to their lethargy again? I ask no sympathy, nor seek counsel: let me depart in peace?" And with a sorrowful and deliberate motion she arose, and would have left the cabin, but the Missionary laid his hand gently on her arm and drew her back again.

"We cannot part thus," he said. "The sinful have need of counsel, the sorrowing of sympathy. The heart which has been long astray requires an intercessor with the Most High."

"And does the God whom you serve suffer any human heart to become so depraved that it may not approach his footstool in its own behalf? Is the immaculate purity of Jehovah endangered by the petition of the sinful or the

penitent, that you offer to mediate between me and my Creator? No, man! if I have sinned, the penalty has been dearly paid. If I have sorrowed, the tears shed in solitude and in secret, have fallen back on my own heart, and have frozen there! I ask no intercession with the being of your worship; and I myself lack the faith which might avail me were I weakly to repine over the irredeemable past. I have no hope, no God—wherefore should I pray?"

"This hardness and impiety is unreal. There is a God, and, despite of your haughty will and daring intellect, you believe in him; ay, at this moment when there is denial on your lips!"

"Believe—ay, as the devils, perchance; but I do not tremble!" replied the daring woman, with an air and voice of defiance.

The Missionary fixed his eyes with a stern and reproving steadiness on the impious woman. She did not shrink from his glance, but stood before him, her eyes braving his with a forced determination, her brow fixed in defiance beneath its gorgeous coronet, and a smile of scornful bitterness writhing her small mouth. Her arms were folded over her bosom, flushed by the reflection of her robe, and the jewelled serpent glittered just upon her heart, as if to guard it from all good influences. She seemed like a beautiful and rebellious spirit thrust out from the sanctuary of heaven. A man less deeply read in the intricacies of the human heart, or less persevering in his Christian charities, would have turned away and left her as one utterly irreclaimable, but the Missionary was both too wise and too good thus to relinquish the influence he had gained. There was something artificial in the daring front and reckless impiety of the being before him, which betrayed a strange but not uncommon desire to be supposed even worse than she really was. With the ready tact of a man who had made character a study, he saw that words of reproof or authority were unlikely to soften a heart so stern in its mental pride, and his own kind feelings taught him the method of reaching her. His anxiety to learn something of her secret history would have been surprising in a man of less comprehensive benevolence, and even in him there was a restless anxiety of manner but little in accordance with his usual quiet teachings. His voice was like the breaking up of a fountain when he spoke again.

"Catharine," he said.

She started at the name—her arms dropped, she looked wildly in his eyes:

"Oh, I mentioned the name," she muttered, refolding her arms and drawing a deep breath.

"Catharine Montour, this hardihood is unreal; you are not thus unbelieving. Has the sweet trustfulness of your childhood departed for ever? Have you no thought of those hours when the young heart is made up of faith and dependence—when prayer and helpless love breaks up from the soul as naturally as perfume from the urn of a flower? Nay," he continued, with more touching earnestness, as he saw her eyes waver and grow dim beneath the influence of his voice, "resist not the good spirit, which even now is hovering about your heart, as the ring-dove broods over its desolated nest. Hoar-

* Continued from 66.

ded thoughts of evil beget evil. Open your heart to confidence and counsel. Confide in one who never yet betrayed trust—one who is no stranger to sorrow, and who is too frail himself to lack charity for the sins of others. I beseech you tell me, are you not of English birth?"

Tears, large and mournful tears, stood in Catharine Montour's eyes. She was once more subdued and humble as an infant. A golden chord had been touched in her memory, and every heart-string vibrated to the music of other years. Thoughts of her innocent childhood, of the time when her heart was full of affection and kindness, when hopes were springing up and blossoming with each new day—when the whole earth was pleasant and beautiful to her young mind—all the recollections of her youth came thronging to her bosom, like a host of gentle spirits to their desolated haunts. She sat down and opened her history to that strange man abruptly, and as one under the influence of a dream. The large tears rolled slowly one after another down her cheeks, and fell to her robe as she spoke; but she appeared unconscious that she was weeping, and sat with her hands locked in her lap, and her face raised to that of the Missionary, with the humility of a penitent child confessing its faults to some indulgent parent. It was a beautiful contrast with her late bold and unfeminine assumption of superiority. Her voice was broken and changeful as she spoke, now sinking to the deepest pathos, and again raising in passionate appeal, or concentrating in accents of bitterness and reproach, sometimes applied to herself, and at others to persons who had been linked with her remarkable destiny.

"Yes, I was born in England," she said, "born in a place so beautiful that the heart grew happy from the mere influence of its verdant and tranquil scenery. I have stood in the heart of an American forest, where civilized foot had never trod, surrounded by the solemn gloom of the vast wilderness and overshadowed by massive branches, which had been outspread centuries and centuries before my insignificant existence. I have felt my blood creep through my veins when standing thus alone, encompassed by the stirless solitude of nature, and when a deer has bounded through the thickets, or a serpent glided across my path, breaking with a sound of life the deep hush of the forest, I have started with a feeling of awe, as if I had unwittingly trodden upon the confines of a darker world. There is indeed, something awful in the wild, majestic scenery of this new world; I have seen all that is savage and grand in it—all that is rich and beautiful in my own land; but never yet have I seen a spot of such quiet loveliness as my own birth-place. No traveller ever passed through that village without stopping to admire its verdant and secluded tranquillity. There was something picturesque and holy in the little stone church, with its porch overrun with ivy, and its narrow gothic windows half obscured by the soft moss and creeping plants which had gathered about them from age to age—something that hushed the pulsations of the gayest heart in the deathly stillness of the grave-yard, with its stones slanting away among the rank grass beneath the dark, solemn drooping of the yew trees. Artists came from a

distance to sketch that church; and never did there pass a summer-day in which that grave-yard was not haunted by some stranger detained in the village by its exceeding loveliness. Back from the church, stood the parsonage house; an irregular old building, surrounded by a grove of magnificent oaks, through which its pointed roof and tall chimnies alone could be seen from the village. Around the narrow lattices, and up to the pointed gables, a rich, viny foliage had been allowed to blossom and luxuriate year after year, unpruned and abandoned to its own profuse leafiness, till only here and there a sharp angle or a rude stone balcony broke out from the drapery of leaves and flowers that clung around the old building, wherever a tendril could enweave itself or a bud find room for blossoming. A tribe of rooks dwelt in the oaks, and a whole bevy of wrens came and built their nests in the vines. With my earliest recollection comes the soft chirruping of the nestlings under my window—and the carolling song which broke up from the larks when they left the long grass in the grave-yard, where they nestled during the summer nights. I remember one little timid hare which haunted the violet banks, that sloped down from behind the grove, from season to season, unmolested and in safety, so tranquil and quiet was every thing around that dwelling: and yet that was my birth-place.

"My father was rector of the parish, the younger son of a noble family. He had a small independent fortune which allowed him to distribute the income from his living among the poor of the village. He was a man of simple habits, quiet and unostentatious in his benevolence, and dwelling among his books, with his wife and child, without a thought of ambition, or a desire beyond his own pleasant hearth-stone. He was a fine scholar, deeply read in ancient lore, and familiar with every branch of modern belles-letters. From the rich stores of his own mind, he delighted in cultivating mine; but he was too mild and contemplative in his nature to hold a sufficient restraint over a will like mine, or even to understand it.

"My mother was a gentle creature of refined and delicate, but not comprehensive mind. She loved my father, and next to him, or rather as a portion of himself, me, her only child. Years passed on, and I grew in culture and beauty. I remember my own looks as reflected in the mirror when my mother caressed me in her little boudoir—and I was indeed very beautiful, but it was the wild and graceful loveliness of a spoiled child, petted and caressed as an idol, or a spirited plaything, rather than as a being endowed, as my father believed me to be, with an imperishable soul. As a child I was passionate and wayward, but warm of heart, forgiving and generous. My spirit brooked no control; but my indulgent father and sweet mother could see nothing more dangerous than a quick intellect and over abundant healthfulness in the childish tyranny of my disposition. Though even as a child, I had strong feelings of dislike towards some distasteful individuals; my nature was very affectionate, and I loved every thing appertaining to my home, with a fervor seldom experienced at my early years. The wealth of my affections seemed inexhausti-

ble. It was lavished without stint on every thing about me, from the parents who took me nightly to their bosoms with kisses and blessings, to the gentle flowers that clung around my nursery window, and the sweet birds that haunted them with melody. I was passionately fond of my mother, and when she would steal to my bed and lull me to sleep with her soft kisses and pleasant voice, I would promise in my innermost heart never to grieve her again; and yet the next day I would feel a kind of pleasure in bringing the tears to her gentle eyes, by some wayward expression of obstinacy or dislike. It is strange that we often take pleasure in teasing and tormenting those whom we most love. There is a feeling of selfish power in it by no means confined to the thoughtlessness of childhood, and often acted upon by those who would despise the feeling could they trace it to its unworthy source. At ten years of age I was absolute in my father's house, and tyrannized over the hearts of both my parents with an innate thirst for ascendancy: yet I loved them very, very dearly!

"When I was fifteen, an old college associate died and left my father guardian to his son and heir. The young gentleman's arrival at the parsonage was an epoch in my life. A timid and feminine anxiety to please took possession of my heart. I gave up my own little sitting room, opening upon a wilderness of roses and tangled honeysuckles which had once been a garden, but which I had delighted to see run wild in unchecked luxuriance, till it had become as fragrant and rife with blossoms as an East India jungle. It was the first act of self-denial I had ever submitted to, and I found a pleasure in it which more than compensated for the pain I felt in removing my music and books, with the easel which I had taken such pains to place in its proper light, to a small chamber above. It was not in my nature to do things by halves. With my favorite room I resigned, to our expected guest, all the ornaments that had become most endeared to me. The drawings, over which I had lingered day after day, were left upon the wall. My pet canary was allowed to remain among the passion-flowers which draped the balcony. The most treasured of my Italian poets still encumbered the little rose-wood table; and I ransacked the garden and little green-house again and again for choice flowers to fill the vases of antique china, which had been handed down an heir-loom in my mother's family. My father went to meet his ward at the last stage, and I shall never forget the girlish impatience with which I waited his return; but it was not till after the canaries had nestled down on their perches in the evening twilight, and the little room, which I had prepared for his guest, was misty with the perfume shed from the numerous vases and wafted in from the flowering thickets beneath the windows, that we saw them slowly picking their way through the tangled luxuriance of my garden. Heedless of my mother's entreaty, that I would remain quiet and receive our guest in due form, I sprang out upon the balcony, and winding my arm around one of its rude pillars, pushed back the clustering passion-flowers, and bent eagerly over to obtain a perfect view of our visitor. Heedless that my arm was crushing the delicate flowers which clung around the pillar, and that

my canaries were fluttering in affright from my sudden approach, I fixed my eyes with a deeper feeling than that of mere curiosity on my father and his companion. The latter was a slight, aristocratic youth, with an air of fashion and manliness beyond his years, not the manliness to be acquired in society alone; but a dignity originating in deep and correct habits of thought, seemed natural to him. He was very handsome, almost too much so for a man. The symmetry and calm repose of his features were not sufficiently marked for changeful expression; yet their usual tone was singularly blended with sweetness and dignity. I have never seen a face so strongly characterized by intellect and benevolence. He was speaking as he advanced up the serpentine walk which led to the balcony, and seemed to be making some observation on the wild beauty of the garden. Once he stooped to put back a tuft of carnations which fell over the path, and again he paused to admire a large white-rose tree, which half concealed the flight of steps leading to the balcony on which I stood. There was something in the tones of his rich voice, a quiet dignity in his manner that awed me. I shrunk back into the room where my mother was sitting, and placed myself by her side. My cheek burned and my heart beat rapidly when he entered. But my confusion passed unnoticed, or if remarked, was attributed to the bashfulness of extreme youth. Varnham was my senior by four years, and he evidently considered me as a child, for after a courtly bow on my introduction, he turned to my mother and began to speak of the village and its remarkable quietude. He even seemed surprised when I joined familiarly in conversation during the evening; and more than once he looked in my face with an air of concern and disapproval when I answered either of my parents in the careless and abrupt manner which their excessive indulgence had made habitual to me. I returned to my room out of humor with myself, and somewhat in awe of our guest. I had evidently rendered myself an object of dislike to him whom I had been most anxious to please. The consciousness originated a feeling of self-distrust, and I was both hurt and offended that he did not look on me with the blind partiality of my parents. For the first time in my life I went to the mirror anxious about my personal appearance. I had been taught to believe myself beautiful; but it rather displeased me than otherwise. There was something in my heart of contempt for mere personal loveliness, which rendered its possession a matter of slight importance. I had an innate longing to be loved for something more lofty than mere symmetry of person or features—an ambition to be distinguished for the qualities and accomplishments which I could myself acquire, rather than by those bestowed by nature. But this evening I loosened the blue ribbon which bound my hair, and shook the mass of long silken ringlets over my shoulders with a feeling of anxiety which I had never before experienced. I contrasted the rich bloom on my cheek with the pale and graceful loveliness of my mother, and I felt how infinitely I fell beneath her in that exquisite refinement of look and manner which characterized her above all women I had ever seen. I was disgusted with the richness and exuberance of my

own healthful beauty, and felt almost jealous of the gentle attractions of my sweet parent.

"The disapproving look with which young Varnham had regarded me, haunted my slumbers. It was the first token of disapprobation that had reached my heart, and I was filled with strange hesitation and self-distrust. I could not bring myself to wish our new inmate away, and yet I felt under restraint in my father's house.

"The history of the next two years would be one of the heart alone—a narrative of unfolding genius and refining feelings. It was impossible that two persons, however dissimilar in taste and disposition, should be long domesticated in the same dwelling without gradually assimilating in some degree. Perhaps two beings more decidedly unlike never met than Varnham and myself, but after the first restraint which followed our introduction wore off, he became to me a preceptor and a most valuable friend. Hitherto my reading had been desultory, and my studies interrupted. I had become accomplished almost without effort, deeply read without method, and conversant even with many of the obtruse sciences by constant intercourse with my father. I had little application, and yet accomplished much by mere force of character. My whole energies were flung into the occupation of the moment, and almost instinctively I had accumulated a rich store of mental wealth; but my mind lacked method. I had extensive general, but little minute knowledge. Except in the common run of feminine accomplishments, I had submitted to but imperfect discipline. Among these, painting and music were my peculiar delight; a travelling artist had given me lessons in the first, and my own sweet mother taught me the last—to her gentle heart, music was almost as necessary as the air she breathed. I inherited all her love and all her talent for it; but with her it was a sweet necessity; with me a passion. I revelled in the luxury of sound; she only delighted in it. Not even Varnham—and his power with me was great—could induce me to undertake a course of regular study; but after his residence with us my mind gradually yielded to the influence of his teaching—became stronger, more methodical, and far more capable of reasoning. But, as I more nearly approached the standard of his intellect, my reverence for him decreased. The awe in which he first held me gradually died away, and that feeling which had been almost love, settled down to strong sisterly affection—deeper and more lasting, perhaps, than a more passionate attachment might have been. I could no longer look up to him as a being of superior strength and energy to myself; but next to my parents he was the dearest object to me in existence.

"Two years brought Varnham to his majority. His fortune, though limited, was equal to his wants; and he resolved to travel, and then make choice of a profession. It was a sorrowful day to us when he left the parsonage. The loneliness which followed his departure, never gave place to cheerfulness again. In four weeks from that day, my father was laid in the vault of his own loved church. My gentle mother neither wept nor moaned when she saw the beloved of her youth laid beside the

gorgeous coffins of his lordly ancestors. But in three days after, I was alone in the wide world; for she was dead also. Two lone, sad nights, I sat beside that beautiful corpse, still and tearless as one in a waking dream. I remember that kind voices were around me, and that more than once pitying faces bent over me, and strove to persuade me from my melancholy vigils. But I neither answered nor moved; they sighed as they spoke, and passed in and out, like the actors of a tragedy in which I had no part. I was stupified by the first great trouble of my life! The third night, came strange men into the room, bearing a coffin covered with crimson velvet and glittering with silver. My heart had been very cold, but it lay within me like marble when those large men reverently lifted the body of my beautiful mother, and laid it upon the pillow which had been placed for her last rest. Had they spoken a word I think my heart would have broken; but they passed out with a slow, solemn tread, bearing the coffin between them. I arose and followed to the little room in which I had first seen Varnham. A thrill of pain, like the quick rush of an arrow, shot through my heart as I entered. It was the first keen anguish I had felt since the burial of my father. The men set down the coffin, and again I was alone with my dead—alone in the dear sanctuary of our domestic affections.

"As I looked around the apartment, gentle associations crowded on my heart, and partially aroused it to a sense of its bereavement. The scent of withered flowers was shed from the neglected vases, and a soft night wind came through the sash doors, wafting in a cloud of perfume from the garden. The balmy air came refreshingly to my temples, and aroused my heart from the torpid lethargy which had bound it down in the gloomy and suffocating chamber above; but even yet, I could not fully comprehend the extent of my desolation. Around me were a thousand dear and cherished things, connected with my mother; and before me lay the gorgeous coffin in which she was sleeping her last, long death sleep. There was something horrible in a sense of the stifling closeness of that silken lined coffin. I raised the lid, and it was a relief to me when the cool air stole over the beautiful face beneath; it seemed as if my mother must bless me that I had released her once more from the terrible closeness of the grave—that I had given her back to life and the pure air of heaven. A silver lamp stood on the mantle-piece, shedding a sad, funereal light through the room and revealing the sweet, pale face of the dead with the shadowy indistinctness of moonlight. But though she lay there so still and cold, I could not, even yet, feel that she was truly and for ever departed. The fountains of my heart were still locked, and as one in a dream I turned away and stepped out upon the balcony. The passion-flower was in bloom, and hung in festoons of starry blossoms from the balustrades. That solitary white-rose tree was standing by the steps as it had two years before; but its branches had spread and shot upwards over the front of the balcony in profuse leafiness. A host of pearly blossoms intermingled with the passion-flowers, and hung in clustering beauty around the pillars and rude stone work. The steps were white

with a shower of leaves which the breeze had shaken from the over-ripe roses, and their breath was shed around with a soft steady sweetness. The holy moonlight was around me, bathing the flower beds at my feet and trembling over the dewy thickets—beyond, lay the grave yard, half veiled by the shadow of the little church. Where the light fell upon it, a few marble slabs gleamed up from the rank grass, and the yew trees swayed gently in the wind with a soft dirge-like melody. The agonizing conviction of my loss struck upon my heart like the toll of a bell—I felt it all! My father was dead—buried—that humble church shut him out from my sight for ever! My mother was *there*—I did not weep nor moan; my heart seemed silently breaking. While the pang was keenest, I gathered a handful of roses from the tree which my mother had planted; carefully selecting the half-blown and most delicate flowers, such as she had most loved, and scattered them, heavy with dew as they were, over the pillow and the velvet of my mother's coffin. There was one bud but half unfolded, and with a soft blush slumbering within its core—such as she had always worn in her bosom on my father's birth-day. That germ brought the date of the month to my mind. That should have been an annual day of rejoicing, and they were both gone forth to keep it in another world; I was alone—alone! I took the bud, carefully that the dew might not fall away from its heart, and removing the grave-clothes, laid it on the marble bosom of my mother. I was about to draw the shroud over it, that it might go down to the grave with the sweet memorial blooming within her bosom, when the leaves trembled beneath my gaze as if stirred by the pulsation of the heart beneath. A cry, half of joy, half of fear, burst from my lips: I pressed my shivering hand down upon her heart—it was still—oh, how still! The night winds had mocked me. Then, the passion of grief burst over me, I fell to the floor, and my very life seemed ebbing away in tears and lamentations. Hour after hour passed by, and I remained as I had fallen in an agony of sorrow. I know not how it was, but towards morning I sunk into a heavy slumber.

“When I awoke, the dawn was trembling through the heavy foliage of the balcony, and I observed, without thinking how it had happened, that in my death-like slumber I had been lifted from the carpet and laid upon a sofa. My head was dizzy, and acute pain shot through my temples; but I arose and staggered to the coffin. It was closed, but the roses which I had scattered over it, lay still fresh and dewy upon the glowing velvet. I made a feeble attempt to unclothe the lid, but my head reeled, and I fell to the floor. A step was on the balcony, the sash-door was carefully opened, and some one raised me tenderly in his arms and bore me away.

“When I again returned to consciousness, Varnham was sitting beside my bed; physicians and attendants were gliding softly about the room, and every thing was hush as death around me. I was very faint and weak; but I remembered that my mother was dead, and that I had fainted; I whispered a request to see her once more—she had been buried three weeks.

“Varnham had heard of my father's death in Paris,

and hastened home to find me an orphan doubly bereaved, to become my nurse and my counsellor—my all. Most tenderly did he watch over me during my hours of convalescence. And I returned his love with a gratitude as fervent as ever warmed the heart of woman. I knew nothing of business, scarcely that money was necessary to secure the elegancies I enjoyed. I had not even dreamed of a change of residence, and when information reached us that a curate had been engaged to supply my father's place; that a rector was soon to be appointed, and that Lord Gordon, the elder and brother of my lamented parent, had consented to receive me as an inmate of his own house, I sunk beneath the blow as if a second and terrible misfortune had befallen me. The thought of being dragged from my home—from the sweet haunts which contained the precious remembrances of my parents—and of being conveyed to the cold, lordly halls of my aristocratic uncle, nearly flung me back to a state of delirium. There was but one being on earth to whom I could turn for protection, and to him my heart appealed with the trust and confidence of a sister's love. I pleaded with him to intercede with my uncle that I might be permitted still to reside at the parsonage—that I might not be taken from all my love could ever cling to. Varnham spoke kindly and gently to me; he explained the impropriety, if not the impossibility of Lord Gordon's granting my desire, and besought me to be resigned to a fate, which many in my forlorn orphanage might justly covet. He spoke of the gaities and distinction which my residence with Lord Gordon would open to me, and used every argument to reconcile me to my destiny. But my heart clung tenaciously to its old idols, and refused to be comforted. Had I been flung on the world to earn my bread by daily toil, there was enough of energy in my nature to have met difficulties and to have struggled successfully with them; but to become a hanger-on in the halls of my ancestors—a humble companion to my fashionable and supercilious cousin—the heiress of Lord Gordon's title and wealth—subject to her surveillance, and submissive to her caprices, was a life which my heart revolted at; it spurned the splendid slavery which was to compromise its independence and humble its pride. Had Varnham counselled action instead of patience and submission, had he bade me to go forth in the world, to depend on my own energies, and win for myself a station highest among women, my own spirit would have seconded his council. The ambition, which from my childhood had slumbered an inherent but undeveloped principle in my heart, might have sprung up from the ashes of my affections, and the wild dreams of struggle and distinction, which had haunted my earliest years, might have lured me from the sweet home I had so loved, and from the resting-place of those who had so loved me. But I was now called upon to give up all for a distinction which had nothing in it to satisfy a free heart like mine; I had no desire for mere notoriety—nothing of the weak contemptible wish to shine as a beauty or a *belle-esprit* among a crowd of superficial, heartless creatures of fashion. Ambition was with me then but the aspirations of a proud and loving nature—a dream of power indistinct, and as yet, never brought

into action, but closely linked with the affections. In intellect I was, perhaps, too independent—in feeling the most fervent and clinging of human beings—a desire to be loved predominated over every other wish of my mind; and yet my best friend counselled me to yield up all, and to content myself with cold, hollow grandeur. I strove to obey him, but I looked, forward with no hope.

"It was deep in the morning—my uncle's coronated chariot was drawn up before my quiet home. The sun flashed brightly over the richly studded harnesses of four superb horses which tossed their heads and pawed the earth impatient for the road. A footman, in splendid livery, lounged upon the door steps, and the supercilious coachman stood beside his horses, dangling his silken reins, and now and then casting an expectant look into the hall door. It was natural that he should be impatient, for they had been kept waiting more than an hour. I thought that I had nerved myself to depart; but when I descended from my chamber, and saw that gorgeous carriage with its silken cushions and gilded panels, ready to convey me to the old hospitality of one who was to me almost a stranger, my heart died within me, and turning into the little room in which I had spent that night of sorrow, by my mother's corpse, I flung myself on the sofa, and burying my face in the pillows, sobbed aloud in the wretchedness of a heart about to be sundered from all it had ever loved. Varnham was standing over me, pale and agitated. He strove to comfort me—was prodigal in words of soothing and endearment, and at length of passionate supplication. I was led to the carriage his affianced wife.

"My year of mourning was indeed one of sorrow and loneliness of heart; I was a stranger in the home of my ancestors, and I looked forward to the period of my marriage with an impatience which would have satisfied the most exacting love. It was a cheap mode of obliging his orphan niece, and Lord Gordon consented to retain the curate who officiated in my father's pulpit, and offered me the parsonage-house as a residence. Had he lavished his whole fortune on me, I should not have been more grateful! My capacities for enjoyment were chilled by the cold formal dullness of his dwelling. I panted for the dear, holy solitude of my old haunts, as the prisoned bird for his sweet home in the green leaves. We were married before the altar over which my father had presided, and were I had received the sacrament of baptism. The register which had recorded my birth, bore witness to my union with Varnham, the only true friend my solitary destiny had left to me. The love which I felt for him was of a tranquil and trustful nature; a commingling of gratitude and affection. I did not question if my heart were capable of a deeper, more passionate and fervent attachment—if it might not concentrate its whole being on one object, for my own nature was a sealed book to me then—I had not learned that it could be made a study, and that I might tremble in the reading.

"Our united fortunes were sufficient for our wants, and Varnham relinquished all thoughts of a profession. We determined to live a quiet life of seclusion and study,

such as had made the happiness of my parents, and I again took possession of my old home, a cheerful and contented wife. We saw but little company, but my household duties, my music, painting, and needlework gave me constant and cheerful occupation, and two years of almost thorough contentment passed by without bringing a wish beyond my own home.

"The third year after my marriage, another coffin was placed in the family vault beside my parents; that of Lord Viscount Gordon. My cousin, Georgiana, scarcely outlived the period of her mourning; and at the age of twenty-one I, who had never dreamed of worldly aggrandizement, suddenly found myself a peeress in my own right and possessor of one of the finest estates in England. At first I was almost bewildered by the suddenness of my exaltation; then, as if this burst of sunshine was only necessary to ripen the dormant ambition of my heart, a change came over my whole being. A new and brilliant career was opened to me; visions of power, and greatness, and excitement floated through my imagination. The pleasant contentment of my life was broken up for ever. Varnham took no share in my restless delight—his nature was quiet and contemplative—his taste refined and essentially domestic. What happiness could he look for in the brilliant destiny prepared for us? From that time there was a shadow as of evil forboding in his eye, and his manner became restrained and regretful. Perhaps with his better knowledge of the world, he trembled for me in that vortex of artificial life into which I was eager to plunge myself. He made no opposition to my hasty plans—nay, admitted the necessity of a change in our mode of living; but that sad expression never for a moment left his eyes. He seemed rather a victim than a partaker in my promised greatness. From that time our pursuits took different directions. I had thoughts and feelings with which he had no sympathy. When an estrangement of the mind commences, that of the heart soon follows—in a degree at least.

"Again that splendid carriage stood before my home, ready to convey us to the pillared halls of my inheritance. There were few, and those few transient regrets, in my heart when, with a haughty consciousness of power and station, I sunk to the cushioned seat, and swept proudly around that stone church and away from the sweet leafy bower in which I had known so much of happiness.

"There was nothing of awkwardness or constraint in my feelings when I entered the domain which was henceforth to own me its mistress. My pride, not my vanity, was gratified by the manifestations of respect which met us at every step, often passing its broad boundaries. If it did not feel all the stern responsibilities which fate had heaped upon me with the princely fortune I was about to possess myself of, there was nothing of levity mingled with the stronger sensations of my heart. The predominating feeling was a deep and almost masculine consciousness of power, a sense of personal dominion. Whilst in the possession of another, I had viewed the appendages of greatness, the pomp and state affected by the aristocrat, with careless,

if not contemptuous indifference. I had reverence for them only when connected with high intellect or pure virtue; but when I found myself possessed of these hitherto despised attributes—when I saw them centered around my own person, and found that there was dominion in them—how proudly my heart exulted beneath its burden of external greatness! There is a secret love of power in every heart. In mine that love had become a passion, from the day such abundant means had been opened for its gratification.

"The house in which I had spent my years of mourning, though belonging to the Gordon property, was located in a distant county, and I had never seen Ashton till a quick turn in the road brought us in full view of it. With a sudden impulse of admiration I checked the carriage. Before me was the seat of my ancestors, and around on either hand, as far as the eye could reach, were my domains. The village lay in the undulating distance, amid fields of waving grain and rich pastures—lands that swelled greenly up to the horizon. The groves of heavy timber through which we passed, the venerable residence of my forefathers, which had never, for an hour, been out of the direct line of my race—all lay within my gaze, and all were mine—mine! How proudly the consciousness of possession throbbed at my heart!

"An ancient and imposing pile was the house of my ancestors! In its construction, the architecture of two distinct ages was blended, without in any way destroying the harmony and grandeur of the whole. The lofty and turreted building which formed the central front, towered upward in dusky and gothic magnificence. The impress of by-gone centuries was graven upon it, like furrows on the brow of an aged man. The wings which spread out on either side behind the tall old trees, that flung a cheerful drapery around them, were of more recent creation by three centuries, yet they were built of the same dark, ponderous stone, and the heavy and massive strength was in excellent keeping with the original building. The breeze which swept by us was heavy with fragrance, and the glow of an extensive flower-garden broke up from the shadow of the building, and could be seen at intervals through the intervening shrubbery, even from the distance at which we halted. A lawn of the richest sward fell with a long, gradual slope from the mansion, till it was lost in the deep leafy shadow of a park, which was almost a forest in extent and denseness of foliage. Some of the finest old oaks in the kingdom grew thick and untrimmed within it, overshadowing a hundred winding paths, and intersected by a bright stream, which wound capriciously through the knotted roots, now flashing across a vista, and again leaping off in a foaming cascade—sending out a clear bell-like music from the green depths, and then starting away again, scarcely breaking the hush of the wood in its soft and pleasant progress. Our road lay through the outskirts of the park, and the half-tamed deer leaped through the trees and gazed on us as we passed by, with their dark intelligent eyes, and then bounded away through the firm old oaks, as if they, too, would hold some share in the general rejoicing. I shall never forget the strong and thrilling delight of that hour.

"The first night spent beneath the roof of my inheritance, was one of restlessness and inquietude. My brain was thronged with shifting and brilliant visions, and I lay with sleepless eyes and aching temples, extended on my silken bed, exhausted and weary with pleasurable excitement. I shall never forget the delight with which I half rose in the morning and looked about my sumptuous apartment, while Varnham was quietly sleeping, unmoved by the change which had made me almost forgetful of him. The sun was stealing through the rose-colored curtains of the richest silk, which fell heavily over the windows, and shed a mellow and blooming light through the room. Crimson drapery, lined with the same soft rose-tint, looped and fringed with gold, fell from the canopy above my couch, and swept the Persian carpet which spread away in a succession of brilliant and yet subdued colors over the floor. The foot sunk deep into its silken and moss-like texture when it was trod upon, and it seemed bursting into bloom beneath me, so naturally did the gorgeous flowers glow up in the tinted light. Two exquisite cabinet pictures hung before me, and my recumbent form was reflected back by a tall mirror as I half leaned out of bed, that I might comprehend in one view all the luxurious arrangement of my chamber. There was a charm flung over every thing; for all was enjoyed for the first time, and *all was mine*. My own beauty never before seemed so rich as it was revealed to me in that broad mirror, and after I had become satisfied with dwelling on the splendor which surrounded me, I turned with newly-aroused vanity to gaze upon myself—upon the long and beautiful hair which, in my restlessness, had broken loose over my shoulders—upon—but my husband awoke and I sunk to my pillow, blushing and ashamed of my overweening selfishness; for in all that I had looked upon, he was forgotten. I had in my heart given him no share, and when he arose and kissed my cheek and spoke in his old familiar voice, it seemed as if a strange spirit had flung coldness upon my aspiring wishes.

"All of the rich and beautiful had been lavished by my predecessors in the adornment of Ashton. Paintings of priceless worth lined its galleries, and sculptured marble started up at every turn to charm me with the pure and classic loveliness of statuary. Tables of rare mosaic work—ancient tapestry and curiosities, gathered from all quarters of the globe, were collected there—my taste for the arts—my love of the beautiful made it almost a paradise, and it was long before I wearied of the almost regal magnificence which surrounded me, but after a time these things became familiar; excitement gradually wore away, and my now restless spirit panted for change—for a deep draught from the sparkling cup, which I had found so pleasant in the tasting. As the season advanced, I proposed going up to London; Varnham consented, but reluctantly; I saw that he did so, but the time had passed when his wishes predominated over mine. I had become selfish and unyielding in my aggrandizement. I wished him to fling aside the dignified and unostentatious contentment of a heart which found sufficient resources for happiness in its own exceeding purity and cultivation, and to tread hand in hand with me the dazzling path through which I had

begun to lead so proudly. But it was not in his nature; there was too much of calmness and quiet—too little of aspiring energy in his disposition to assimilate with mine. In short, he was too good—had too much of real loftiness of mind to sacrifice his intellectual ease to the idols which I was so ready to bow before. He was not ambitious, but he was essentially a proud man. He sought not, and cared not for station and renown, but he guarded well the dignity of his own upright heart—the treasure of his firm self-esteem. I was not then capable of appreciating the rare combinations of a character like his, and took that for weakness, which was, in truth, the highest degree of moral and mental strength. There was a disparity in our condition which must have pained him inly, though he gave no outward demonstrations of it. He was not master of his own dwelling. It was his wife's house which he inhabited, not his own. In all things a secondary object, his position was a false one, and there could be no happiness in it. But I was young then—young and full of bright, vague projects, and did not dream that, in my thoughtless pride, I was pulling down the pillars of my own safety. That in thus planting myself in front of my husband, before the world, I was degrading him in its estimation, and from his station in my own heart.

"I am certain that Varnham doubted my strength to resist the temptations of a season in town. He need not; there was nothing in the heartless supercilious people of fashion whom I met, to captivate a heart like mine. I was young, beautiful and new, and soon became the fashion,—the envy of women, and the worshipped idol of men. I was not, for a moment, deluded by the homage lavished upon me. I received the worship, but in my heart despised the worshippers. No! I passed through the whirl and brilliant bustle of a London season unscathed in heart and mind. My conquest over the circle of fashion had been too easily obtained. There was nothing to gratify a higher feeling than vanity in it, and from the impulses of vanity, alone, I was in no danger. One advantage was gained to Varnham which was little to be expected. I had ever cherished a beau ideal in my mind, which he failed to reach. Until my residence in London, I had never had an opportunity to contrast him with the great mass of men. But when this opportunity was given me, how infinitely did he rise above the throng of lordly exquisites, the literary pretenders and cold-blooded politicians, who surrounded me with their homage. I felt that I had never truly estimated the calm dignity of his mind before. It was very strange, but even then I did not love him as I felt myself capable of loving. The deep, sisterly affection which I had ever felt for him—the esteem and even tenderness with which I had met him on the first day of our union, returned wholly to my heart, but that was not love, at least, not the love of a soul like mine.

"The living which my father had occupied, belonged to the Gordon property, and was now in my gift, but I retained the curate, that the house which I had so loved might be at my command, and though I had never visited it, it was a pleasure to know that the haunts of my early love were still kept sacred to me. When the sea-

son broke up, I had invited a party to Ashton, and Varnham persuaded me to spend the month which would intervene before its arrival, at the parsonage. I was weary with the rush and bustle of my town life, and willingly consented to his plan. Our house was shut up, the servants went down to Ashton, and Varnham, one friend and myself, settled quietly in our former verdant home. The leafy repose of that still and beautiful valley had something heavenly in it, after the turmoil of London. Old associations came up to soften the heart, and I was happier than I had been since coming in possession of my inheritance.

"The friend whom Varnham invited to share the quiet of the parsonage with us, had made himself conspicuous as a young man of great talent in the lower house; yet I knew less of him than of almost any distinguished person in society. We had met often for weeks, but a few passing words and cold compliments alone marked our intercourse. There was something of reserve and stiffness in his manner, by no means flattering to my self-love, and I was rather prejudiced against him than otherwise, from his extreme popularity. There was ever something in my nature which refused to glide tamely down the current of other people's opinions, and the sudden rise of young Murray with his political party, the adulation lavished upon him by the lion-loving women of fashion, only served to excite my contempt for them, and to make me withhold from him the high opinion justly earned by talents of no ordinary character. When he took his seat in our travelling carriage, it was with his usual cold and almost uncourteous manner: but by degrees all restraint wore off, his conversational powers became animated, and I found myself listening with a degree of admiration seldom aroused in my bosom, to his careless and off-hand eloquence. Varnham seemed pleased that my former unreasonable prejudices were yielding to the charm of his friend's genius—and our ride was one of the pleasantest of my then pleasant life.

"It was not till after we had been at the parsonage several days, that the speech which had so suddenly lifted our guest into notice, came under my observation. I was astonished at its depth and soundness. There was a brilliancy, and now and then flashes of rich, strong poetry, mingled with the argument, a vivid, quick eloquence in the style, that stirred my heart like a well-executed piece of martial music. By degrees the great wealth of Murray's intellect—the manly strength and tenderness of his nature were unfolded to me. A love of intellectual greatness, a worship of mind, had ever been a leading trait in my character, and in that man I found more than mind. There was feeling—deep and honorable feeling. I believed it then, and I believe it now, though I stand here before you a branded and hardened woman, a being flung out from the sympathies of her race, and all through the instrumentality of that man! He loved me—yes, spite of all, he loved me—and I him; not madly, no! but devotedly—with a love that would have changed my whole being to gentleness, had I been free. Deep, resolute and fervent was the love I felt for him—partaking of every passion of my

soul—lasting as the soul itself. My heart has been crushed, broken, trampled upon—but the love of that man is there yet!

“Yet we were both proud and strong to endure. No word of explanation passed between us. We meditated no wrong—but—”

A deep crimson spread up to Catharine Montour's face, and then her brow, and cheek, and lips grew white with a withering sense of shame; her head drooped slowly forward, and her voice was smothered in her locked hands.

It would have made a sublime picture, that rude hut and those two persons thrown so strangely together. She cowering to her seat, broken down with a sense of her humiliation; and he, that calm, good Missionary, shaking like some condemned criminal, with his hand pressed to his eyes, and the face beneath paler even than the being he commiserated. Yes, it was a strong picture of human passion and human grief.

CHAPTER VI.

“Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart, and deeper woe
For her fond weakness, not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never re-unites again.”

Catharine Montour aroused herself from the load of degradation which had weighed down her proud spirit, while her confession of guilt was yet to be made, and resumed her story with less of startling energy than had hitherto characterised her manner.

“Varnham had been absent more than a week, making preparation for our reception at Ashton. We were alone, Murray and myself, in the little boudoir which I have mentioned so often. He was sitting on the sofa to which my husband had so tenderly lifted me on the night before my mother's funeral, reading one of my favorite Italian poets. I sat at his feet, listening to the deep, rich melody of his voice, watching the alternate fire and shadow that played within the depths of his large eyes, the clear, bold expression of his forehead, and the smiling curve of his lips, which seemed imbued with the soft poetry that dropped in melody from them. I was lost in the first wildering dream which follows, with its delicious quietude, the entire outpouring of the affections, when thought itself arises but as a sweet exhalation from the one grand passion which pervades the whole being; when even a sense of shame and guilt but haunts the heart as the bee slumbers within the urn of a flower, rendered inert and stingless by the wealth of honey which surrounds it.

“Murray had been bred in society, and could not so readily fling off the consciousness of our position. A shadow, darker than the words of his author warranted, now and then settled on his brow as he read, and more than once he raised his eyes from the page in the middle of a sentence, and fixed them with a serious and almost melancholy earnestness on my face; then, as I would interrupt his thoughts with some of the pleasant words which love sends up from the full heart, as naturally as song gushes from the bosom of a nightingale, he would press my hand to his lips, and without speaking, resume

his book again; for a while allowing his voice to revel in the sweet, rich melody of the language, and then hurrying on with a stern and abrupt emphasis, as one who strives, by rapidity of utterance, to conquer painful thoughts. My heart sunk within me as I witnessed this strange mood, and with a quick transition of feeling I at first began to wonder that any but happy thoughts could occupy him when I was by his side, and then to conjecture what those thoughts could be, till a terrible suspicion awoke in my bosom—a suspicion that he did not love me with his whole heart as I loved him. The scorpions, which my own act had engendered, were beginning to quicken in the warm atmosphere of my heart.

“I was not conscious of it, but tears gathered in my eyes while they were yet steadfastly fixed on Murray's, and when he looked up, the expression of my face must have told him something of what was passing in my mind. He threw down his book, and by gentle acts rather than explanatory words, strove to win me again to cheerfulness. He was half-lying on the sofa, with my hand locked in his, murmuring over soft fragments of the poem he had been reading, apparently abandoned to the happiness of the moment, when there was a rustling among the shrubbery beneath the window, and quick footsteps smote along the gravel walk leading to the balcony. Every footfall jarred upon my ear like the vibrations of a bell. The sudden recoil of my heart, and then its deep, heavy throbbings were almost audible as I listened. I felt the blood ebbing away from my face, and a faintness was upon me. Murray started, and grasped my hand with a violence that pained me. It is strange how suddenly the weakest heart will gather up its energies, when flung back upon itself. ‘Do not fear me,’ I said with forced calmness, and drawing my hand from his grasp, I deliberately opened the sash-door, and went out to meet my husband. He was already upon the balcony, and sprang forward to greet me with more eager affection than I had ever witnessed in him before. For one moment I was drawn to his bosom unresistingly, for I was faint with agitation. He must have felt me tremble, but evidently imputed the emotion to joy at his sudden return, and with his arm about my waist, he drew me into the room. Oh, how thoroughly I loathed the hypocrisy which my sin had imposed on the future! Murray had nerved himself for the interview, and stood up, pale and collected, to receive his late friend. When he saw my position, a faint flush shot over his forehead, but his forced composure was in nothing else disturbed. I put away my husband's arm and sunk to a seat, overwhelmed with a painful consciousness of the moral degradation I had heaped upon my spirit.

“Murray went up to London the next day, and a few brief words of farewell were all that could be granted to me. I went away by myself and wept bitterly. In my secret thoughts, I reproached him that he *could* leave me to the bitter task of concealment and dissimulation, without his support, burthened as he knew my heart must be with anxieties and feelings which I might reveal only to himself. From no other human being could I claim sympathy or council, and yet he left me.

I felt the necessity of his absence, but was deeply pained by it. Deceit was a hard burthen to impose on a heart singularly frank and confiding in its nature. I felt that I had sacrificed the birthright of a free spirit for ever.—One suspicion haunted me continually—a doubt of Murray's love. Often did I ask myself if he were happy—if even then he did not, in his secret heart, regret the sacrifice I had made to him, the voluntary bondage which he had imposed on himself. There was misery in the thought; but oh, many, many were the painful apprehensions which haunted my imagination. For two days I was tormented by shadowy evils. My mornings were full of inquietude, and my sleep was not rest. Then came his first letter, so considerate and gentle, so full of manly solicitude for my peace of mind. Happiness sprung back to my heart like a glad infant to its mother's bosom. The earth seemed bursting into blossom around me. Again I flung away thought, and surrendered my spirit to its first sweet dream of contentment.

"Murray joined us at Ashton. Among the guests who spent Christmas with us, was a young lady of refined and pleasant manners, the orphan of a noble family, whose entailed property had fallen to a distant heir on the death of her father, leaving her an almost penniless dependant on a wealthy aunt, who seemed anxious to get rid of her trust with as little expense as possible. My sympathy was excited in the young lady's behalf, for her coarse relative supplied her but sparingly with the means of supporting her station in society, and in her vulgar eagerness to have the poor girl settled and off her hands, was continually compromising her delicacy and wounding her pride. Louisa was reserved, and somewhat cold in her disposition, but my feelings had been enlisted in her behalf, and I contrived by every little stratagem in my power, to supply her want of wealth, and to shield her from the match-making schemes of her aunt. Being much in my society, she was thrown into constant companionship with Murray. He did not at first seem much interested in her, for she was retiring and not really beautiful, but by degrees the gentle sweetness of her character won its way to his heart, and he seemed pleased with her society, but there was nothing in the intimacy to alarm me. I was rather gratified than otherwise that he should be interested in my protégé. When we again took up our residence in town, I occasionally acted as chaperon to Miss Jameson, but as my hopes centered more trustfully around one object, my taste for general society diminished and I surrounded myself with a small circle of distinguished individuals, and mingled but little in the dissipations of the world, where her aunt was continually forcing her to exhibit herself. I was still interested in her, but the repulsive coarseness of her relative prevented a thorough renewal of the intimacy which had existed while she was my guest.

"A year passed by, in which had been crowded a whole life of mingled happiness and misery. My love for Murray was in no way diminished, but its character had changed. The first sweet hope of happiness which came with the early outpouring of my heart had departed for ever. A settled foreboding of separation and evil

had chastened my expectations, and instead of looking forward with hope, my spirit gradually gathered up its strength to meet its destined fate whenever it might come. Love is almost intuitive in its perceptions. Long before I had any proof, I *felt* that Murray was changed. He strove to deceive me, strove to deceive himself, but the very means which he took to delude away the reason of both, but served to fasten the truth upon my heart. I had made his nature a study, and when I saw him day by day becoming more respectful, more gentle and compassionate in his manner toward me, I knew that there would soon be no hope. It was not in his nature to turn rudely and crush the being who had loved him so fatally; but what mattered it how the steel was tempered, so long as the blade was struck home? The blow fell at length; Murray was about to be married. He did not allow me to be tortured by public rumor, but came and told me with his own lips. I had been very sad all the morning, and when I heard his familiar knock at the street door, and heard the footsteps to which my heart had never yet failed to quicken its pulsations, approaching my boudoir, a dark presentiment fell upon me, and I trembled as if a death-watch were sounding in my ears. But I had learned to conceal my feelings, and sat quietly in my cushioned chair, occupied with a piece of fine needlework, when he entered. He was deeply agitated, and his hand shook violently when I arose to receive him. *Mine* was steady. I was not about to heap misery on the heart that had clung to me. He tried to break the subject gently to me, and by reasoning and expressions of respect, to reconcile me to the step he wished to take. With a calmness which startled even myself, I inquired the name of my rival. It was Louisa Jameson, the creature whom I had cherished even as a sister. No matter, I had nerved myself to bear all. If my heart trembled, no emotion stirred my face. He had not yet proposed, but he knew that she loved him, and her position with her aunt pained him. Still he would not propose unless I consented. He had come to throw himself on my generosity. I did consent. Measuredly and coldly the words were spoken, but they did not satisfy him. He would have me *feel* willing—his happiness should not be secured at the expense of mine—if from my whole heart I could not resign him. No advantage should be taken of a freedom rendered only from the lips. There was bitterness in my heart that kept up its strength, for his words seemed like mockery. He had flung me to the dust, and asked me to smile, while his foot was grinding me there. I tried to dissemble, for why should I show him the ruin he was making? would it take back the words he had spoken? would he love me again? Could I love him? Never, as I had done! There was nothing of hate or dislike—not one wish for vengeance in my heart; but I would have been torn to atoms by wild horses, rather than have been to him what I had been, even for a moment. Yet I could have died for him; nay, did I not suffer a keener pang than death, even then; and did I not sternly force it back that he might not be made unhappy by the knowledge? Oh, how stone-like and calm I was

after he left me. I took up that piece of fine needle-work, and finished the pattern neatly, very neatly, for my fingers never quivered for an instant. I believe that I went through the routine of the day—that I gave orders to servants, and received company, but I cannot remember distinctly. I had been in my dressing-room many hours, when my maid came to remind me of a ball and supper to which I was engaged. I started up, and bade her array me in my gayest apparel. Never do I remember myself so beautiful as on that night. There was fever in my cheek, and the fire of a wounded spirit in my eyes—a wild, sparkling wit flashed from my lips, and among the gay and the lovely I was most gay and most recklessly brilliant. I was among the last of the revolvers, and when I sprang to my carriage, waving kisses to my noble escort, and was whirled away amid the light of attendant flambeau, there was many a heart that envied the beautiful and happy Lady Gordon. Why should they not? They could not see the sudden recoil of that overtaken spirit. They did not follow me home to witness the dark shadows gather around the eyes they had admired, nor the hollow whiteness of my cheek when the glittering raiment had been removed from my form, and the flowers unwreathed from my hair. They could not feel the sharp pain that shot through my side, nor mark the red blood-drops springing to my lips as I lay trembling and exhausted on the floor of my dressing-room, while my frightened attendant was bathing my temples and weeping over me. All were deceived except that poor girl and myself, and perhaps one other, for Murray was at the ball. Varnham was down at Ashton, and the relief of solitude, at least, was at my command.

"Murray called in the morning, for we were to be friends still. I had suffered much during the night, but I put *rouge* on my pallid cheeks, and with forced cheerfulness went down to receive him. He appeared ill at ease. Perhaps he feared reproaches after I had recovered from the first effect of his desertion. He need not. The ruin it had wrought was too deep for tears or weak complaints; when the death blow comes, we cease to struggle. Men are willing to believe that which they most desire, and Murray readily persuaded himself that my outward appearance of contentment was real; that wounded pride was all that he had to reproach himself with inflicting. He seemed relieved and really grateful; we should yet be very happy—innocently happy, he said, and that we never could have been while breaking a moral and conventional rule for which society extorted such penalties from the woman. The fortitude with which I had listened to a separation, had secured his respect for ever. I should henceforth be to him as a very dear sister; to Louisa, a generous friend.

"Murray was sincere in all this, for he resolutely deceived himself into a belief of his own wishes. I went through the scene bravely; no word or look betrayed the agony forced back to the solitude of my own bosom. I had no weak, feminine wish, that he should be appalled by the wreck he had made.

"I ascertained that Miss Jameson's aunt had refused to bestow any fortune with her niece, and I knew that Murray was far, far from wealthy enough to meet the

expenses of an establishment befitting his rank. I could not bear that he should have his fine mind cramped down to the petty annoyances of a limited income, nor that she should be for ever crushed beneath the humiliating consciousness of poverty. Varnham never allowed himself to exceed his own little income, and the revenues of our estates far exceeded our general expenditure. It was therefore easy for me to raise a sum sufficient to endow my rival, and thus indirectly secure a sufficient competence to *him*. I gave orders to my agent that thirty thousand pounds should be immediately raised for me, and when the sum was secured, I went privately to the house of my rival, and with little persuasion, induced her parsimonious relative to present it to Miss Jameson, as from her own coffers. I knew that my secret was safe, for she was a worldly woman, and was not likely to deprive herself of the eclat of a generous deed, by exposing my share in it.

"There was something in the performance of this act which softened my feelings, and as I left the old lady's apartment, and descended the stairs, it was with a gentler and more resigned sensation than I had known for days. The sound of horses' hoofs upon the pavement, made me start back like a guilty thing. The drawing-room door was ajar, and I saw Louisa Jameson rise from her seat and glide to a window with sparkling eyes, and cheeks flushed with expectation. A quick, double knock, and Murray entered. He gave his hat carelessly to a servant, as one who had a right to claim instant attendance, and then I saw his eyes kindle, and an answering smile greet her's, when he saw his affianced bride coming forward to meet him. I drew back upon the stairs, faint with the heavy throbbing of my heart, and then I heard their low voices mingle, saw their hands clasp, and their lips meet. I saw him draw her gently to a sofa, and then my eyes grew dim. I felt that I was fainting, but my mind had yet power over the body. I was obliged to support myself by the bannister, yet I made my way unobserved into the street; they were too happily occupied to notice the wretched woman who had thus exposed her heart to another blow, that she might do them a service. His saddle-horse, the same that had borne him to my door almost every morning for a year, stood upon the pavement. It was a noble beast, and had been the companion of our rides at Ashton. My own favorite horse had been purchased to match his. I was on foot, without attendant, and had worn a large, close bonnet, that none might recognize me near the house of my rival, but the sagacious creature knew me spite of my disguise. He began to paw the stones, and curved his head round with a low, whimpering neigh, as I passed by. How soothingly any token of attachment, even from the lowliest animal, goes to a deserted heart. I could not resist the impulse, but turned back and patted the beautiful animal's neck as I had been wont to do in happier days.

'Have a care, miss,' said the man who held him, 'he is apt to be skittish with strangers. I never saw but one lady that was not afraid of him.'

'And who was that?' I inquired, gathering the thick veil more closely over my face.

'Oh, the Lady Gordon, God bless her; I should like to see the horse she could not manage. Bluebuck was always like a lamb when she was near, and would snuff round and eat bread from her little white hand as daintily as a lap-dog. Why?—'

'John,' said a voice from the window, 'you may take Bluebuck away. I shall walk home.'

"I grasped my veil still tighter, and hurried forward as if caught in some disgraceful act. A moment after, the groom galloped by me, nodding and smiling with a freedom which my own familiarity had warranted. The act, in itself, was sufficient proof that I was unknown, but the proud blood mounted to my cheek, and I felt as if *his* servant had offered me an indignity—as if I was never to be respected or loved again.

"I entered that house once again, to see the man for whom I had sacrificed the innocence and hope of a life wedded to another. It was a strange wish, but I felt a kind of gladiator's pleasure in goading my heart on to madness—a stern, unrelenting love of self-torture. I resolved to be present at the marriage.

"I strove to rest, but could not. In vain I loosened the golden cords and darkened my sumptuous couch with its wealth of drapery. In vain I heaped its pillows of down, and drew the sheets of fine linen over my head. The pain rankling in my heart would not be appeased. Still I sought for rest. Should I go with my sunken eyes and pallid looks to his wedding festival—and that came on the morrow. Sleep—sleep, I *must* have sleep, for smiles and bloom would be wanted on the coming day; after that, I cared not; for it seemed as if my destiny would be consummated then. I went to my dressing table and poured out laudanum, a large quantity, but some was shed over the table, for my hand shook as I emptied the vial, else I cared not if the sleep it brought should be eternal. The cup was of gold from which I drank the potion, and its jewelled rim sparkled to the flame of my night-lamp, as I raised it to my lips. I would have given it with all the vast wealth from which it had been purchased, for one hour of sweet, calm slumber. But it could not be; a heavy sense of suffering settled upon my frame, and that was all. My body became stupid, but there was no oblivion to the intense workings of the mind. The morning found me in my dressing-room, buried in the velvet depths of an easy-chair, with my eyes wide open, as they had been the whole night. A dressing-mirror swung on its stand before me, and an image, which I shuddered to recognize as the reflection of myself, seemed matching my wretchedness with sad, heavy eyes, that would not close. I buried my face in my dress, that I might not be haunted by the picture of my own misery, for I had no strength to wheel the chair away, or to remove the mirror. I must have slept awhile, for when I raised my face again, a broad sunshine was shed through the window-drapery, and a clock on the mantle-piece beat nine. In one hour he was to be married. I rang the bell and ordered that my dress should be as splendid as possible, and then I took no farther note of the costly robes which my bewildered maid brought out for my choice, nor gave farther directions, but abandoned myself wholly to her

taste, not caring that the splendor in which she arrayed me was little befitting the early hour, so long as it shed life over the deathly hue of my features. She had spoken to me more than once, with no other answer than a faint desire that she should hasten, for my attention was fixed on the clock, whose pointer had crept round the dial, and almost touched the hour. Then she unlocked a slender band of chased gold from my arm, and flung it carelessly aside to make room for the magnificent bracelet which she had drawn from its casket. I dashed the glittering bauble from her hold, and with a shaking hand reclasped the precious circlet. It was *his* gift, and had never left my arm since the time his hands had placed it there. It maddened me that its clasp should have been undone by a menial, and on *that day*.

"I gave one glance at the mirror before I went out. Excitement had begun its work of beauty; a vivid, startling brilliancy was in my eyes, and a feverish red bloomed in either cheek. My terrified French woman had performed her task bravely. Jewels flashed in my curls, and shed a starry brightness over my arms and neck, and my poor heart trembled like a wounded bird beneath a girdle that might have won a prince's ransom. Oh, it was all a sad, sad mockery!

"Like the stricken deer which still bounds on and on though the arrow is rankling in his side, I mingled among the crowd of high-born guests invited to Murray's wedding. Oh, how strangely every thing seemed! the murmuring sound of happy and pleasant voices was in my ear, feathers and diamonds and glittering satins floated confusedly before me, and it all appeared like a phantasmagora. Then my sight cleared, and my hearing became keen, for there was a hush in the throng, and a stately noble came forth with the young bride leaning on his arm. I saw the changing of her soft cheek beneath the bridal veil, and the happy light of her eye as they led her before the bishop. A moment, and *he* stood by her side. The hurried words of his response came distinctly to my ear, and the voice was that which had won me to sin and wretchedness.

"That man had loved me, and yet I stood within a few paces of him, ill with grief, and so wretched, that the very beggars in the streets might have pitied me; yet he made his solemn vows to another, and did not feel my presence. The guests gathered about the newly-wedded pair, and the sound of their congratulations came mockingly to me, where I sat alone in a distant part of the room. Sorrow had now nearly bereft me of all my strength, and I could not arise, though I felt that curious eyes might speculate upon me, sitting thus apart and agitated. I struggled for a moment's energy, and penetrated the crowd. The moment my eyes rested on his face, and marked his proud, happy smile and kindling eye, I became calm, very calm, and should have remained so, for I had yet pride enough to nerve me, had that triumphant smile lingered one moment on his lips after he saw me; but it did not, for when he turned from the greeting of a fair girl by his side, and saw me standing before him, his brow and lip became colorless, and he recoiled a step as if a spirit

had started up in his path. One glance had revealed the ruin he had made, for with all my mastery over the agony struggling within, it must have forced its impress on the lineaments of my face. It was a dangerous moment for us both, for many curious eyes were upon us. I heeded it not, for what was life or good name to me then? But he grasped the hand which I had extended with a warning energy that thrilled back to my heart, and when he saw that my lips moved without syllabing a word, he answered with a graceful ease, as if the usual congratulations had been spoken. I addressed a few words to his bride. What they were I do not remember, but she smiled and raised her eyes wonderingly to my face, and asked if I had been ill.

"I would have left the house, for my unnatural strength was giving way, but the bridal equipage was drawn up before the door, and mine could not be called till it had driven off. I shrunk away to a window and drew the heavy curtains over the recess, for there was that stirring within my heart which would not longer brook the gaze of a crowd. I stood behind the silken drapery with my throbbing forehead pressed against the casement and my hands clasped hard over my heart, when the curtain was suddenly lifted and Murray stood by my side. He was pale as death, and there was anguish, such as I had never before witnessed, in his eyes. A moment he pored over my face, while his own worked with strong emotion; then grasping my hands in both his, he said in a half whisper of thrilling reproach,

'Oh, my God! Catharine, why have you deceived me thus? Why did you lead me to believe that you had freely consented to this?'

"I did not speak. I could not; but my face was lifted to his, and he must have read there all the misery he had heaped upon me. I did not then strive to conceal it, for my pride was utterly crushed, and I had no strength left. Footsteps approached the window—Murray started—the grasp of his cold hand tightened on mine for a moment, and I was alone!

"There was a bustle on the steps. A white veil gleamed before my aching eyes. Then the form of the bridegroom appeared. His pale, anxious face was raised to the window where I stood for one instant, and then my brain grew giddy, and I remembered nothing more, save a flash of white ribands, and the whirl of a chariot passing before my eyes, then the tramp of many horses seemed smiting me to the earth. I did not faint, for there was fever in my veins, and that gave me strength to endure. When my own carriage was drawn to the door, I went again through the crowd; a hand was extended; I smiled and accepted it; but to this day do not know who led me from the room. I entered my house. Desolate and very melancholy it seemed. There was none to feel for me—no kind voice to ask why I was so wretched. Had my mother been alive, I could have crept to her bosom, and pure as she was, have told her all, and with her sweet voice in my ear, and my arms about her neck, could have melted to tears; for *she* would have pitied and comforted me, sunken as I was. But she was in her cold green grave, and even the memory of that brought no moisture to my eyes. I could

not weep, for no where could I turn for sympathy. I had no mother, no sister nor friend. My pride was crushed, and I had no strength left; yet my heart would not break. Then I thought of Varnham for the first time in many days, not as the husband I had so deeply injured, but as the kind, good friend who had watched beside me, and loved me amid all my sorrows. I was not wholly in my right mind, and I bethought me but imperfectly of my sin, and how deadly was the wrong I had done that man. He was at Ashton, and I resolved to go to him, but with no definite aim, for I was incapable of any fixed plan. But he was my only friend, and my poor heart turned back to him in its emergency of sorrow, with the trust of former years, and forgot that it had by one sinful act locked up the only well-spring of sympathy left to it.

"I flung a large cloak over my splendid attire, and while my carriage was yet at the door, entered it and ordered them to proceed to Ashton. We travelled all day, and I did not once leave my seat, but remained muffled in my cloak with the hood drawn over my head, lost in the misty half-consciousness of partial insanity. I believe that the carriage stopped more than once, and I took no heed, only ordering them to drive forward, for the rapid motion relieved me.

"It was deep in the night when we reached Ashton. Every thing was dark and gloomy, but one steady lamp glimmered from the library window, and I knew that Varnham was up, and there. The library was in the back part of the house, and the sound of the carriage had not reached it. I made my way through the darkened hall, and entered my husband's presence. For one moment the feverish beatings of my heart were hushed by the holy tranquillity of that solitary student, and by the gloomy magnificence of the room. The noble painted window seemed thick and impervious in the dim light. The rich book-cases were in shadow, and cold marble statues looked down from their pedestals with a pale, grave-like beauty, as I entered. Varnham was reading. One small lamp alone shed its lustre on the rare Mosaic table over which he bent, and threw a broad light across the pale, calm forehead which had something heavenly in its tranquil smoothness. I was by his side, and yet he did not see me. The solemn stillness of the room had cleared away my brain, and for a moment I felt the madness of my intended confidence. I staggered, and should have fallen but for the edge of the table, which I grasped with a force that made the lamp tremble. Varnham started up astonished at my sudden presence; but when he saw me standing before him, with the fire of excitement beaming in my eyes and crimsoning my cheeks, with jewels twinkling in my hair and blazing on my girdle, where it flashed out from the cloak which my trembling hand had become powerless to hold, he seemed intuitively to feel the evil destiny that I had wrought for myself. His face became pale, and it was a minute before he could speak. Then he came to me, drew me kindly to his bosom and kissed my forehead with a tranquil tenderness that went to my heart like the hushings of my mother's voice. I flung myself upon his bosom, and wept with a burst of pas-

sionate grief which startled him. He seated himself and drew me closer to his heart, and besought me to tell him the cause of my sorrow. I did tell him—and then he flung me from his bosom as if I had been a reptile, and a curse—a bitter curse burned on the lips that had never till then known ought but blessings—not against me—no, he could never have cursed me—but on Murray. Then I bethought me of the evil that might follow, of bloodshed and murder, and I arose from the floor and fell before him, where he stood, and tried to plead and to call back all I had said. He lifted me again in his arms, though I felt a shudder run through his whole frame as he did so; and he told me to be comforted, and said many soothing words, and promised never to expose me to shame, but he said nothing of *him*, and when I again strove to plead for his life, he put me sternly away, and then I went wholly mad.”

To be continued.

Original.

SONG OF THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

PROUD river of the West—the beauteous bride
Of a still mightier stream—sounds sweet and low,
As day fades in the gloom of eventide,
Steal from thy waves: yet sweeter those that flow
From the clear streamlet winding near my home,
My own New-England home.
Yes, thou art fair; but give me back the brook,
That murmur’ing softly o’er its pebbly bed,
Hushes its voice to linger in some nook,
O’er which the blushing wild-flower bends its head:
The cool, clear, sparkling brook close by my home,
My own New-England home.
Ye sunset clouds, now melting into air,
Silent as summer dew the flower-cup fills;
To wayward Fancy, ye’re not half as fair
As those that ling’ring o’er my native hills,
I used, at eve, so oft to watch from home,
My own New-England home.
And ye bright flowers, though decked with every hue,
Ye proudly flaunt upon the prairie’s breast,
Give me a tuft of v’l’eta, such as threw
Their fragrance round me, as I stopt to rest
Beneath the old oak tree in sight of home,
My own New-England home.
Though birds as brilliant glance from tree to tree,
As richest gems of oriental land;
Though sweet and varied is their melody,
Wafted abroad on Morning’s breezes bland,
My heart is with the song-bird of my home,
My own New-England home.
Yes, gentle robin, when I hear thy song,
My bosom thrills to ev’ry mellow strain;
For then the loved, the absent round me throng—
I’m in my own beloved home again:
My distant, and though humble, best loved home,
My own New-England home.

CAROLINE ORNE.

Original.

THE BLOODY HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE.”

“THERE is blood upon your hand, John,” said a tall, masculine-made woman, in a homespun dress, as she swept up the hearth of the solitary farm-house, in the interior of England, at the close of a cold December’s day, in the year 18—.

The person thus addressed, was an iron-faced farmer, of about the middle size, with dark eyes peering underneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His cheek was flushed, as though old age had been coursing like wildfire through his swollen veins, and his brawny hand, as he looked at the clot of fresh blood that stained it, seemed to have been made for a descendant of Cain.

“There is blood,” said Brown, for such was the farmer’s name, “but it is all off now—bring me my supper.” The wife—for such was the first speaker—looked him long and anxiously in the face. Horrid visions seemed to be floating before her eyes, and murder almost escaped from her compressed lips.

“Why, what in the name of nature ails the woman?” said Brown, endeavoring, by an ill-contrived laugh, to silence her fears. “If people go where sheep are slaughtered, they must expect to get bloody.”

“The blood of sheep has not been on your hand,” said his wife, firmly. “There was a melancholy-looking man upon the hill to-day. He had money, and a valuable watch. He offered me a piece of gold for directing him to the next village, and set his watch by our clock. Have you seen the stranger, John?”

The iron features of the hardened husband now contracted into a fearful scowl. “Woman,” said he, “what have I to do with travellers on the hill side. Mind your own affairs.” Then changing his tone to a sort of whine, he said, “Give me my food, Meg. I am cold and hungry, and cannot joke with you longer.”

“Joke with me?” said the poor wife, with a countenance agonized with horror, “God grant that it proves a joke.”

The supper was now placed upon the table. The farmer ate his food in silence, and then went to bed. In a few moments he was lost in a deep though terrible sleep. Having seen that every thing was quiet, the good wife put on her hooded cloak, and went out upon the lawn. It was a cold and cheerless evening. The hills seemed turning into misty shadows, before the wand of an enchanter, and the waving tree-tops seemed like the bosom of the midnight deep. The bleak wind howled sadly amid the elm-trees by the way side, and the bay of a distant watch-dog came echoing up the vale. The unhappy wife followed the track of her husband for about a mile. She now was startled by a deep groan. Scanning narrowly the hill side, she perceived a place where some persons had apparently struggled together, in the snow-drift, and beyond, a little distance, she beheld the melancholy stranger whom she had directed on his course several hours previous, lying upon the ground, with a dreadful wound upon his pallid forehead. Brown’s wife was a strong and resolute woman. She raised the

wounded man and wiped the blood from his eyes. Finding that life was not extinct, she bore him upon her shoulders to her dwelling. Having laid him down in the passage, she opened the kitchen-door where Brown was sleeping. His thick, heavy breathing, gave evidence that the sleep of drunkenness was upon him. She then carried the stranger through the kitchen to a little bed room where she usually retired when the abuse of her brutal companion became insupportable. As the head of the wounded man brushed by the face of Brown, his hands instinctively gripped the bed-clothes, and carried them over his head. Having staunching the wound—the bleeding of which had been checked before by the coagulating blood—the good wife dressed it in a manner well-approved of by medical men, gave her patient a composing draught, and then returned to her seat by the kitchen fire.

The farmer now began to be himself. He moved like a wounded snake in his unquiet sleep. He opened his eyes and glared wildly around him. "There is no blood upon my hand," said he. "Meg, it was all a joke. Ha! ha! a devilish good joke." As he said this, conscience felt the dreadful gnawing of the worm that never dies, and a shiver along the limbs of Brown, told but too plainly, that he had sealed, in blood, a bond, conveying to regions of everlasting fire, his miserable soul. The fumes of his debauch arose like a mist upon his brain, and he slept again. His wife now paid the stranger another visit, and finding every thing working as it should, retired to her desolate couch. Morning came, and the sobered farmer arose from his pillow of remorse. His face was haggard, his eyes blood-shot, and his hair like that of the furies, seemed changing into serpents.

He said but little, and went out immediately after breakfast. His wife saw him go up the hill-side. She knew that he had gone to bury the body, and she rejoiced to think that he would labor in vain. Noon and night and morning came, but no husband approached the farm-house. Weeks rolled on, and John Brown was seen no more upon the hill-side, or in his homely dwelling. His whistle was hushed upon the moor: and his foot-fall awoke not the echoes of the forest-way.

The stranger, in the meantime, recovered, a justice of the peace was sent for, and an affidavit was made of the facts of the case. The murderous wretch was described with fearful correctness, all—all but the face. That was concealed by a slouched hat, and could not be described. The wife breathed again. With a woman's wit, she spoke but little of her husband's absence, and when she alluded to it, she spoke of it as an absence of short duration, with her advice and consent.

The stranger, who proved to be a nobleman of wealth, endeavored to cheer the gloomy shades of the deserted woman's heart: but it was a vain attempt. There is no cure for blighted love, no peace for a rifled heart. God alone can be the widow's husband—God alone can gladden the widow's heart.

"You never shall want, Meg," said the nobleman, as he sat by the farmer's wife a few evenings after he was able to walk. "I must to London; business of impor-

tance urges me there. When you are in distress, one hint of the fact to me, will produce instant relief."

A carriage, with an Earl's coronet, now drove up to the cottage door. The wife said nothing; she seemed to be lost in an unfathomable mystery.

"Will you not accompany me, my faithful nurse?" said the stranger, as he prepared to depart from the dwelling of charitable love.

"Nay, sir," said the wife, "I cannot thus suddenly leave the spot of my early hope. Here, sir, I was born; here I was married; on yonder green hillock I danced away the sorrows of childhood; in yonder church, whose spire now gleams in the dying sun-light, I gave my guilty spirit up to God. On yonder plain sleep my children; beside that old oak, rest father and mother, the first born; and the last upon the catalogue of life. Here, sir, I have smiled in joy, and wept in sorrow; and here I will die."

Entreaties and prayers were all in vain. She withstood every kindness of her guest, and finally accepted only a reasonable charge for his board. As the Earl was about to take his seat in his carriage, the deserted wife approached him,

"Stranger guest," said she, with much feeling, "I have done you good service."

"You have," said he, while a tear of gratitude stole down his cheek.

"Will you do me one favor in return?" said she.

"Most certainly will I," said the Earl.

"Then write upon a piece of vellum, what I shall dictate," said she, with a hurried voice.

He took his pen, and wrote in plain characters as follows:—

"Circumstances have convinced me that an attempt to murder me on the night of the 10th December, 18—, on Stone Hill, Lincolnshire, would have been successful, had it not been for the kind interference of John Brown and his wife, of Hopedale. This paper is left as a slight memorial of an event which time can never efface from my memory.

JOHN, EARL OF—"

She read it over and over, after he had signed it. "It will do," said she. "Now farewell."

The grateful Earl sprang into his seat. He threw his purse into her bosom. "Farewell," said he, in a husky tone, and away rattled his carriage with the swiftness of the wind. The coronet flashed in the sunbeam, and then the vehicle, with its outriders, was lost in the winding forest-way.

Ten years rolled away, and the wife of John Brown suddenly disappeared from Hopedale, and then the farm-house, like a deserted thing, stood solitary and silent amid the smiles of autumn. A middle-sized stranger, with a sailor's jacket and tarpaulin on, and a bundle dangling at the end of a club over his shoulders, rested beside the door of Hopedale. The stranger, though somewhat intoxicated, appeared to be very sad. He looked in at the wasted door-way. He gazed upon the cold, barren hearth. He saw the planks worn by the foot of the thrifty housewife, and marked a portion of her dress in the broken pane of the kitchen window. The nail where the good man's hat had hung for years,

was there, with a circle around it, of unsmoked paint. The crane hung sadly in the corner, and the music of the singing kettle echoed not there. The stranger raised his hand to his eyes, but what causes him to start like a frightened bird. "*It is bloody again,*" said he, with a look of horror. "Oh, that I could wipe out that foul—that terrible stain from memory. Ha! it is on my hand as fresh as when I murdered that poor, melancholy stranger. God of Heaven, I cannot wipe it out." The stranger had cut his hand with a piece of broken glass, and a clot of fresh blood was upon it, in reality. He felt not the pain of the wound in his horror; and satisfied that Heaven had marked him in its own terrible way. He wiped off the blood and turned to depart.

The sheriff was beside him, and he was arrested for an attempt to murder. He preserved a sullen silence. He followed the officer to his carriage, and was soon on his way to London. The prison received its victim; and the gay world smiled as brightly as before.

The day of trial came. John Brown, who had taken another name, was tried as Samuel Jones, and the case brought together a vast concourse of people of both sexes. The prisoner was soon placed at the bar. The jury was duly impanelled. The advocate for the crown was in his place. The prisoner's counsel was beside him, and the judge was upon the bench. Brown, as he entered the dock, had been so much agitated by the dread reality of his guilt, and the prospect of speedy punishment, that he had not cast an eye upon his judge. He now looked cautiously at him. He saw the keen eye of the judge fixed upon him, and started with horror.

"Oh, God!" said he, with a loud voice, while the sweat rolled down his chalk-like face. "*It is the murdered man! Ha! he has come to judge the guilty. See there is the forehead scarred. Ah, it was a devilish blow. Back, back, I say; let the dead man look his fill. There's blood upon my hand; see there, thou unquiet spirit; that hand was reeking in thy gore; 'twas merciless when thou criedst out, be merciless now in thy turn, thou man of the spirit land.*"

Here the prisoner fainted, and fell upon the floor. A great sensation was caused in court by this singular circumstance, and it was not until "*order*" had been shouted for some time, that the trial was suffered to go on. It appears that Brown's neighbors all considered him guilty of the crime of endeavoring to murder the individual named in the beginning of this tale, and who was now the presiding judge of the Old Bailey. The affidavit was kept in green remembrance, especially by one old farmer in the neighborhood of Hopedale, who had appropriated Brown's farm to his own use, and who constantly watched for the murderer's return, for he knew human nature so well as to be certain that no wretch can be so callous as to forget the spot sacred to childhood, innocence, and early love. The robber seeks his home, the murderer seeks the shades of his once happy valley, the seducer wanders amid the bowers where passion, like a dark and damning torrent, burst away the barriers between his soul and hell. The unfortunate man ignorant of his wife's actions, and

unconscious of the certificate in her possession, ignorant of her existence even, after a long cruise in the navy of England, returned to view the pleasant homestead—the green valley—the quiet bill-side, and the sunken graves of his parents and children. He had met the argus-eyed speculator on his way. The old affidavit hung like the sword of Damocles over his head, and the informer, at sunset, saw the poor broken-hearted sailor borne away to London, and, as he trusted, a felon's grave. Such is human nature. Man carelessly feeds upon the fruits that hang over the church-yard wall, and gathers roses from the sacred plains—

—
"Where once the life's blood warm and wet,
Had dimmed the glittering bayonet."

The trial proceeded—the evidence was strong, and the jury, without quitting their seats, pronounced the prisoner at the bar "*Guilty.*"

"Guilty?" said Brown, rising to his feet, "can it be? Ah, I must die a felon's death, and my poor lost wife. Oh, that pang. How her tender endearments now rise up in judgment against me; her soft words, how they thunder upon my gloomy soul. Her smiles of beauty and innocence—great God how they sear my heart; must I then die without her forgiveness? Oh, the thought is torture, ay, torture as dreadful as that experienced by the vilest of the damned."

Here the prisoner became unmanned, and burying his face in his fettered hands, wept like a child. The strong passion of grief shook the prisoner's limbs, and rattled the chains with terrible distinctness. A short silence ensued, and then the judge put on his black cap, and prepared to pronounce that awful sentence which never can be pronounced without awakening the dormant sensibilities of the most degraded—which none, in fact, *but the condemned ever hear, without a flood of tears.*

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "stand up." Brown rose. "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" said the judge, continuing his remarks. A slight rustling noise was now heard at the bar, and a female in widow's weeds leaned her head over to speak to the prisoner.

"Stand back, woman," said a self-sufficient tip-staff, who, like some of our constables, imagine the old adage, "*necessity has no law,*" to mean, "law has no necessity."

The woman threw back her veil, and looking the judge full in the face, said, "May it please your worship to permit me to aid my husband in his last extremity?"

The Earl thought he knew the face and the tone of voice, and therefore commanded the officer to place the wife beside her husband.

"Meg," said Brown, while the tears streamed down his face, haggard with guilt, "it is very kind of you to visit me thus. Can you forgive your guilty husband?"

"John," said the meek-eyed woman, as she raised her countenance of angelic sweetness to Heaven. "I was forgiven by the Son of God—I can and do forgive you."

The wretched prisoner fell upon his wife's neck, and

the minions of criminal law, with faces like tanned leather, and hearts like the paving-stones before the Egyptian tombs, stood pity-struck, and waited for the end of this extraordinary scene.

"Woman," at length said the judge, while a tear rested in his eye, "It is my dreadful lot to pass the sentence of the law upon the prisoner. You had better retire."

The wife started, and looking the judge full in the face, said, "John, Earl of —, do you recollect the parchment scroll you gave me at Hopedale?" handing, at the same time, a piece of vellum to a constable, who passed it up to his Honor.

"My noble-hearted, long-lost nurse," said the judge, with a look of joy, "well do I recollect you and your last request, but in this case, the law must take its course. I will, however, recommend the prisoner to mercy."

"Mercy?" said Brown, "who talks of mercy here? There is blood upon my hand."

"Silence!" said the judge; "remand the prisoner."

The court adjourned—the prisoner, guarded by a throng of soldiers and tip-staffs, moved along to his cell, and the wife followed the judge to his chambers. The next day a pardon for John Brown passed the seals, and the beginning of the week saw the husband and his noble-spirited wife at Hopedale, with the judge for a welcome guest. Years of peace and joyous plenty rolled on. Long and fervently did the pardoned criminal pray for forgiveness, and at last, in God's own time, the bloody stain upon his hand was washed away by the blood of him who died on Calvary, that man might find, at last, a glorious rest in the realms of matchless beauty, and of never-dying love. The Farmer of Hopedale, for many years, was considered the exemplar of the country around, and at last, when he died, which was shortly after his wife had departed for another rest, he was placed in the same grave with her, and over their bones a marble cenotaph was raised, upon which was inscribed in deep and lasting letters—

"They loved in life—
In death they were not divided."

The farm-house, at Hopedale has fallen in ruins. The grey owl hoots upon its moss-tipped chimney. The snake rustles in the grass by the door-sill; and the cricket whistles in the oven. At evening the truant and belated plough-boy shuns the spot; for many a white-livered loon, if you can believe him, has seen John Brown upon the hill-side, at the hour of dusk, with a clot of blood upon his hand, and a murdered traveller at his feet.

J. K. DOW.

DIVERSITY of judgment is a natural consequence from human imperfections, which cleave to believers as well as others, and since our capacities, means of information, and diligence, besides many other things, which have an influence on the understanding, are so unequal, is it ever to be expected we shall perfectly agree in our opinions?—*Rev. J. Abernathy.*

Original.

TO THE MEMORY OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Oh! gently scan thy brother man
More gently sister woman.—BURNS.

FAREWELL! thou wert as pure a flow'r,
As ever bloom'd in roseate bow'r,
But gifted, lovely, artless, vain,
Surrounded by gay Fashion's train,
By partial friends, by Flatt'ry's smile,
By praise, that meant not to beguile,
Yet, in its homage, must impart,
What dazzles and deludes the heart,
And makes the idol that we prize,
Tho' always dear, not always wise.

Ah! who can tell what snares abound,
To her who treads Parnassian ground?
Who paint that finer, deeper sense,
Bewildering, glowing, bright intense,
Of Genius, in weak woman's mind.
Woman! fond, generous, ardent, kind,
To every call of feeling prone,
That shakes calm Reason on her throne,
Hath ever found her genius aid
The softness that her heart betray'd

Yes! proud but dang'rous gift, thy charm
Hath pow'r to bless, and pow'r to harm.
Thou gavest the fascinating spell,
She spread so wide and bore so well,
More dear than beauty, sweet than wit—
Would! thou hadst taught her to submit
To self-restraint, to custom's reins,
To woman's safeguard, tho' her chains,
To wishes curb'd, to passions tam'd—
So had she lived and died unblam'd.

But sweetly round her early tomb,
The flowers of orient spring shall bloom,
And tall palmettos sighing wave,
In honor o'er her hallow'd grave,
When all we weep for in her lot,
Has vanish'd with the things forgot,
And wreaths of everlasting fame,
Encircle her undying name,
Granting posterity the boon,
We loved so well, and lost so soon.

London, 1840.

NOTHING can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive skepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. When men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have thus given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—*Hume.*

Original.

THE TEARS.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

A BEAUTIFUL babe, in a garden bower,
Lay locked in sleep at the noontide's hour;
Its auburn tresses, the zephyr's sigh
Waved over its brow all sportively,
And oft would its lips of ruby move
With the blissful dreams of a seraph's love.
Bright blossoms that erst in the garden smiled
Gemm'd the nerveless hands of that sleeping child,
While the humming bird and butterfly flew,
To rifle their sweets—and to sip their dew—
On the rosy cheeks and the temples white
Of the beauteous babe would the pilferers light
Deeming them birds in the garden bright.

As thus the babe in slumber lay,
(Unseen by mortal) in that hour,
An angel from the realms of day
Smiled sweetly on that infant flower,
From Heaven's realms, he had journey'd far,
Pass'd flaming comet,—sheeny star;
Pass'd sun and moon—braved lightning's flame;
Till to our world of sin he came.

To crown a cross of glory bright,
The angel at his God's command
Had left the bowers of living light;
And journey'd to our sinful strand,
Three gems of high and holy price,
Were lack'd to crown the rich device,
And in the sphere of earth 'twas said
These matchless gems were deeply laid.

The angel had traversed the Indian shore,
And fathom'd the Caspian seas of blue;
And winged him around the Zemblas hear.
And o'er Araby's lands of blooming hue:
But vain was his flight—no gems did he find,
In the earth's or the ocean's halls enshrined—
And the spirit he mourned at the Lord's command—
And weeping—gazed on our sinful land.

'Twas at the bower where beauty slept
That angel stood—one moment smiled;
Then veiled his head with his wing—then wept,
As he knew, was doom'd that beauteous child
To the travel of years, to pain and death!
Saying "What is life? but a passing breath!"

A latent pang, that moment came,
Clouding the brow of beauty blest;
Tinged was the cheek with fiery flame,
And deeply heaved the lily'd breast,
Trembling, like leaves that shield the flower,
Shook by the breath of some rude gale,
Scattering their dews of summer's shower,
Bending their blossoms to the vale,
So on the fringe that wrapp'd the buds,
The blue eyes of that sleeping child,
Stood the bright tears like sparkling studs,
And in the beam of Heaven smiled.
The angel saw the gems of light,
And from the cheek of beauty bright
Convey'd them to a hallowed vase
Form'd of the sunbeams glorious rays,
Then breathing on the infant flower—
Changed it, to *manhood's* thoughtful hour.

Panting, beneath a flaring sun,
On India's shore a man now lay
(That once fair child)—health's race was run,
Upon his brow was stamped decay;
Far o'er the seas of sunny blue,
His tearful eye in fancy flew,
Till home with all its fairy-dress,
Beamed 'fore his gaze in loveliness.
He saw the mother, that in joy,
Smiled on her young and beauteous boy,
He heard her prayer, to God's high power,
To shield him in affliction's hour;
Thought he could feel her lips of bliss,
Print on his cheek the evening kiss,
As passing to his couch of rest,
She smiled and said—"my son thou'rt blest!"

A mother's love! what words can tell,
The spring that feeds affection's well,
When memory conjures up the days,
Glorious and bright, with hope's rich rays,
Or deeper—stronger, when man weeps,
Beside the turf where parent sleeps,
High though he be, in pomp and power,
The boldest in the battle hour,
Yet view him by his mother's grave—
Turn to a child,—that warrior brave!
Fills his bright eye, with burning tears,
Swells in his heart a thousand fears,
To think perchance he sent the dart,
Of sorrow, to that mother's heart—
Prostrate he falls,—pride dies away
His soul weeps o'er the senseless clay.

Thus musing lay that sorrowing man,
Far from the halls of his infant years,
While he breathed on ambition a deadly ban,
And grieved the fount of its frozen tears.
The angel saw the holy stream
That sparkled in the noontide's beam;
And to the vase of golden hue
Convey'd it—while he swiftly drew
His finger over *manhood's* page
And turn'd it to the *scroll of age*!

Now in the bower where childhood slept,
In summer's bright and blooming hours;
A son of age in sorrow wept,
And gazed on autumn's dying flowers
For they were emblems of his day;
Bud, blossom, leaf, tinged with decay!
Withered and wan with years and care,
That *old man* kneels in fervent prayer;
Hard heaves his breast,—tears shroud his eye,
He sinks—his soul fleets on that sigh!

From the deep channels form'd by years,
The spirit brush'd the lingering tears,
And as they fell within the vase,
Flash'd Glory's grand and dazzling blaze—
So bright!—it dimm'd the spirit's eye.
No orb in blue immensity,
Beamed ere so brilliant, as those tears
Changed into gems for holy spheres!

The angel knew his toil was o'er,
He spread his glorious shining pinions;
And on the beams of light did soar,
High, upwards to his bless'd dominions,
Loud burst acclaim from the heavenly band,
As the angel gained the beauteous land
And placed 'fore his God in humility
The *tearful gems of mortality*!

Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. III.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

I HAVE been sitting, pen in hand, for some ten minutes or more, striving in vain to fasten my thoughts to the paper which lies before me; but, unless I can stop my ears to the melodies of nature, there seems but little chance of holding a quiet gossip with thee, gentle reader. Nothing is so delightful to me as the sound of music while I am completing my pen and ink sketches, but then it must be *measured* music to which I may make my sentences keep time. It is as easy to *write* to an accompaniment as to *sing* to one, but it would be extremely difficult to find any style of composition which would harmonize with the gushes of song, which are now issuing from the throat of the tiny wren, as he fills the air with his melody. Hark! with what a succession of short trills he commences,—then a pause—again disjointed fragments of song, another pause—and then an exquisitely modulated warble, so prolonged that it seems as if it would exhaust the very life of the little creature. In order to write in tune to such wild melody we should be obliged to attempt the impossible task of combining the short phrases and long dashes of the eccentric N—with the smoothness of Irving, and the swelling periods of Johnson.

You smile, gentle reader, at the idea of *writing* to music, but did you never *read* to music? Did you never listen to a fine melody while you were reading some very delightful book; and did not the tones of the music and the words of the author become so blended in your mind, that you could never think of the one without the other? I remember listening to the beautiful changes of Viotti's Polacca while I was deeply engaged in the 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles' of Mrs. Jamieson. The cheerful tones with which that melody commences,—the gradual swell, as of triumph, with which it is continued,—its sudden transition to the mournful minor,—the melancholy sweetness which characterizes its gradual return to the major key,—and finally, the calm gentle expression of its close, are all associated with the various moods of mind to be found in that charming book, and I am at a loss now to determine whether I interpreted the music to suit the book, or whether it is really characterized by such movements as my fancy heard. Be that as it may;—I never hear the air without thinking of her, whom the Indians styled in commemoration of her descent of the rapids, "The woman of the bright Foam!"

I may not commune with thee, to-day, gentle reader, but I can open the pages of the little book you wot of, and find there something to beguile the idle hours of a summer's day. The first thing that meets my eye reminds me of one long passed away, but whose memory yet lives in the hearts of all who knew him. From my earliest infancy I remember him as a tall, pale, old gentleman with very white hair, who always bowed with a degree of politeness almost unknown in modern times, and whose kindness to children made him a general

favorite among us. Of course I then knew nothing of his private history, but I remember well the picture of a young female which always hung in his little library. It was one of those peculiar faces which I can not designate otherwise than as the Mary Stuart style of beauty. The dazzlingly fair complexion, the oval contour of face, the delicately curved lips, the dark grey eyes, full of that melancholy sweetness which characterizes Vandyke's portraits of Charles I., and which in olden time was supposed to portend early death, the arched brows, the broad forehead, and the paly brown tresses which fell in rich luxuriance upon her bosom, all combined to form the very perfection of female loveliness. It was not until several years after the old gentleman's death that I came into possession of the following manuscript, which explained to me many of the peculiarities in his temper and habits.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.*

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

"Oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
How much it costs us!"—BYRON.

MANY years have passed away since I first saw the original of the picture which forms the only ornament of my library. My locks have been whitened by the touch of time, my brow has been furrowed by the hand of sorrow, my feelings have been subdued by long intercourse with the world, but when I look upon that face, still so young, so bright, so beautiful, the lapse of years is forgotten, and I am once more the impassioned boy who offered up his heart's earliest and purest homage before that form of breathing loveliness. The artist has portrayed with exquisite skill the lineaments of that beautiful countenance, but its ever-varying expression is wanting, and a stranger could form no better idea of the intellectual charms of her face from that picture, than of the fragrance of the rose from beholding its counterfeit in painted muslin.

It was at the commencement of the summer vacation, shortly after I entered college, that I first saw Edith Maxwell. I arrived home just at sunset, and knowing that I was not expected, for several days, I determined to give my parents a pleasant surprise, by my sudden appearance. Leaving my horse, therefore, with my servant at the gate, I walked up the long avenue of elms, and going round to a side window, through which I had often clambered in my boyish frolics, was just about to spring into the room, when I was arrested by the unexpected appearance of a young female, seated at a table, drawing. Taking advantage of the screen, which a thickly-clustering honeysuckle afforded me, I remained for some minutes watching her. Her face was completely concealed from me by the bright ringlets which fell about it as she bent over her work, but the turn of

* NOTE.—The sketch (a mere outline) of the following story was published, in the *Mirror*, some years ago. It has since been completely altered, and much amplified; I trust therefore I need make no other apology for presenting it in its present form, than would be required of a painter who would select some favorite pencil-drawing as the subject of a finished picture.

E. C. E.

her head and neck was extremely beautiful. With that strange propensity which often leads us to indulge in vague conjecture, rather than seek out the certain truth, I remained at the window, wondering who she could be, and endeavoring to see her face, when she suddenly turned to my father and held up her drawing exclaiming, “There, my dear sir, your favorite view is finished.” Greatly to my vexation, however, her back was still turned towards me, and I gained nothing by her change of position, except a view of the picture she had just completed. It was a small but highly finished sketch of the Mansion house, with its spreading elms, and the fine landscape which forms the back-ground of the scene, as viewed from yonder hill. I well knew the pride and pleasure with which my father regarded the old homestead, and could easily understand the feeling which brought so rich a glow to his fine face, as with all the courtliness of an old fashioned gentleman, he expressed his thanks. Ashamed of remaining any longer concealed, I walked to the hall door and in a few minutes found myself subjected to the usual infliction of welcomes and inquiries from my parents, while I was gazing with all the earnestness of boyish admiration on the matchless beauty of Edith Maxwell.

I was at that time about seventeen, differing in nothing from most boys of my age; possessing the same awkward exterior, exhibiting the same distressing consciousness of hands and feet, but gifted with one thing in which young men of the present day are lamentably deficient, I mean high-souled, romantic feeling. It appears to me that though ‘the schoolmaster’ has done much good by coming ‘abroad’ he has also done much harm by stigmatizing all enthusiasm of character as foolish romance. The youth learns to fear the ridicule of the worldling; he is taught that the generous impulses of his nature, which might sometimes lead him into error, but which would certainly guide him at last to truth, are to be restrained lest they should affect his future interest. He becomes a calculator at a time when he ought to be a dreamer. I say *ought* because I never knew a cold-blooded calculating boy become a high-souled, liberal-minded man.

But to my story. Much as I admired Edith Maxwell, she was somewhat formidable to me as a daily companion. The character of women develops so much earlier than those of men that nothing is so likely to make a youth feel uncomfortable as the continual reproach thrown on his unpolished manners, by the quiet grace and dignity of a female of his own age. I took an early opportunity of questioning my father respecting her, secretly determining to make my visit short if she was an inmate of the family, but the tale which he had to tell awakened the liveliest interest in the beautiful, but unfortunate girl.

Edith had been the youngest of eleven children, but her family had suffered an uninterrupted series of calamities. Her mother had died in giving her birth, and this seemed the beginning of their misfortunes. Five sisters, as they arrived at womanhood, fell successive victims to consumption, and as many brothers had perished, some in blooming boyhood, some in early youth, but all by un-

timely or violent deaths. The last, a noble boy of seventeen, had been accidentally shot, by his own father, on their return from a hunting party, and the wretched old man, overpowered by this new calamity, put a period to his existence with the same weapon that had destroyed his only son. Edith was thus left alone on earth; and at the age of eighteen, found herself the heiress of a vast estate, but without a single relative with whom she might claim a home. My father, who had been named executor to Mr. Maxwell’s will, touched by her forlorn situation, offered her an asylum in his own family, and she joyfully accepted his proposal. During the short time that she had been an inmate of our house, my mother had become very much attached to her. There was a gentle unobtrusive melancholy in her manner which might have softened a much harder heart than my good mother possessed. The sorrow which had thrown so dark a cloud over Edith’s early days, had destroyed the natural cheerfulness of her character, and among the gay young persons whose age fitted them to be her companions, she appeared constantly oppressed with sadness; as the flower which has grown only in the shade will seem pale and almost scentless, when compared with those that have drunk the light, as well as the dew of heaven.

She was, in truth, a rarely gifted creature. The wild luxuriance of her untrained genius had spread itself widely over the vast field of human knowledge, and there was scarcely any branch of science to which it had not attached itself. But the powers of her mind wasted themselves by their own superabundant strength, as the unpruned vine will expand in putting out new shoots, the vigor which should enable it to bring forth fruit in its season. Though her education had been merely such as is usually bestowed upon females, she had acquired a variety of information seldom possessed by the most highly cultivated men. But it was all superficial; she knew nothing profoundly, and yet this very ignorance of the *technicalities* of wisdom gave a brilliancy and originality to her remarks which could not fail to charm the most learned of her hearers. Her voice too, that ‘sure arrow of the heart’ was one of uncommon sweetness and flexibility. In ordinary conversation there was melancholy music in its tone that thrilled like ‘the harpings of the wind-god’s lyre,’ and when she read aloud, it was capable of every variation from the gleeful tone of ringing mirth to the low deep murmur of despair.

Of course I did not discover the peculiarities of her character at first sight: It was only after the awkwardness of my boyish admiration had given place to the tenderness which her gentle and sisterly kindness awakened, that I was able to appreciate her superiority to the most of her sex. The advantages which young men derive from associating intimately with refined women has never been questioned, but when a man possesses the opportunity of benefiting by the society of a lovely female, who is to him all that a sister could be, and in whom he has never witnessed any of the petulance of childhood, which so much diminishes a sister’s influence in after days, it is almost impossible for him to understand how much he is indebted to her. It is not only in manners

that he is improved; his perceptions are quickened, his morals refined, and his principles confirmed. Alas! it too often happens that these advantages have been purchased by sacrifice of the heart's earliest affections. I will not attempt to describe the progress of my attachment to this extraordinary woman. None but an eye that could mark every gradation in the flower, from the first springing of the germ to the full development of the perfect blossom, might hope to trace the gradual unfolding of a first passion in the unsullied heart of youth. The first emotions of a pure affection are so like the early impulses of virtue, that we can never separate in our minds the passion from the principle; and when, in after life, we recall the little incidents which marked the progress of such an attachment, we generally find that they are, also, the land marks of our progress in the path of rectitude.

With that tact, so peculiar to her sex, Edith applied herself to the task of conquering my shyness, or rather of convincing me that she was not the formidable creature which I seemed to consider her. Though her acquirements were more varied than mine, yet I had been too severe a student not to have gained more profound knowledge than had ever tasked her mind, and the opportunities which she purposely afforded me of evincing that superiority, soon diminished my timidity. At one time she met with a difficult passage in some Latin author; at another, she had some fanciful problem in mathematics to be solved, or a geometrical question to be decided, and, in short, by repeated homage offered to my boyish vanity as well as by the uniform sweetness of her deportment, she soon won my entire confidence. We rode together, and the grace with which she managed her horse, did not always prevent the necessity of a firmer hand than hers upon the bridle rein. We walked together, and her fanciful theories were constantly brought into delightful contrast with my more scientific conjectures respecting the phenomena of nature. We studied together, and the rapidity with which her mind skimmed over a subject, resting only on the more prominent points, and entirely neglecting the less obvious but no less important ones, rendered my very inferiority of service to her, by compelling her to limit her progress by mine, and thus acquire a more thorough knowledge than her hasty glance could have obtained. In a word, our tasks, our habits, our pursuits, were precisely the same, and when compelled to separate myself from her on my return to college, it seemed like the sundering of soul and body.

Thus passed away two happy years. I labored hard at my books, because Edith watched my advancement, and to her hand I always gave the evidences which every examination afforded, of my diligence. I was the brother of her adoption: I had first appeared before her when she was mourning over the loss of her youngest and darling companion, and those clinging affections which had been so rudely sundered from their support, gladly attached themselves to me. Alas! I should have been spared much suffering had I better understood the strange mystery of woman's heart. I mistook the proffered hand and frank welcome of sisterly regard, for the

deep tenderness of love; but time taught me a bitter lesson. Well do I remember the moment when I first revealed to her the fire that was burning in my bosom. We were standing in the deep recess of a window, looking out upon the western sky, then glowing with the splendors of a summer sunset. Her cheek wore the crimson flush of suppressed emotion, and her large dark eyes were fixed on the glorious pageantry of clouds, as if drinking in anew the light of heaven. While I was intently watching the changes in her expressive countenance, she suddenly clasped her hands together, and exclaimed in the beautiful language of the psalmist, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then should I flee away and be at rest!" then, as if for the first time, recollecting my presence, she buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a flood of tears. I had often seen her sad, but her tears completely overpowered me. With all the incoherent earnestness of passion, I implored her to be comforted—I demanded the cause of her tears, and scarcely conscious of what I said, I poured forth those heart-coined words of ardent love which can never be forgotten by him who utters them—no, nor by her who hears them. My very soul was on my lips as I entreated her to answer me, if it were only by a look. She *did* answer me. She averted not her face—she did not even blush at my impassioned gaze—her whole being seemed absorbed in feeling, too strong for ordinary modes of expression; but when she raised her eyes, there was a look of suffering—deep—intense—long-continued suffering, and I felt too surely that I was answered. "Do not speak to me now, Edith," I murmured, as she was about to address me, "do not speak to me now, I cannot bear it."

"Nay, Henry, I must speak now," was her reply, "and then let the subject be forgotten for ever. You have been to me a brother—such you shall ever be—more you must not ask. You will go into the world—you will see others far more attractive than I can ever be, and you will then smile at your early fancy."

"Never, never," I exclaimed, "there is but one Edith; to you alone my heart is devoted, and here I swear—"

Hastily interrupting me, she said:—"Hush, Henry, you know not what you say; I will not deceive you. Before I knew you, my heart was no longer in my own keeping."

A burning blush suffused her cheek and brow as she spoke. For a moment I was thunderstruck, then recovering myself, I exclaimed vehemently, "Edith, this cannot be—you say this only to check my aspiring hopes. Where is the laggard lover who delays to claim his treasure?" Never shall I forget her countenance at that moment. She rose from her seat, her face was blanched to the hue of death, and her words were uttered in the choking accents of shame, as she said:—

"Spare me, my brother; ask me no more. My love has been like incense flung upon the winds—my heart, like the empty censer, retains only its blackened trace." With these words she hurried from the room.

I did not see her again until the next morning, when we met at an early hour in the garden. Her pale cheek and heavy eye showed that the past night had been a

sleepless one, but her manner was perfectly calm as she extended her hand to me in answer to my usual morning salutation. “Henry,” said she, “let the conversation of last night be entirely forgotten; at least, let us never allude to it. As a brother, you are all my heart could wish, and I would not willingly lose the only one with whom my spirit can claim kindred. But it is best that we should part for a season; your father is desirous that you should make the tour of your native country, and he is right, for no American should consider his education complete, until the wonders, the beauties, and the blessings of his favored land have been fully explored. Now is the time to go.”

Such was her counsel, and unwilling as I was to separate myself from her, I knew that she was right. In three days I bade farewell to my family, and commenced my journey. She remained in her quiet home to cherish her ill-fated attachment in secrecy and sorrow, while I went out into the world, vainly seeking amid the bustle of business and the pleasures of society, to lose the recollection of my heart’s first dream.

I travelled towards the south, endeavoring to interest my thoughts in the contemplation of the wonders of nature and art, remaining in each city, on my route, as long as inclination prompted. During my residence in Charleston, I became acquainted with a gentleman whose appearance and manners at once prepossessed me in his favor. Frederick Aubrey was just at that age when the intellectual and physical man are best developed. He might have counted rather more than thirty summers, but the stateliness of his noble figure, and the rich bloom upon his bronzed cheek would have been ill exchanged for the elastic form and varying complexion of extreme youth. He was, in fact, one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. The full dark eye and expansive forehead, so indicative of mental superiority, were his in perfection; his mouth and chin were so delicately moulded, as to seem almost effeminate, had it not been for the dark shading which formed so fine a relief to the red lip and ivory teeth. His hair was remarkable for its beauty; it was not dark, nor was it blonde, but of that rich, silken appearance, that when the sun fell upon it, seemed like a halo of light about his head, and it lay back from his brow in thick masses, slightly waved, but not curled. I never saw such hair but once since, and then it adorned the brow of genius, being one of the most striking personal characteristics of one of our most distinguished American artists. His mind seemed in no degree unworthy of its noble mansion. Gifted with extraordinary eloquence, he had already found ample scope for his talents in the House of Representatives; and the name of Frederick Aubrey was associated with some of the greatest triumphs that had ever been awarded in the political arena. Of his private character, I knew but little. In society, he was every thing that we most desire in a companion, but none seemed to know his ordinary habits of life. When he chose to appear abroad, he was welcomed with enthusiasm, but he had the art of wrapping himself in the mantle of reserve whenever it suited his own purposes, so that no one ventured to follow him to the recesses

of his own home. All I knew was, that he was unmarried, and lived with a distant relative.

I was fascinated with the charms of his conversation, and my letters to Edith were filled with encomiums upon the beauty and talents of my new friend. One day as we were sitting together, a letter from Edith was put into my hands, and in the vanity of the moment I could not refrain from showing him the extreme beauty of the writing. He started as he looked upon it, and exclaimed, “Surely, I know that writing—it seems strangely familiar to me.”

“Impossible,” said I. “You can never have seen it before.”

“Perhaps not,” was his reply, and the subject dropped.

A few days after, he brought me a copy of verses which he said a lady, after urgent solicitation, had given him several years before. To my utter amazement, the handwriting was that of Edith Maxwell, and it was with feelings more nearly allied to pain than pleasure, that I read the following stanzas, evidently the productions of an unpracticed writer:

“The time has been, when in the wildest dreams
Of gay romance, my soul could find delight,
When, till the stars grew pale in morn’s glad beams,
I revelled oft in tales of wondrous knight,
And rude misshapen dwarf, and peerless ladye bright.

“But then my harp was voiceless—my young hand
No music from its tuneless chords awoke;
The words of song came not at my command,
Thought had not yet its early trammels broke,
And Fancy, but in tones of lisping childhood spoke.

“Yet ah! when but a child in years, my heart
Grew woman’s in its tenderness; it yearned
Those deep, resistless feelings to impart,
And then my harp, its earliest language learned,
Taught by Affection’s power to breathe the thoughts that burned.

“Then were the dreams of chivalry forgot,
No more could knight or dame my feelings move;
My heart but brooded o’er its lonely lot,
And my harp mocked the moanings of the dove,
For but one strain it knew, and that it learned of Love.

“And whether now I pour the fancied lay,
Or weave the old-world tales of ages past,
Still does my spirit own Affection’s sway—
Still o’er my thoughts its gentle spell is cast,
And the song dies away in cadence sad at last.”

I had never discovered any thing like a rhyming faculty in Edith during our intimacy, and I was more than half tempted to doubt her identity with the writer of these lines, but his careless explanation soon satisfied me. He told me he had known Miss Maxwell several years previous, when she was quite a child, and in one of their sentimental flirtations, had obtained possession of the paper I had just read. He declared he had heard nothing of her since, and his inquiries led me into a full account of her present situation and prospects. He seemed thoughtful, and soon after left me, when I immediately commenced a letter to Edith, playfully reproaching her with thus allowing me to discover, by accident, that Frederick Aubrey was a mutual friend. In truth, I believed that her early youth having incapacitated her from judging of his vast superiority, she had quite forgotten him, or certainly not recognized him from my extravagant descriptions. I received no answer in some weeks, and in the meantime Aubrey left

Charleston. What was my surprise to learn from Edith's next letter, that he was in New-York, and a daily visitor at my father's house. Indignant at his want of confidence in me; jealous, too, of the effect which his fascinating manners might have upon Edith, I was somewhat severe in my reply, and determined to return immediately. Unfortunately for my purpose, I found myself entangled in some rather intricate business with which my father had entrusted me, and nearly three months elapsed before I could leave the South. In the meantime I had received no letters except from my father, who merely mentioned casually Edith's improved health. I no sooner found myself at liberty, therefore, than I hastened to New-York, and arrived there about three weeks after I left Charleston.

In my way through the city, I called at the post office to demand any letters that might be awaiting me, and had the good fortune to meet one of my father's servants in the act of depositing several. I took them from him, and as the carriage drove rapidly along the bank of the Hudson, I opened Edith's letter. The tidings it contained, came upon me like a thunderbolt. Frederick Aubrey had been the object of her early love; Frederick Aubrey was now her affianced husband. Torn by conflicting emotions, my first impulse was to avoid a meeting with Edith, but before I was aware, the carriage stopped, and I found myself warmly welcomed by my father. As I alighted, I caught a glimpse of two figures standing in the very window from which Edith and I had so often watched the setting sun. I knew them at a glance; the noble person of Aubrey was not to be mistaken, and the graceful outline of the female form could belong to none but Edith Maxwell.

Under pretence of changing my disordered dress, I hurried to my apartment, without entering the drawing-room, for I felt that some preparation was necessary, to enable me to meet, with calmness, the betrothed lovers. I was scarcely there, however, when my kind mother entered, and, for the first time, I found her tenderness obtrusive. I wanted solitude to compose my thoughts, but I was compelled to answer her thousand inquiries, and finally to listen to the whole story of Edith's approaching marriage, together with the old lady's regrets that her long-cherished hope of seeing Edith connected with our own family was thus disappointed. Scarcely had she left me, when a tap at my door announced some less familiar intruder, and Aubrey presented himself before me. He was certainly the last person I should have wished to see, and there was an evident constraint in my manner which could not escape his penetrating eye.

"Come, my dear fellow," said he, "you must forget and forgive. You are angry at my want of confidence, but in a lover, you know such things are excusable. Suppose I had told you that your story about Edith Maxwell had awakened a half-extinct flame which had once been kindled in my bosom, or rather would have been kindled if I had not smothered it—what good would it have done? It would only have exposed me to mortification if I had found her entirely indifferent to me, and to tell you the truth, I had no right to expect

she would be otherwise, for we parted rather unceremoniously."

In a moment, the whole truth flashed upon my mind. I pictured to myself the insidious manner in which, for mere pastime, he had trifled with Edith's young affections, and then turned carelessly away, regardless of the pain he might have inflicted. "Make no apology, Aubrey," said I, "there is doubtless a vast difference between Edith Maxwell—surrounded by a large family of brothers and sisters, and Edith Maxwell, the orphan heiress. You are quite right, I dare say."

"Nay, Seeley," said he, "you are captious; you must be insensible to female attractions, if you can believe that any man would seek Edith only for her fortune; but there certainly is a great difference between the timid blushing girl she then was, and the lovely dignified woman she now appears."

"Yes," returned I, significantly, "sorrow has been knowledge; she has learned much, because she has suffered much." He appeared to understand my allusion and soon after left the room.

My meeting with Edith was necessarily constrained and cold. She was conscious that she was inflicting severe pain upon me, and that she had appeared deficient in confidence towards me; but she was in constant dread lest Frederick's jealousy should be awakened by a renewal of our former frank intimacy. I, therefore, sought no explanation with her; she was for ever lost to me, and why should I awaken unpleasant feelings, by recalling past scenes of enjoyment?

Obliged to suppress my feelings, I busied myself during the few weeks that intervened before their marriage, in examining, more closely, the character of Frederick Aubrey. Noble and elevated as it seemed, there was yet some lurking mystery in his feelings which I could not fathom. There was, at times, an expression in his eye, which repelled me, though I knew not why, and I was compelled to acknowledge to myself, that I could not penetrate the labyrinths of his mind. Nay, more, I could not help feeling assured that if I had been furnished with a clue to thread the maze, I should have found it leading only to the shrine of the idol—self.

At length the day fixed for their marriage arrived. Too proud to let Aubrey know that I had been his unsuccessful rival, I consented to officiate as groomsman on the occasion; but what mental torture did I suffer! I remember Edith's dress—ay, even to the little pearl clasps that fastened her snowy slipper, as if it had been only yesterday that I looked upon her bridal attire. The coronal of gems that bound her dark tresses, was my gift—the richly-jewelled bands that encircled her slender waist, and rounded arms, were my choice, but alas! the small gold chain that lay upon her bosom, was dearer to her than all my lavished treasures, for it held the picture of her idolized Frederick. They were married. I stood beside the lover of her whom my soul worshipped, and imprinted my first kiss upon her cheek, the moment after it had felt the impress of a husband's lip.

Edith had committed a common error, but it is one

for which a bitter penalty is always paid. Dazzled by his brilliant gifts of mind and person, she had overlooked his deficiency in the more essential qualities. His religious principles were far from being fixed, and even his morality was worn so loosely, that it served rather as an outward cloak, than a daily garb. Common policy forbade him to speak with contempt of sacred things, when he knew she revered them, but she had certainly heard enough to awaken some suspicion of his skepticism, had she not ‘stopped her ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.’ With that imprudent generosity so common to her sex, Edith had positively forbidden any marriage settlement, and her husband came into immediate possession of her large fortune. He soon after purchased a magnificent house, furnished it in the most expensive manner, and commenced a style of living which could only be supported by her wealth, since it had now been ascertained that his own means were very limited.

I was desirous to know how such a life suited Edith, for I knew her tastes and habits must have changed very much within a few months, if she preferred fashionable gaiety to quiet, domestic comfort. But I never found an opportunity of questioning her. There seemed to be a vague jealousy of me existing in the mind of Aubrey, which induced him to place me as much as possible on the footing of a mere acquaintance. I was invited to all his dinner and evening parties, but carefully excluded from any thing like social, brotherly intercourse, and I soon understood his meaning. I never saw Edith except in the midst of a large circle, but I could not help fancying that her extravagant flow of spirits was not quite natural. There was a restlessness in her eye, and a flush on her cheek, which looked too much like excitement—too little like happiness. I knew, too, that Frederick had many pleasures which she could not share. He kept race-horses—he belonged to a whist-club, and he associated much with a class of young men whom he certainly could not introduce to the notice of his wife. I sometimes thought, however, that my suspicions were engendered by the apprehensiveness of affection, for Edith appeared so devotedly attached to him, that it was scarcely possible she should ever meet with neglect. Aubrey seemed exceedingly proud of his lovely wife. To deck her with the costliest gems, and lead her forth into society, like an idol to be worshipped, was his delight; yet, it frequently happened, that in the course of the evening, she would discover that he had quitted the party, leaving her to return home under the protection of others. On such occasions *my* services were always rejected, and she formed the party of some old lady, or married gentleman, to find an escort. I appreciated her motive, but it confirmed me in my belief of Aubrey’s injustice.

In little more than a year after his marriage, Aubrey declared his intention of visiting Europe. Having disposed of his house, and made such arrangements as insured him punctual remittances, they prepared for a voyage to Havre. The day before their departure, they dined with my father, and as soon as we left the table, Frederick proposed a farewell visit to a friend, a few

miles distant. My father and myself accompanied him, leaving Edith alone with my mother. It was then that my mother, to whom I had imparted some of my suspicions, frankly asked her if she had found the happiness she had anticipated. Her reply was in the true spirit of woman’s unalterable affection. She would not acknowledge that her husband had disappointed her expectations, while her sense of truth forbade her to say she was happy. “I have lived so long in solitude, my kind friend,” said she, “that I had formed a sort of ideal world for myself, and I confess the real world is very unlike it. I have, in all probability, expected too much, and I ought not to complain if some of my anticipations have deceived me. Frederick is very fond of gay life, and his tastes lead him naturally in that sphere where he always shines, and I am too proud of the admiration he receives, not to find some pleasure there also.”

Alas! this attempt to find a cause for satisfaction in the course of life she seemed destined to pursue, only confirmed our belief in her unhappiness. I accompanied them to the ship, and unwilling to awaken the dark spirit that seemed ever ready to start up in the bosom of Aubrey, I allowed not a trace of emotion to be visible in my countenance, as I gaily promised to meet them in Paris within two years.

End of part first.

Original.

SONGS OF THE WIND.—No. II.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

SILENCE awhile on the harp-strings fell,
Though the leaves still moved on the trees around,
But anon with a sweet and thrilling swell,
Came a gush of plaintive sound,
And still, as I drank the witching strain,
Thought to the measure gave words again.

Araby’s sands show a long dark line,
Where the caravan moveth at day’s decline;
Vainly they trammel,
Steed and camel,
With gold and gem,
Fit for a monarch’s diadem;
Steed and camel shall labor in vain,
Cairo’s rich bazaars to gain;
I come upon the dark Simoom,
To make of the sand-wreaths a living tomb
For wealth and merchant, camel and steed:—
Why should I heed
Death prayer to Allah, or cry to Mahmood?
The jackall wants food,
And the Arab wants plunder;
I ride upon thunder
The traveller to slay,
That Arab and jackall may riot on prey.

Boston, 1840.

Original.

THE EMIGRANT'S WARNING.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

BEWARE! beware! your lot is blest
 Though humble be your stores!
 Fair children, dutiful and hale,
 Are met within your doors;
 Your board is heaped, your hearth is bright,
 Nor lack of song and jest;
 In love ye labor through the day,
 In peace lie down to rest.
 Beware, then, of aspiring dreams,
 Of longings after gold!
 Dark they have turned and desolate
 Full many a happy fold;
 'Twas such that made my husband's head
 So drooping and so grey.
 And left me to my tottering age
 Without an earthly stay.

I'll tell ye of the home we had;
 'Twas by the Ocean's side,—
 So near that naught arose between,
 The morning sun to hide;
 Great rocks were piled above the roof,—
 Such rocks as pictures show,
 And, almost to the walls, the surf
 Came foaming, white as snow.
 'Twas beautiful, but very lone;
 The stranger, overhead
 Would stand, for hours, and never dream
 Of life beneath his tread;
 E'en the wild sea-bird, circling round,
 Would flap the window-pane,
 Or brush us at the open door,
 And fearless come again.

Yet, could I lonesome be?—can one
 Who owns a mother's tie,
 And feels it as a mother should,
 When her dear child is by?
 My every care a pleasure grew,
 A pastime each employ,
 While round me, with his winning ways,
 Still hung my own bright boy;
 How gravely wondering he would lay
 A shell against his ear,
 With finger raised, to bid me hark
 Its murmuring to hear!
 How slyly, as my nets I wrought,
 He into them would creep!
 How laughingly his eyes, on mine,
 Would through the meshes peep!

And then how bold and strong he grew
 When infancy was o'er!
 He soon out-stripped my speed, to hail
 His father to the shore,
 And cheerly home our fisher's spoil
 Would help to bear along,
 While rocks, far distant, echoed back
 His wild and ringing song.
 'Twas strange, in such a child, to see
 A step so free and true;—
 Each nook along the slippery shore,
 Each toppling crag it knew;
 I watched him oft in agony,
 And yet could scarcely chide;—
 My spirit had been one to dare,
 And fear was mixed with pride.

We were too proud of him,—we deemed
 That one, so full of grace,
 Amid the lofty of the land,
 Might nobly fill a place;
 And then came on the thirst for gain,
 And, glad, we heard them say,
 The far-off west's unbounded plain
 One glorious garden lay;
 That plenty, there, rose e'en beneath
 A sluggard's thriftless hand,
 And Industry might gather gold,
 As shells, upon the strand.
 Believing all, we left our home,
 And much did we endure;
 Uncheered and toilsome was our way,
 For we were strange and poor.

Each other, and the rocks and waves
 Till now our world had been,
 And faint our hearts became to meet
 The city's throng and din!
 The forests and the fields and hills
 Dull prospects seemed to be
 To eyes that hour by hour had scanned
 The ever changing sea.

How, when, our weary limbs to rest,
 We paused beneath the trees,
 We missed the shadows of the crags!
 We missed the Ocean's breeze!
 Yet we had hope, and on we sped,
 Far and still farther west,
 And launched, at length, a boat upon
 A broad, bright river's breast.

We minded not that few became
 The sights of Christian men;
 'Twas sweet our wonted loneliness
 To see and feel again;
 And though sometimes we shrank to meet
 A band of Indians dark,
 Unheeding, or with signs of peace,
 They passed our little bark;
 Our boy knew nought of fear, he strove
 Like them to wield the oar,
 And loved to hear their rifles crack
 At the red deer on shore;
 And oft we smiled to hear him boast
 His feats, in artless glee,
 When he should grasp the axe and plough,
 And range the forest free.

Alas! soon came the end!—one day
 The clouds grew thick and dun,
 And darkness gathered round us, e'en
 Before the set of sun.

We landed shivering, for the spray
 Had o'er us dashed in floods,
 And saw, appalled, that fearful thing—
 A tempest in the woods.

The leaves were striped, and, thick as dust,
 Around us tossed and whirled;
 Strong boughs were wrenched, and, swift and far,
 Up towards the Heavens were hurled;
 The loosened vines, like serpents vast,
 Swung writhing to and fro,
 And trees, uprooted, flew quivering past,
 As at a giant's throw.

Then came a stillness, as of death,
 And, trembling, from the ground
 We rose, and, by a lightning-flash,
 We saw our boat unbound;—
 Our worldly all!—and breathlessly
 The tangled way we crossed;
 In vain!—ere we could reach the shore,
 Far down the stream 'twas tossed;

Still flamed and flashed the clouds, and mute
 We watched it hurry on,
 Then turned to clasp our treasure left,
 And that, our child, was gone!
 Loud, loud we raised the call, that still
 Had brought him to our side;
 No answering footsteps marked the cry,
 No clear young tones replied!

We filled the wild with shrieks—we ran
 Along the river's brink,
 And watched the glowing waves, with thoughts
 It maddened us to think;
 We strove to pray,—we still had prayed
 The best amidst a storm;
 But now no words our lips would breathe,
 No wish our hearts would form;
 That awful night! the ceaseless rain
 With leaden weight down-poured,
 And, dead'ning into nought our cries,
 The booming thunder roared.
 That awful night! that night of woe!
 Who—who such watch has kept!
 With terrors round, despair within,
 We deemed God's mercy slept!

Yet it wore through, and, mockingly,
 The day came soft and bright,
 We found him!—that the eyes of love
 E'er fell on such a sight!
 Beneath a lightning-stricken tree
 His blackened body lay,
 And at our steps a hungry beast
 Fled, growling, from its prey.
 We knelt beside him, speechless, crazed;
 We dared not raise his head;—
 In faint, mad hope, we shunned the touch
 That was to prove him dead.
 My brain grows weak to think of all!—
 With our own grudging hands
 We gave him to the dust, where now
 A stately city stands.

Oh! then be warned! nor seek while round
 Your children throng in peace,
 The world's vain gifts, lest Heaven in wrath
 Your riches true decrease!
 And less for them, the young and pure,
 So dowered with love and truth!
 But in them nurse that wealth, that when
 The restless tide of youth
 Shall wild and sordid visions bring,
 Its brightness to defile,
 Like sea-weeds, rank and cold, the gleam
 Of some smooth, sunlit isle;
 The memory of your holy care,
 In childhood's blessed day,
 May swell, a purifying flood,
 To sweep the dross away!

LOVE OF FAME.

THE love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
 Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart:
 The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
 The modest shun it, but to make it sure;
 O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
 Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
 'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senates, speaks in masquerades.
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
 Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
 Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tomb.—*Young.*

Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC., ETC.

STEAMERS are generally seven days from New-Orleans to St. Louis, and eight to Louisville. We were eleven days on the way. There is a greater difference in the rate of sailing of these western steamboats than is commonly supposed. The Prairie, on which we came from the mouth of the Ohio, left New-Orleans the same day that the Peru left Natchez, yet the Peru was only six hours before her to the mouth. Some boats will make the passage from New-Orleans to St. Louis, or to Louisville, three days sooner than others, and three days, more or less, on a passage up the Mississippi is no trifling affair. I should always recommend passengers, particularly pleasure travelling passengers, to wait a day or two, and take passage on a fast and well-appointed boat, rather than, by taking the first that offers, run the chance of lengthening a chain, which is long enough at the best.

Twelve miles below St. Louis, and on the same side of the river, we passed Jefferson Barracks. The public buildings, and the dwellings of the officers, are neat and imposing, and pleasantly situated on the side and summit of a broad hill, sloping to the river. The barracks did not appear to me so pleasant as those at Baton Rouge. They are not constructed with equal taste, nor is their position so striking, when seen from the water. Forest trees standing here and there, with green lawn-like slopes around them, give the whole an air of elegance and rural beauty. The society of the barracks, I am informed, is very agreeable, as it usually is in garrisons, being generally composed of officers' wives, sisters, cousins and visitors. The society of this post may also be considered a part of that of St. Louis. A fine road, running along the banks of the river, connects it with the town. From the barracks to the city, the river's banks, which retire with gradual elevation from the water, were more cultivated than we had yet seen, and occasionally appeared a neat country house. We passed a singular shot tower, above the barracks. It overhangs the cliff, and the lead is dropped from the summit to the base. Between St. Louis and the barracks, is a small village called Veet-bush, by the boatmen on the river. It is a corruption of two French words, meaning "empty purse," given to it by a Frenchman of the vicinity, who used to visit the place with a full purse, but through a passion for gambling, he always left it with an empty one—no very uncommon thing—but he gave the name of "empty purse" to the town, saith tradition, and it has ever since retained it. There should be many towns thus named, if names were always given with reference to character. About four miles below St. Louis, we could see over an intervening island, the glistening spire of the cathedral, the cupolas of the court houses and churches, and in a few minutes afterwards, the city opened upon us in full view, to the north-west. Rising gradually from the water, with a front of more than a mile in length, it covered a large surface, spreading over the summit of a

slightly elevated ridge, which sloped for two miles to the water. The most prominent object in the view, was the shining spire of the Roman Catholic Church, which towered nearly a hundred feet above every other object. Three cupolas twenty or thirty feet high, one on the top of the court house, another on the Presbyterian church, were the only other objects that relieved the long line of roofs. I never was more than now impressed with the effect spires produce upon the appearance of a city, beheld at a distance. The citizens of St. Louis, are greatly indebted to the Roman Catholics for the noble ornament they have added to the aspect of their city, which, without it, presenting nearly a level line of roofs, would appear, to the observer, rather tame in its character. I observed that the opposite shores were level, and the adjacent country but little elevated, no portion of it being higher than the site of the town. The prospect around, is, however, extensive and agreeable to the eye, although not very densely populated, or altogether removed from its wild state. But the forests here, so much resemble groves, that the whole country has the appearances, even in its natural state, of being under the care of the agriculturist.

We came up to St. Louis in fine style, the engineer, with professional pride, making his engine do its utmost. As we approached the long line of steamers lining the levee, our firemen, eight in number, arranged themselves along the guard, and when they came within hearing of the crowd on the thronged levee, they commenced the usual "port song," with which they are accustomed to express their joy at ending their voyage. A broad shouldered, fat, greasy-looking negro, as black as Jim Crow, placed himself in the van, as leader of the orchestra, while his mates ranged themselves along side of him, facing the town. Our boat stood across the river, and when gaining the lower steamboat of all, run along the range towards her station to the upper end of the town.

"Now, boys give 'um nigger," said the leader, and striking up a loud, lively solo, he was joined in chorus by the whole squad.

The scene was exciting. The steamer, moving forward with a new velocity, and almost touching the long range of boats as she passed, which were lined with people who hailed us with shouts; as we shot by; the wild chorus of the song echoed from the shore; the waving of handkerchiefs from the crowds of black and white to friends recognised on board; the cry of the leadsman heaving the lead—all conspired to form a scene I shall not soon forget. On we went, as if in triumph, before a gazing city, till at length, after sailing in this manner along the whole front of the town, we came to, between two steamers. Then such a thronging on board was never witnessed. In two minutes we were taken possession of, by at least three hundred persons, of all colors, ages and sexes. The clerk, instead of taking them to the Post Office, had spread all the letters, (of which, as the regular mail is three times as long on the way as the steamboats, there are usually several hundred brought or carried on any boat between New-Orleans and St. Louis,) upon the table in the cabin, and

for twenty minutes men stood four and five deep around it, trying to get possession of their letters. It was such a scene as would follow, should Dr. Wren, after the arrival of a mail, on a Sunday, spread his letters upon his tables and throw open his doors, and say "gentlemen, enter in government's name, and help yourselves." It was half an hour, so great was the throng for letters, and needs, on board, before our ladies could get ashore. After five minutes walk, (for there were no hacks,) over a rough pavement, and ascending a narrow, dirty and steep street, which did not very favorably impress us of the comfort and cleanliness of this place, we arrived at the City Hotel, where we are domesticated for two or three days. I have obtained the words sung by our African improvisators on our arrival, which I will give in some subsequent sketch.

J. H. I.

Original.

THE WARRIOR AND THE PILGRIM:

A RESPONSE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLÉN.

"To what issue will this come?"—HAMLET.

I know not if this glory of thy years
May win thee honor, such as men may pride
To point to in their passage. I know not
If the poor payment flung to thee by crowds,
In salvos and in shoutings, for great deeds
Or declarations, can once glad thy heart
To quicken'd pulse or higher purposes—
Or cause the shadow of thy yesterday
To brighten in to-day, e'en for an hour.
But this I know, oh! Warrior, there are words
Ton'd above trumpets, and the volum'd voice
Of men for earthly man—immortal sounds
Above earth's tribute-roar for victories—
Whose echo dies not—from the spirit sprung,
Still ringing through the spirit's empyre,
In deathless music! 'Tis that noble voice,
The voice of God—of conscience—telling us
We have well done, and on the upward way
There is a home for us, which palaces
Can call no dream of.

I can see thine eye
Looks questioning upon me, as though trump
And monument of earth were all reward
Man should deem worthy of his iron arm,
And spirit yet more iron, which it nerves!
Why, then, if shouts of nations can content
And top the measure of thy glory, why
Is thy cheek sunken, and thy helmet bent
Over a brow whose story is unrest,
And eye whose gleamings seem but embers now
Of fires once kindled by ambition?—Nay,
Frown not—nor turn. I tell thee that thy way
Must be to higher mount than has yet drawn
Thy vision and thy soul—to enterprise,
In which a Heaven shall thy prowess pay,
And God shall sit thy judge.

The Warrior turn'd.

He spoke not—but he grasp'd the Pilgrim's hand—
And a tear drop'd upon it, as he trod
Slowly and silent onward.

Original.

INDIAN TRAITS.

THE STORY OF NISKAGAH.

BY MRS SEBA SMITH.

WHEN a Pawnee Loup Brave has become weary of inaction, and desires to lead in some daring adventure, he may, according to the customs of his tribe, retire from the village, and erect, from the branches of trees, a temporary lodge, suspend, in some prominent place, the belt of wampum, and then seat himself quietly to smoke his pipe, certain that the adventurous and chivalric spirits about him will soon collect, and be ready to participate in any peril. If the leader be brave and popular, his volunteers are assembled with far greater celerity than a Highland gathering, or the flocking of feudal retainers around the Barons of the olden time. In this way, too, the greatest secrecy prevails, as no one can know the object of the Brave, till it is his will to reveal it. The term, Brave, is an epithet of distinction conferred only upon those who have become renowned for their military prowess.

In the summer of 18—, the son of old Thife, Chief of the Pawnee Loups, residing upon a branch of the Platte River, was observed in this way to retire from his people. The young chief, though scarcely upon the verge of manhood, was already distinguished in all the skill, daring and hardihood of an accomplished savage warrior, and had earned the envied appellation of *the bravest of the Braves*.

It was in vain that the beautiful wife of the Chief timidly approached the lodge, and tossing her infant before him, sought to engage his attention. He motioned her away, and resumed his pipe, neither by look nor gesture betokening that he marked the drooping sadness of her eye, and the lingering of her footsteps, as she turned to depart.

It may well be supposed that he remained not long in solitude. The best and bravest of the tribe sought his retirement—one by one they entered the lodge, took down the belt of wampum from the buffalo horns upon which it was suspended, drew it slowly through the left hand, restored it to its position, and then seated themselves beside him.

When the requisite number had assembled, the ceremonies preceding an adventure of the kind, commenced. Fasting and prayers, with mystical and varied incantations, were observed for many days. No one returned to his cabin to exchange greetings with wife or kindred; every thing yielded to the solemn preparations of the warrior. They threw themselves, at night, upon mats of skin, and awaited the visitations of sleep, for then the Great Spirit would descend, and in dreams, make known his will to his children.

Morning came—the Pawnee Brave sprang from his couch with a flashing eye, his natural bearing of fierce defiance made still more terrible by the streaks of black paint upon his visage, which had been put on for the ceremonial. Grimly the chiefs eyed one another; for their dreams had been wild and disconnected, and the

voice of the Great Spirit had failed to reach the ears of his children. The Chief advanced, his eyes gleaming red from beneath his helmet, and stretching forth his arm, upon which rattled the quills of his feathered robe, he thus addressed them:—

“Warriors, all night I could hear the whispering of the Great Spirit, but the words were borne away by a strong wind. I tried to listen, but I could not. There is a serpent in our midst. Let him depart.”

His hand dropped by his side, and he stood with foot advanced, head inclined, and looking fiercely upon the group before him. Slowly a young warrior arose, and left the lodge.

A smile of derision passed over the face of the youthful Brave, and a low guttural expression of scorn escaped the lips of the grim chieftains. The recreant Brave had but lately married his bride, and in the silence of midnight he had stolen to her side. Thus had all their incantations been counteracted, and the expedition delayed.

All day were the warriors engaged in their mysterious rites, practiced with renewed and awful solemnity. The dim shadows of the old woods rested upon the lonely lodge, the pale stars looked down, and the night-breeze trembled into silence, while the Great Spirit passed over them, revealing his will.

When the morning came, the leader stood ready to disclose his intentions. He spoke of a tribe, distant a journey of many days, by whom their warriors had once been defeated, and the insult remained unavenged.

“Warriors, upon the land of our foe were many saplings; they were small—our children might have rooted them up. They are now mighty trees, casting their shadow upon the earth. They grew with the blood of our warriors. Chiefs, the old men of our foe, tell over their scalps, and they say, this, and this, and this, is the scalp of a Pawnee Loup. Let us avenge them. The hatchet has slept till it is covered with rust. We will dig it up, and make it bright till the blood of our people is revenged.”

Grimly the chiefs arose, each adorned according to his rank as a Brave, or his skill as a huntsman. The plumes of the war-eagle nodding upon their crest, and the hairs of the white buffalo, and the scalps of the slain depending from their arms and legs. The bow and quiver hung at their back, one arm supported the shield of tough buffalo hide, and the right had grasped the massy spear.

The Pawnee leader eyed, for a moment, the gallant band, and then with measured pace commenced their perilous march, the towering crest rising and falling to the long, undulating step, resembling the trot of one of their own forest deer.

With unerring sagacity they threaded the pathless woods—forded the rapid torrent, and traversed the wide and monotonous prairie. As they approached the doomed village, their vigilance was redoubled. Not a twig snapped beneath their moccasins—not a shrub was suffered to remain crushed by the footstep. They laid in ambush till the last torch expired in the wigwam, and the last wail of the restless child was hushed on the

breast of its mother. Then arose the wild and appalling sound of the war-whoop. The battle-axe and the arrow found their victim, and the yell of the warrior, grappling with his foe, the stifled cry of childhood, and the shrill shriek of woman, mingled with the tumult of battle, and the crackling of flames. Fierce and desperate was the strife, and fearful the destruction. Scarcely a warrior was left to the tribe, to tell the tale of death. The Pawnees weary with labor, and laden with trophies, mounted the horses of their foes, and prepared to depart.

Beside the Pawnee leader rode a beautiful captive he had spared in the battle. Her father, rushing from his dwelling, had encountered the Pawnee Loup upon the threshold, and a long and desperate battle ensued. The Chief fell, and the victor found within, a matron sheltering a child in her bosom, and her daughter by her side. The maiden approached the Brave with a faint smile, saying, "Would you kill a Squaw?" The uplifted weapon fell to his side, and the cabin was spared.

The captive was scarcely fifteen, yet had she sprung to the maturity and rounded outline of early womanhood. A world of passion seemed slumbering beneath the dreamy lids, and there was a liteness of motion, and gleamings of vivacity through the voluptuous indolence of the untutored girl, that might have won the admiration of more cultivated observers. Her dress was a snowy robe, made of the skin of the mountain goat, ornamented with quills of the porcupine, gorgeously colored. Leggings and moccasins of the same material, and similarly adorned, the springing curve of the latter giving promise of a small, elegantly formed foot. Her long, abundant hair, parted from the forehead, fell in braids far below the girdle. She managed the small restive animal which she rode, with a skill and dexterity not unmarked by her captor, who might thence be pardoned the display of the like accomplishment in the presence of one so fair, and so well qualified to appreciate it.

Dauntlessly all day did she ride beside the Pawnee Loup, a captive, yet with a lofty bearing, an air of proud indifference, that neither sought nor repelled sympathy; threading her way through the dense forests, galloping over the prairies, and plunging her horse into the stream to ford the rivers that impeded their progress. At night, she slept upon her couch of skins, nor dreamed of danger. The accidents of death and captivity were too frequent in the history of Indian life, to elicit much emotion, and the separation from her kindred was little different from what it would probably have been, had this been her bridal excursion, as scarcely ever did a maiden of her tribe marry one of their own people. True, her captivity might close in torture, and a lingering death, but she was a child of the woods, with a native apathy as to all evils in the possible future, and when trial should come, was ready to meet it in any shape, with a spirit worthy of her race.

Once she placed her finger upon the grey-haired scalp of an old man, that hung at the girdle of the Brave, and said in a low voice, "It was my father's."

A flush passed over the brow of the Pawnee Loup, and he looked earnestly in the face of the poor girl.

"He died the death of a brave chief," he at length replied.

"Yes," responded the maiden, mournfully, "but he has no son to avenge his death; his memory will be like the leaf of autumn when it is dry. Would that Niskagah had been a son!"

They had now approached within view of the village. It stood upon an elevated plain, rich in pasture, the river sweeping by in front, with its perpetual beauty, and untiring melody, and flanked by a heavy forest, undulating in the distance, draping the hills in verdure, and lovingly embracing the little lakes that sparkled in the sunshine, like diamonds scattered in the great wilderness. The party came to a halt, while a messenger was despatched to the village with notice of their arrival.

Instantly all was commotion, and a multitude approached to escort the victorious chiefs to the council lodge. The women brandished the weapons of war, elevated the trophies of victory, and lod the way with cries of exultation. The wife of the leader conveyed the captive to her own cabin, presented her with parched corn and venison, and spread the mats for her repose.

Solemnly and in silence assembled the chiefs in council, to hear the result of the expedition, and determine the fate of the prisoner. The Pawnee leader gave the particulars of the enterprise, with a brevity becoming the character of a chief, already renowned, not only for his skill in battle, but wisdom at the council hall. Revenge, rather than plunder, had been the incitement to action, and they had returned, laden with the scalps of the foe, and a daughter of the chief of the tribe, to await the will of the council board. The warriors of their foemen had fallen in battle, and women and children alone remained to tell, in after years, of the deadly vengeance of the Pawnee Loup.

It was the great festival of the Buffalo Hunt, but a mortality had appeared amongst them, and the animals were sickly and scarce, and hardly rewarded the labor of the hunter. Their Medicine men had hinted at a solemn sacrifice necessary to appease the wrath of the malignant spirit.

An old man arose, trembling with age, his hair white with the frosts of a century. He bowed heavily upon his staff, and cast his dim eyes over the assembly.

"Brothers, I am an old man; the hunters that went with me to the chase, have departed. The warriors that followed me to battle, are not. The sapling that I bent when a child, is now a gnarled tree, grey with the moss of years—such am I. Many suns ago, the evil spirits destroyed our game as they do now. We had forgotten to do them honor. Then we offered a human sacrifice at our great festival, and they were appeased, and the buffalo and the deer came down to drink in our rivers, and fed upon the great prairies. The Great Spirit has reserved the captive maiden, that his children may do what is right."

Low sounds of applause spread over the assembly, and when the chiefs separated, it was to prepare, the next day, for the great sacrifice which should avert the evils that threatened the tribe.

Niskagah was in the cabin of her captor when told of

the fate that awaited her. An instant flush mounted to her cheek and temples, as if a pang had forced the blood, in a strong current, from the heart, and then it retreated, leaving in its place a fearful pallor. She raised her dark eyes imploringly to the face of the Pawnee Loup, but she met only the stolid look of an unsympathising heart. Ashamed of her weakness, she raised herself to her full height, threw back the masses of her jetty hair, and addressed him in a tone of defiance.

"Niskagah is the daughter of a great chief—she fears not to die. The Pawnee Loup is a brave chief—he took the scalp of an old man;" and she laughed in scorn.

For a moment lightning seemed to dart from the fierce eyes of the young chief; and then he folded his arms and moved not while she continued—

"The Pawnee Loups know not how to torture their enemies—they are faint-hearted. They should have spared our chiefs to teach them. Our young men had eaten the hearts of the Pawnee Loup warriors; it made them strong. Every chief had the scalp of a Pawnee Loup at his girdle. Would Niskagah might die by the hands of a brave people—but the Pawnee Loups are faint-hearted—they cannot torture her."

The night came on, burdened with wind and rain. The tall grass of the prairies undulated like the vexed waters of the ocean, and the river, swollen by the mountain torrents, roared over its rocky channel, foaming and tumultuous. Niskagah arose from her bed of skins, and looked forth into the darkness of the night. She thought not of escape, for she had witnessed the defence of the village, and knew the attempt were useless. She was alone amidst the solitude of the night, and the wild uproar of the elements, and now her woman's nature returned, and she pressed her hands upon her brow, and wept bitterly. All that instinctive clinging to life that belongs to humanity in every condition, pressed upon her, and made her recoil from the prospect of its speedy termination, with all the wildness of terror. The mode, too, protracted and horrible, glared up before the eyes of the lone girl, and her flesh already palpitated under the torture of the burning pitch, or quivered under the knife. The pride of her race, and the daring bitterness of her own proud spirit forsook her, now that she was alone with none to witness her weakness, and powerful—very powerful became her woman's nature, with its shrinking dependence, its dread of solitary suffering, and tendril-like reaching for support. It may be that a vague dream of rescue from her gallant captor haunted her imagination, but she remembered his cold, unsympathising look, and the long night wore on, and still he slept. Hope died within her, and gave place to a wildness of excitement, and she rushed forth into the tempest.

Passing a cabin door, she was arrested by low moans from within, and companionship, even in suffering, drew her towards it. Suddenly a young mother raised the skins that concealed the entrance, and stood in the tempest, her long hair streaming in the wind, and she gave utterance to her sorrow in words like these:—

"Alas! why didst thou leave me, my child? My bosom is full of nourishment; why didst thou go? Who will nurse thee, my infant—who comfort and shelter thee?

I cannot stay in my cabin while the cold wind is blowing about thee, and the rain sinking into thy bed. Thy skins are wet, my child, and thy cheek is cold and damp. Come to my bosom! Let me feed thee, and dry the rain from thy hair. I cannot rest in my wigwam—I cannot be warm and sheltered, whilst thou art cold in thy little grave."

Then she sank down upon the threshold, and uttered low wailing. It was the first sorrow of the young savage, the grief of the untutored mother at the loss of her first born.

Niskagah envied the lot of the unconscious child, that had thus gone to the land of spirits, ere it had known the bitterness of life. Yet the grief of another had allayed the excitement of her own heart, and she returned to the cabin, with the renewed apathy of her people, and the gleamings of hope that can never quite desert the young heart. She slept long and soundly, and awoke only to the sound of the wild birds as they blithely hailed the purity of the morning. The heavy dew weighed down the herbage, and the clouds rolled away where the mountain tops seemed to beckon their coming. The river poured on with its swollen waters, chafing its rocky bed, and its hollow voice was heard where it plunged down a chasm of rocks, sending up a volume of spray, upon which the morning sun was showering rainbow gems, and crowning it as with a diadem.

The wife of the Pawnee Loup presented the captive venison and fruits, but she motioned her away, saying, "Niskagah will talk with the Great Spirit—she will soon be in the land of shadows," then turning her face to the wall, she folded her robe over her bosom, and awaited those who should lead her to the stake.

All things were in readiness. Women were there, eager with expectation, and children, awed by the presence of their seniors, looked breathlessly at the elevated stake and instruments of torture. Warriors were there adorned with paint, and the trophies of battle, and helmets nodding with plumes, but conspicuous in the midst was the son of the chief, with the eagle crest towering above the chiefs of the tribe. Wildly did the Medicine Man pursue the preliminary ceremonies, singing chaunts in a low, guttural tone, keeping time with measured step, and then tossing his arms in the air, raising his voice to a piercing scream, the bells of his robe jangling, and scalps fluttering in the wind. At length bounding from the ground, he returned, slowly leading in the victim, her wrists crossed meekly before her, and her unbound hair falling like a black veil nearly to her feet. Her step was feeble, and her lips compressed, as if to crowd back all memory of weakness.

As she approached the stake, she raised her eyes timidly from the ground, and encountered those of the young Pawnee Loup. Instantly the shrinking girl became the proud child of the woods, sending back the gaze of the eager multitude with a look of fearless defiance, and approaching the instruments of torture with a step almost of alacrity. A shout of exultation burst from the crowd at the noble bearing of the prisoner.

There was a rush—and the whole multitude sprang

to their feet. The Pawnee Loup had bounded into the arena, and borne the captive from their midst—and off over the broad prairies, and up by the roar of the cataract was seen the tall form of the warrior, and the robe of the fearless maiden, as their fleet horses panted for the desert. Not a bow was strung, nor javelin poised. It was an impulse from the Great Spirit, which it were impious to counteract. Rapidly and in silence the fugitives pursued their flight. The Pawnee Loup scarcely glanced at his companion, as she gave the reins to her steed, and kept by his side, fearless and unhesitating, her eye dancing with renewed hope and happiness, and a smile playing upon her lip as they welled up from her young heart. At night, when the Chief spread her skins, in the shadow of the great forest, and watched her slumbers at a distance, Niskagah slept with the security of a child. When she awoke, she laved her face in the brook that bubbled at her feet, and braided her abundant hair, using it for a mirror. Seven days had they pursued their perilous way through the wilderness, greeted only by the howl of the wild beast, and the barking of Wish-ten-wish, when Niskagah knew they were approaching the country of her own people.

They were now on the outskirts of the forest, and the Chief pointed to the hills behind which arose the smoke of their cabins. Niskagah heard him in silence. When he turned to depart, she laid her hand timidly upon his arm, and with the pathos of nature, said—

“The home of Niskagah is desolate. Grass grows in the foot-path of our warriors, and the council-fire is extinguished. The hunter has ceased from the chase. The blood of our chiefs is still wet upon the threshold. I would not behold it.”

“Niskagah is a proud maiden,” replied the Brave. “She will be Chief of her tribe, and she will teach her young men to take vengeance on the Pawnee Loups. Niskagah must be the wife of a great chief, who has many wives, for she would scorn to cook his venison, and make his wampum belts and moccasins.”

The girl sprang to his side, all the passion of her nature beaming from her dark flashing eyes. The Chief bent his looks admiringly upon the beautiful girl, and her lids fell under his ardent gaze. Her head drooped, and her voice was low and sweet.

“Niskagah is proud; she is the daughter of a great chief—but she is not too proud to love—and love would make her very gentle”—and her round lip quivered with the timidity of her sex.

It may be that the Pawnee Loup remembered his own fair bride, singing a lullaby to his child—for he turned, away, and Niskagah remained motionless till the forest hid him from her view, and then in weariness and solitude sought the ruins of her village.

When the Brave returned to his own council hall, none questioned his right to do as he had done. He was wise in council, and brave in battle, and his will had the authority of law. But his wife saw the growing gloom upon his brow, and that her own smiles could not dispel it. His wigwam was lonely, and the game he killed in the chase, went to the cabins of others, for he had few to eat it. She tried often to give utterance to the

thoughts of her heart, but they died upon her lips. But she had determined on the great sacrifice, for her love sought only the happiness of its object.

She had nursed her infant to sleep, and laid him on the skins beside its father, and then in a low voice she said—

“The Brave grows weary of his cabin—it is lonely. Niskagah is very beautiful, and she loves the Pawnee Loup.”

She said no more, but pressed her lips to the cheek of her child, and when she raised her head, a tear had fallen upon it. The Chief took her to his bosom, and the wife wept long and bitterly. Yet she urged his departure, for she saw the beauty of the captive was still fresh in his memory.

With woman, love is ever the same, whether in the halls of elegance and refinement, or the simple cabin of the savage—it is still true to its nature—still self-sacrificing and enduring; twining flowers and verdure about the shrine of its idol, while its own heart is desolate and broken.

Original.

THE FLOWER AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Wild and light as a fawn in flight,
With the glee and the grace of a playful child,
She tripped to the hill's unclouded height,
And the dying day around her smiled.

Sunbeam and breeze were at play with her hair,
(Where a few wild blossoms were braided low,)
 wooing it back from her shoulders fair,
Lighting it up with a golden glow.

And lo! as we gazed on the beautiful girl,
With the joy, that we ever, from grace, derive,
We saw something quiver thro' one soft curl,
And struggle and gleam like a jewel alive!

What can it be? For a moment or two,
It burned with a brilliant ruby-ray,
The next, it shone with the sapphire's blue,
And now with the amethyst's purple play!

What can it be? It is changing still,
To an emerald tint—to the sunshine's glow—
Can the maiden alter her gems at will?
And gift, with wings, each luminous show?

With wings—they are fluttering, tiny and light,
Like those which we fancy the fairies wear—
Ah! look! the treasure has taken flight,
'Twas a humming-bird caught in that golden snare!

Silly rover! you fly from those silken rings,
Where Love—a like prisoner—*hugs* his chain!
Oh, you never will shut your shining wings
On a flower so rare and sweet again!

Original.

SONGS FROM AN UNFINISHED OPERA.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

I.

'Twas in the flush of summer time,
Some twenty years or more,
Since Earnest lost his way, and crost
The threshold of our door.
I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet
His brow of Alpine snow,
His manly grace of form and face,
Some twenty years ago.

The hand he asked I freely gave—
Mine was a happy lot,
In all my pride to be his bride
Within my father's cot.
The faith he spoke he never broke:
His constant heart I know;
And well I vow I love him now
As twenty years ago.

II.

Love cannot be the aloe tree
Whose bloom but once is seen;
Go, search the grove, the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen.
For that's the same in leaf and frame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies!
That love thus roots and firmly shoots
In woman's heart we see,
Through smiles and tears, in after years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
For ever may be seen,
In summer's bloom, or winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen.

III.

THE colonel!—such a creature!
I met him at the ball!
Perfect in form and feature,
And so divinely tall!
He praised my dimpled-cheeks and curls,
While whirling through the dance,
And matched me with the dark-eyed girls
Of Italy and France!
He said, in accent thrilling,
“Love's boundless as the sea!”
And I, dear maid, am willing
To give up all for thee!”
I heard him—blushed—“would ask mamma”—
And then my eyes grew dim:
He looked—I said, “mamma—papa—
I'd give up all for him!”
My governor is rich and old—
This well the colonel knew:
Love's wings,” he said, “when fringed with gold,
Are beautiful to view!”

I thought his 'haviour quite the *ton*
Until I saw him stare
When merely told—that—brother—John,
Papa—would—make—his—heir!

Next day and the day after
I dressed for him in vain—
Was moved to tears and laughter—
He never came again!
But I have heard for widow Dash,
He bought the bridal ring!—
And he will wed her for her cash!
The ugly, hateful thing!

Original.

A MOTHER'S TEACHING.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE boy sat listening to the words
That from his mother fell,
Pure lessons, wrapp'd in tender tones,
Like music's softest swell.

And oft he mark'd her musing brow,
With holy silence bright,
And blest its placid smile, and deem'd
That angels loved the sight.

But when that mother laid her down,
To rest in mouldering clay,
The world's temptations o'er him roll'd,
And swept his faith away.

Like bird, that scorns the fowler's snare,
He trifled with his fate,
Forgot to seek the Spirit's aid,
Or for its teachings wait.

Yet once, as in his midnight watch,
The lonely deck he pac'd,
With the sad, solemn stars above,
And round, old Ocean's waste,

Methought *her* warning voice, who long
'Neath the cold sods had slept—
Spoke forth from every rushing wave,
That on resistless swept;

Methought, a tear-drop like her own,
Fell from a gathering cloud,
That round the beauty of the moon
Had wreath'd its silver shroud;

Methought, the searching Eye of God,
Flam'd in his secret soul,
And down the proud man bow'd with tears,
To own its strong control.

The Saviour's lowly yoke he took,
His flinty heart was riven,
And so the seed his Mother sow'd,
Brought forth rich fruit for Heaven.

DRY UP YOUR TEARS.

A BALLAD.

THE MELODY BY HEROLD—THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY ALEXANDER LEE.


ANDANTE
Espressivo.



Dry up your tears, and trust to my af - fec - tion,



Have we not known as dark a day as this? And did I not, to



chase your deep de - jec - tion, Bid you be - hold some far - off bliss?

Cres.

Accelerando.

f

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are 'chase your deep de - jec - tion, Bid you be - hold some far - off bliss?'. Above the final measure of the vocal line is the instruction 'Cres.'. In the middle of the piano accompaniment, there is an instruction 'Accelerando.'. At the end of the piano accompaniment, there is a dynamic marking 'f'.

Dry up your tears! dry - - up your tears!

p

f

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Dry up your tears! dry - - up your tears!'. The piano accompaniment starts with a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and later has a dynamic marking 'f' (forte). The system ends with a double bar line.

p

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical score. It continues with the piano accompaniment. The system starts with a dynamic marking 'p' (piano). The system ends with a double bar line.

SECOND VERSE.

Dry up your tears! one smile before I leave you,
 One gentle smile to cheer your lover's heart;
 And think of this—to meet again will give you
 A joy they never know who never part.
 Dry up your tears! dry up your tears!

Original.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"SWEAR, Helen, that you will be mine—that you are mine!"

"William, I will be yours—yours only!"

"Seal it by an oath!" he said, in the eagerness of frenzy. "By your hopes of happiness hereafter—by all that is sacred in Heaven, dear upon earth, or dreadful in hell—swear to me, Helen Middlemas, in my presence—in the presence of your God, that you will never give your hand to another."

"Have I not promised?" she replied; "can you not trust me? Did I ever deceive you? Are we not commanded to swear not at all?"

"Command—the devil!" bitterly retorted the impassioned and agitated youth, and flung from him the fair hand that trembled in his. The maiden wept, and fell upon his neck. "Tears! what, tears again, Helen?" resumed he. "Well, well, the softest breast has the fewest burnings—the heart that weeps never breaks."

"William, this from you? it is unkind—cruel," she cried, and hid her head in his bosom.

"Forgive me, dearest, forgive me," said he, "but know this night—this very hour, we part, perhaps, for ever. Your father hates me—the world shuns me—foes persecute, and, at this moment, pursue me, and you, Helen—you that I have loved—clung to as a sinner clings to his last prayer—you for whom alone, the friendless, kinless Stuart lives. Shall I say it again? Helen Middlemas, promises, but she dare not—will not swear to be the wife of a ruined man."

"She dare—she will!" eagerly replied the beautiful girl, starting from his embrace.

She dropped upon her knee—her hands were clasped together, her soft blue eyes raised towards Heaven—it was a vow—an oath—a loud—a deep and solemn oath. A dark cloud shadowed the face of the fair moon, as her lover exclaimed, "Amen!" the raven croaked, and fled from the tree that overshadowed them. He raised her in his arms—she was again upon his breast, and his lips sealed her oath upon her snowy brow. The moment of parting arrived. "Farewell, farewell!" said he, and the words groaned in his swelling breast. "Helen, my beloved, farewell, but when I am gone—when the tongue of slander itself is dumb—when the moon is in the heavens—when the murmur of the stream moans through the stillness of evening—when your knees are bent in prayer—when your eyes gaze upon this trysting tree, let all—let each proclaim, 'Helen Middlemas, remember thy vow!'"

We will not describe their parting, nor say how they parted—turned and turned again—all, from seventeen to seventy, who have any thing of the shape of a heart within them, know how bitter a thing it is to tear one's self from the arms of all that seems lovely or worth loving upon earth—to say again and again, farewell, while the heart is sick—surfeited with agony. They parted—he rushed madly away—turned for a moment, and exclaiming—"Thy vow, thy vow, Helen Middle-

mas, remember thy vow!" disappeared, none knew whither.

William Stuart was one for whom many sympathised, but none were interested, and as is ever the concomitant of continuous misfortune—one whom the most contemptible fag-ends of human nature's manufacture, thought themselves privileged to revile. He had been nursed in the lap of plenty—had entered upon all the extravagancies and some of the studies of a gentleman commoner—was the beau-ideal of the high street of Oxford, and bore, among his companions, the enviable appellation of a glorious young fellow; but pleasure and praise stood suddenly still—a chancery suit that had been litigated for thirty years, was decided against the elder Stuart, and three days after found William at the home of his early joys to follow the funeral of his hapless father, and to witness the death-bed of a broken-hearted mother. She lingered a few months—the remaining menials had become insolent, and as spies of the creditors, affected to govern, while friends, doubtless from a delicate blindness, did not obtrude their visits on the unfortunate sufferers. William, the son of her love—her only child, was her sole attendant. She made a last effort to rise upon her elbows—sank back upon her pillow. "Kneel, my son—receive a mother's blessing," she said, as he knelt by her side—her wasted hand trembling on his head—her dying glance was raised to Heaven. "God of the orphan!" she muttered faintly—when the door of the chamber was burst open, and the merciless executors of the law, in behalf of the exulting creditors, rushed forward to dispossess the dying sufferer of her bed.

The rude grasp of a bailiff tore the expiring mother's hand from that of her son, and her pulse ceased to beat, but her eye lost not its gaze of fondness and anxiety, as her spirit passed with a sigh, "*to where the wicked cease from troubling.*" William gazed for a moment on the motionless features of what, an instant before, had been his mother's—the next, one of the ruthless minions of the law was at his feet, and another struggling in his grasp. He spoke not, for speech had fled with his mother's spirit, but his look was insanity and death, while ruin and revenge clung like twin tigers on his tortured heart. One, like a dying worm, still coiled convulsively beneath his heel, as the blood gushing from the distended eye-balls of the other, fell upon the burning hand that grasped his throat, then dashing him headlong upon his comrade in oppression, William darted from the house, and flying—he knew not, cared not whither—rushed to the trysting tree, where the lovely Helen had anxiously awaited his approach. At this moment was the meeting and parting already described. On the recovery of the victims of his natural, but perhaps rash revenge, all inquiry regarding the fugitive, was suspended, and by all, save one, his very existence seemed forgotten. For weeks—months, hunger was his counsellor—his companion and tormentor, but the sons of prosperity know not its meaning. Hunger is a draught in which the evils—the pains—the temptations of the earth are all—all mingled with the tortures of hell—his blood had forgotten the nature of heat, and his bones were knit together in agony; the pains of want

were swallowed in the torment of walking sleep, and a dreamy consciousness of existence, confirmed only by the acuteness of misery.

Disappointed in every effort to obtain a situation—unable to beg—to beg—the thought to him was death—the death of a disgraced criminal—covered with rags—the skeleton of what he was—blushing at his own shadow, and barked at by the veriest curs that fawned upon others—the once gay William Stuart welcomed with a feeling akin to delight, the straw-covered shed of a farm-yard which invitingly offered its meagre shelter from the ruthless storm of a December night. It was a luxury to which he had long been a stranger, and in a few minutes the ghost of sleep hovered over his eyelids, but the continual howlings of the watchful mastiff gave notice of the intruder, and a ruffian-blow aroused the comfortless dreamer to reality. The last shadows of day yet rendered visible the features of his disturber, and in them, William recognized Frederick Walcott, a wretch who owed his prosperity to the patronage and bounty of his father; and who, from being a liveried beggar in the hall, had become factor and principal creditor upon the estate; yea, it was by his orders the bed of his dying mother had been seized. William gazed upon him a moment, as a man would upon a serpent, ere he struggled with it in death. “Monster!” he exclaimed, and the riding-whip of the villain again descended heavily upon his head. William clasped a small knife in his hand; he was wont so to sleep with it in the fields, as though his poverty were not a sufficient guard. He had discovered his Helen carving their names with it upon their favorite tree, a few days previous to their last meeting; it was a strange and unexpected last gift. Before Walcott could repeat the blow, the knife was plunged into his body; his cries alarmed the family, and William fled, leaving the knife in the wound. From this period five years passed away, and the name of William Stuart was never heard. Helen’s father was what may pass, in the world, for a good man, but his ledger was his religion—his purse his god—his happiness lay in the funds, and his ideas of felicity were all reducible to pounds, shillings and pence. He knew of no merit but the art of getting gain; and justly esteeming William Stuart, at the period of their acquaintance, deficient in this particular, it, with the family misfortunes, caused him to despise him with a perfect hatred. He indeed loved his daughter, but it was a love regulated by his own rule of what constituted enjoyment. From this cause he was anxious to bestow her hand upon the wealthy Frederick Walcott, who though an uninviting, was a wealthy and determined suitor. Threatenings, entreaties and persecutions, were alike unheeded by Helen, for while William Stuart lived, she was his—his, betrothed before Heaven. Tears of sorrow had wasted the bloom from her cheek, when glancing over the variety of a morning paper, she perceived the notice of the body of a young man having been found near the banks of the Dart, in Devonshire, and that by a letter in his possession, his name appeared to have been William Stuart, a native of Northumberland. The letter was signed Helen Mid——, but the remainder of the signa-

ture was illegible; it also described a pocket-knife that had been found upon him, with the initials H. M. upon a silver heart. We shall not picture the agonies of Helen; with well-feigned sympathy Walcott pretended to hasten to Devonshire to obtain the necessary proofs, and in ten days, returned, bringing the letter, the knife, and a pocket-book, also the gift of Helen. She identified all—she could no longer plead her vow, and the triumph of villany was on the eve of completion. Smile not, gay-hearted reader, whom the finger of misery has never stripped—smile not. Deprived of every other means of conveyance, William Stuart’s hat was the repository of his earthly all. Alarmed by the approach of Walcott’s servants, he had fled and left it, and several weeks elapsed before the pocket-book and letter were found. Borne down by the persecution and tears of her grey-haired father, Helen consented to be led as a lamb to the slaughter. The marriage-party had approached the village church, the priest was proceeding with the ceremony, and repeating the words, “Wilt thou take this man?” when a voice behind the altar exclaimed,—“Helen Middlemas, remember thy vow!” They started as though the trump of the archangel had awakened the dead around them. “She will, she will!” exclaimed Helen, wildly, and the next moment she swooned in the embrace of a spirit? no! but a noble-looking young seaman. He cast a glance upon the palsied bridegroom—a glance none but a British seaman could cast upon a wretch and a coward, and looking scorn upon all, disappeared with his fair burden. The church stood by the beach, and before its astonished inmates had exchanged words, the splash of oars was heard conveying Helen and William Stuart to a lugger, which, for the last hour, had been riding in the bay—for—but it must be told—rendered desperate by misfortune, William had connected himself with the illegal traffickers that frequent the coast, and was now master and owner of as pretty a craft as ever eluded his majesty’s revenue.

In conclusion, within two years, old Middlemas died, leaving his daughter sole heiress of his wealth, and William, bidding farewell to his traffic in Geneva, returned to Britain with his lovely wife and two little Stuarts, smiling love and innocence on their knees.

Should any feel interested in the fate of Walcott, all we can say is, wealth vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision, and being afterwards less fortunate in his petty thefts—the last time we visited London, we found him with a peculiar badge and livery, laboring in the dock-yards at Deptford.

Original.

TO MARY.

Oh! never blushed Love’s bashful rose
On cheek more fair than thine,
And ne’er were bridal offerings lain
Upon a purer shrine.
Then take, sweet girl! my token-pearl,
Thy raven hair to part,
It is no “pearl of price;” but *that*
Thou wearest in thy heart!

F. S. O.

Original.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround,
—how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!"—THOMSON.

It was a cold, cheerless day in the dead of winter, that a girl, who might be sixteen or seventeen years old, ascended the door-steps of a splendid looking dwelling, in one of our larger cities, with a reluctant air. She stood for a few seconds hesitating to ring the bell, but a bitter and searching blast that swept by, against which her thin pelisse and straw bonnet afforded but a feeble defence, conquered her timidity. The door was opened by a servant, and just as she was inquiring if she could see Miss Howell, a young man of very elegant appearance entered the hall, and told her that he would conduct her to the lady's presence. Leading the way, he opened the door of a spacious and magnificently furnished apartment, and with his hand still resting on the latch, invited her to enter. She was shivering with cold, but she stopped near the door, without presuming to approach the glowing anthracite fire; and in truth, there was little occasion for a person who had not recently been exposed to the weather to hover near it, so effectually was the cold excluded by the rich Brussels carpet, that yielded almost like down to the pressure of the feet, the double windows, with their embroidered satin curtains, as well as by the care that was taken to prevent drafts of air from entering beneath the doors. The heart of the poor girl almost died within her, as she took a hasty survey of the different inmates of the apartment. Seated, not far from the fire, in a most luxurious looking chair, was a middle aged, haughty, looking lady, whose attention was directed to a young girl who stood near her, and who held, in one of her small white hands, a quantity of rich jewelry. This was Miss Howell. On the sofa sat Ann Huntley, her cousin, a very beautiful girl, who might be two or three years her senior.

"Edgar Huntley," said Miss Howell, "where have you been all the morning? I have been wanting you to give your opinion of these jewels. Have you ever seen any more beautiful?"

"I don't know that I ever have," answered Edgar rather coldly.

"I know you never have, and Mr. Upton says he shall charge only a hundred dollars more for the set, than for those vulgar looking things I showed you yesterday, and I am sure, mamma, you won't mind that," said she turning to her mother.

While Mrs. Howell was considering, whether she had best mind it or not, Edgar Huntley said, "Miss Howell, this young girl has some business with you, I believe."

Miss Howell turned towards her with an air that seemed to say "you may speak."

"I have called," said the poor girl, in a voice scarcely

audible, "to see if it were convenient for you to pay that small bill."

"I was not aware that you had any demands against me," said Miss Howell.

"It is for hemstitching a dozen linen handkerchiefs last summer."

"Oh, yes,—and if I rightly remember, they were done very indifferently."

The girl did not contradict her assertion, though the crimson spots that agitation had planted upon her cheeks became deeper; but Ann said—

"I am sure, Lucinda, if the handkerchiefs in question are those which you told me Juliet Norton did, I never saw any more neatly done in my life."

"My name is Juliet Norton," said the girl.

"Truly an euphonious name," said Miss Howell, "it would sound well in a novel."

Juliet swallowed to suppress her rising emotion, and unfolding a small bit of paper, which she immediately refolded and handed to Miss Howell, said in an humble tone, "will you please pay it?"

"Nine shillings?" said Miss Howell, looking at the bill,—"it appears to me that you charge high."

"My price is a shilling a piece for such handkerchiefs, when I work a sprig in each corner, but you told my little sister who called, last month for the pay, that you could not afford to give so much, so I altered the price from two dollars to nine shillings, as you may see by the bill."

"I cannot possibly pay you to-day—you must call again next week."

Ann perceived that Juliet looked greatly distressed, and said to her, "cousin, I will lend you the money."

"No, you must not, Ann. Do you not recollect that I told you this morning that I should be obliged to borrow every cent that you could spare if I concluded to have that splendid ball dress?"

"And you have concluded to have it?" said Ann.

"Yes, I must have it. I am determined not to go to the ball, next week, without it. You may go," turning to Juliet, "and I will pay you next week, or the week after."

Juliet, with a look of utter hopelessness, which went to the heart of Ann, and was present with her for days afterwards, approached the door and attempted to open it, but did not succeed. The momentary delay was fatal to her self-control, and she burst into tears. Edgar, who had remained a silent spectator of the scene, sprang forward, opened the door, and stepping lightly through the hall opened the street door likewise for her to pass out. He then slipped on an overcoat, and taking his hat, was determined to see where she went.

"What an artful creature," said Miss Howell, the moment they had left the room. "You have not become used to their tricks yet. She saw that she had succeeded in exciting your compassion, and was determined to make an effective exit. The tears of such people are always at their command."

"I wonder at your employing such creatures," said Mrs. Howell, they are always so clamorous for their pay."

"Hunger and cold are enough to make them so," said Ann.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Howell. "A girl who can wear as good a pelisse as this Miss Juliet Norton had on—I like to speak her name, I wish there was an Annabella to it—can never make me believe that she is suffering from either cold or hunger."

"It is true that her pelisse was of fine materials, but it was very much worn. I was nearer to her than you were, and could see that it was mended in a dozen places. Besides it appeared very thin, and must have been quite insufficient protection against the extreme cold. I longed to follow her, and offer her my good warm shawl."

"Oh, no, your elegant cloak would have been the thing—but were is your brother gone?"

"I don't know."

"I rather suspect that he has gone to wait upon this Miss Juliet home. Perhaps he will lend her *his* cloak. La, I had like to have forgotten my jewels, in a subject so absorbing. Mamma, you must not say nay to my purchasing them, for Edgar likes them—he said so just now."

"Yes, child, purchase them if you like, though the truth is, I am a little pressed for money at this time."

"What if you are, mamma? Such a trifling sum cannot make much difference."

Could Miss Howell have read what was passing in the mind of Edgar Huntley, she would probably have done differently; for when, by the invitation of her mother, he and his sister came to spend a few weeks with them, his handsome person and elegant manners, (his large fortune might have had some influence,) appeared so attractive to her, that she no longer hesitated to reject a very unexceptionable offer, then under consideration. At first, he was evidently pleased with her, for without being eminently beautiful, there were few who could appear so well at a party, or in the ball-room. A few traits of disposition, casually disclosed, put him upon his guard, and he determined to study her character before suffering his heart to be irretrievably enthralled by her attractions. The study carried with it its antidote; and after the little scene that had just been enacted, could she have availed herself of charms equal to those which ensnared the sage Ulysses, he would have remained "fancy free." In the evening, Miss Howell being busily employed in preparing for the anticipated ball, Ann took that opportunity to fulfil an engagement she had made with her brother. She met him in the hall ready prepared for a walk.

"It is very cold," said he as he gave her his arm, "and I hope you have prepared yourself accordingly."

Ann was a good walker, and her brother conducted her rapidly through several streets, till at last they entered — street, where the mean appearance of the buildings denoted that they had entered upon the precincts of poverty. Edgar at length paused before one of them and said, "I think this is the house." He knocked at the door, and in a few seconds it was opened by a meager looking girl, eight or nine years old, who held in her hand a small tin lamp.

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"Does Juliet Norton live here?" inquired Edgar.

"Yes sir,—please walk in," and she conducted them into a neat, though very mean looking apartment. Near the fire, if it were indeed worthy to be called a fire, the only fuel being some shavings in a basket, a handful of which the little girl threw on at intervals—set a woman, past the prime of life, whose emaciated person, and hollow cough, showed that she was suffering from that lingering, but incurable disease, which has been termed an old fashioned consumption. Her gown had once been black, but age and constant wear had changed it to a rusty brown, and her plain muslin cap, displaying innumerable darns, was tied with a faded black riband; yet notwithstanding her illness and mean attire, there was an ease and politeness in her manners that indicated she had been accustomed to good society. The building being much decayed admitted the cold air on every side, and the place where the invalid was seated was screened by a rug fastened to the ceiling. She was Juliet's maternal aunt, and her name was Hobart.

Juliet, who sat near a small table, engaged with her needle, rose at their entrance and handed them chairs, evincing by a slight discomposure, which she could not conceal, that want and wretchedness had not yet had the power to entirely crush that proud sensitiveness of heart which causes it to shrink from displaying its misery to the observation of strangers. Being now without her bonnet, Edgar and his sister had a better opportunity than before to observe her very pale and care-worn features. They perceived too that her hands trembled as she resumed her work, but they did not then know that it was as much in consequence of her not having broken her fast, since the morning, as from agitation at their unexpected visit. But though fatigue, anxiety and privation had impaired, even withered her beauty, it had not destroyed it. The outline of her finely chiselled features had become somewhat sharpened, but her brow where the veins were traced as delicately as on the leaf of some snowy flower, and round which her hair, soft as a golden cloud, was wreathed in rich redundancy, retained all its original purity, while her eyes of the hue of a moonlight sky in June, were fringed with long, silky lashes, which enhancing yet softening their brilliancy, made them appear to mirror more deeply, all the mind's sweetest, as well as its most melancholy musings. In spite of the disadvantage of mean apparel it was evident that her form was exquisitely moulded, and in perfect keeping with her face, which both Edgar and Ann agreed in pronouncing the most lovely they had ever beheld. Such was the being, who shivering by the flickering blaze of their unsubstantial fire, with the wind whistling through crevices on every side, had toiled unremittingly with her needle during the day, except the time she spent in her bootless errand to Miss Howell, without any support save a slight breakfast. After the lapse of a few minutes, Ann produced a muslin cape which she wished to have embroidered, and inquired if she would undertake to complete it in the course of five or six weeks. Juliet replied that she would.

"I will pay you now then," said Ann, depositing twice the amount, on the table, which it was customary

to demand for such work, "as I shall possibly leave town before that time."

The poor invalid, who had sustained the privations of that cold and bitter day without a murmur or a tear, when she saw once more within their reach the means of alleviating their sufferings, held up her thin, emaciated hands, and said, in a voice half choked with tears, "Surely, dear young lady, the blessing of those ready to perish will rest upon you." Juliet in the meantime buried her face in her hands, and little Ellen, her sister, wept through sympathy, while Ann endeavored to disguise her emotion by hunting in her reticule for the embroidery pattern, and Edgar by taking out his watch and fixing his eyes upon it as intently as if he were attempting to decipher a circle of hieroglyphics.

"You see," said Mrs. Hobart, after she had succeeded in calming her feelings, "that we are all too weak to bear sudden joy with composure. If the gay young lady who sent Juliet away to-day with promises instead of pay, could have known that we had consumed our last mouthful of food, and were without the means to procure more, she would, I think, have paid her, even at the risk of being obliged to appear at the ball she mentioned, less splendidly attired. Perhaps she might tell us that we ought to solicit charity of the town, but it is hard for persons who have once lived in affluence to think of doing that—besides, if those who employ Juliet would pay her promptly, we should, at least, be placed above actual want."

Young Huntley, and his sister, soon bade them good evening, but neither of them would have slept quietly that night, had not the former, as soon as he had seen Ann home, sent them, by a porter, whatever was necessary to make them comfortable for the present.

Ann, who in a few days afterwards made them another call, was informed, by Mrs. Hobart, that Juliet and Ellen's father while living was thought to be wealthy, but that after his demise the estate was found to be insolvent. The property which had been in his possession, being for the most part personal, all that remained to Mrs. Norton was the right to spend the remainder of her days in a house which her husband had formerly let. Though a woman of delicate health, she had much energy of character, and by teaching a small school, and executing what ornamental needle-work she could procure, she was able for several years to support herself and children. Her health, however, at length sunk, beneath anxiety of mind, and over-exertion, but Mrs. Hobart, her sister arriving opportunely from a distant town, where she had formerly resided, assumed the task Mrs. Norton was no longer able to perform, and thus saved her from suffering during the brief remainder of her days. Unfortunately Mrs. Hobart's health yielded, in the course of three years, to her unremitting exertions, and Juliet being thought by parents too young to take charge of their children, their only resource was her needle, and a small sum of money Mrs. Hobart had brought with her. This, though never resorted to, when by the most painful parsimony they could manage to avoid it, gradually melted away, and they were soon obliged to leave their comfortable tenement for their

present wretched abode. On one account Juliet felt glad to make the exchange; for her feelings would be liable to be less frequently wounded by meeting with those, who during her father's life courted her company, but now, did not even recognize her.

Soon afterwards, Edgar and his sister, in pursuance of a plan which they had matured between them, went to look at a small, neat house, which Ann, that no occasion might be given for slander, hired in her own name, and which they caused to be comfortably furnished as expeditiously as possible. When, at last every thing was arranged satisfactorily, Ann directed to have a cheerful fire kindled in the handsome parlor stove, and then called on Juliet, and invited her to walk with her. A faint blush flitted over Juliet's cheeks as she produced her mended pelisse, and weather-beaten straw bonnet, but she made no allusion to them. As they stepped into the street, Ann drew her arm under her own, and as a house at no great distance had been purposely selected, on account of the invalid aunt, a few minutes walk brought them to its door. Ann rang the bell, and they were admitted by a tidy looking girl, who directed looks of much curiosity towards Juliet. Having conducted her into the neat, cheerful looking parlor, Ann disclosed to her what she had done, at the time expressing a hope that it would meet her approbation.

Juliet could find no language to express her thanks, but there was an eloquence in her looks, far more expressive and affecting than could have been painted by words. When at length she was able to speak, "I fear," said she, "that you have deprived yourself of many luxuries in order to do all this—It must have occasioned you great expense."

"Yes, the expense has been something, but it has caused me no inconvenience. I am my own mistress, and my annual income has not only permitted me to do this, but will allow me to do more. Edgar would have been both proud and happy to have shared the expense with me, but besides my being desirous to have the whole credit myself, he was restrained by certain reasons which you will understand and appreciate."

Mrs. Hobart, for whom a comfortable and appropriate apartment had been provided, was the next morning placed in a carriage and conveyed to their new habitation; being accompanied by little Ellen, who had the pleasure of being attired in a new and warm dress. When seated by the fire in her easy chair, the gratitude which she expressed to Ann, who had joined Juliet in order to welcome her, was not the less fervent, nor her smile of happiness the less warm, from being conscious that she could not long remain to participate her bounty; and when in a few months afterwards, she was summoned to take

"Her chamber in the silent halls of death,"

"—sustained and soothed

By an unflinching trust—she drew near the grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

More than a year from this event, as Mrs. Howell, and her daughter, in company with a party of friends, were sitting in the parlor of the hotel at one of our

fashionable watering places, their curiosity was excited by the following conversation between two ladies, who were strangers to them.

"Did you see Mr. Edgar Huntley, when he was in town last year," inquired one of them.

"Yes, I saw him pass our house several times, and thought him a remarkable fine looking young man."

Mr. Allen told my husband this morning that he is just married, and that he is expected here to-day, or to-morrow."

"Did he tell him the name of the lady he has married."

"No, but it is Miss Howell, I suppose—his cousin."

"Very likely—I remember, now, of hearing that he was engaged to her."

The ladies, unconscious of their contiguity to Miss Howell, soon afterwards rose and left the room.

"Who is it that Edgar can be married to?" said Mrs. Howell to her daughter as soon as they were gone.

"I, of course, cannot enlighten you upon the subject," replied Miss Howell, "and I am certain that is a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"It is, at least, very odd that we should never have heard a word about it. I should have thought that Ann would have mentioned it in her last letter."

"My opinion is different from yours. I should imagine that you had had ample opportunity to ascertain Ann's taste for privacy from that Juliet Norton affair. You know that we never knew a word about her renting a house and furnishing it for her, till she and her brother had been gone several weeks."

Mrs. Howell was prevented from replying by the exclamation of a little girl who stood near the window.

"Only see, mamma," said she "what a beautiful lady there is!"

Mrs. Eaton, the child's mother, as well as Mrs. Howell and her daughter hastened to obey the impulse of curiosity. A handsome private carriage stood before the door, from which a gentleman had just handed one lady and was offering his hand to another.

"Why that is certainly Ann Huntley stepping from the carriage, and that must be her brother who is assisting her, from his form and air," said Mrs. Howell.

The next moment conjecture was exchanged for certainty by her obtaining a view of his face.

"And the other lady, is doubtless Mrs. Edgar Huntley," said Mrs. Eaton. "What an admirable form and face."

"I have certainly," said Mrs. Howell, "either seen her before, or some person very much resembling her."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Eaton, "we must allow little Myra to be a good judge of beauty. Miss Dermont will now no longer be the cynosure to attract all eyes. Do you think she will, Miss Howell?"

"I am a very indifferent judge of beauty," replied the lady with a cold, disdainful smile, by which she strove to conceal the chagrin that filled her heart.

"Now, I think Mrs. Eaton judges correctly," said Mrs. Howell.

"How strange that I cannot remember the person's name she resembles. Cannot you recollect, Lucinda?"

"I am as dull in detecting resemblances as I am in judging of beauty," replied the daughter, who, although she instantly recognized her, could not bring herself to say that the beautiful and elegant Mrs. Huntley was no other than the late poor Juliet Norton.

Original.

SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

OH, for a life of freedom—give me wings!

Wings for th' exultant spirit that aspires

To purge this earthly dross with heavenly fires—

To drink the waters of perennial springs,

And dwell serenely in the realms of rest!

Sick am I of this feverish toil and strife,

Sick of the weary struggle men call life;

And ever—ever longing to be blest,

I seek the good—the beautiful in vain—

Behold a substance, and embrace a shade;

The sweetest pleasure ends in bitterest pain—

The brightest phantasies the soonest fade.

I would be free—I would be free and find

The empyrean of the chainless mind.

Original.

ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I KNOW they are with thee, dear innocent child!

For again in the joy of sweet sleep thou hast smil'd.

Oh, long may this slumber weigh soft on thy head!

Oh, long may the angels keep guard round thy bed!

Bright forms of celestial affections, in thee

But the beauty of innocent childhood they see;

And the love, which their life is, grows warm in each breast,

As they bend in delight o'er the place of thy rest.

Where the pure and the good are, the angels will stay—

Oh, blest be the mother! for with her all day,

They linger, in love with her babe, and impart

New life to her thoughts, and new joy to her heart.

Original.

A SONG. — TO MY DAUGHTER.

THIS life is not the vale of woe

Which stoics paint in declamation;

For countless blossoms round us glow,

Which breathe the sweetest exhalation.

Then let's enjoy our sunny hours,

Nor mourn anticipated gloom;

'Tis folly to neglect the flowers,

Because they may not always bloom.

Let fools for rank and honor seek,

I envy not their elevation;

Ambition's path is wild and bleak,

Content is in a humble station.

May sweet content, dear girl, be thine;

Health, friendship, and a faithful lover,

And never let the dove repine,

Because the eagle soars above her.

a. w.

Original.

A LEGEND OF THE PASSAIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES OF GOVERNOR'S ISLAND."

"Lead us not into temptation."

SWEET Passaic! Thou loveliest and gentlest of rivers!
How many mournful thoughts of early days and bliss
long past float o'er my heart while dwelling on thy
beauty!

"My soul is full of other times—
The joy of my youth returns."

Once more I behold myself, a young and imaginative
worshipper of nature, rambling in that "happy valley."
My hopes, lost to ambition, soared not beyond its barrier
of verdant hills, unless to penetrate that cerulean realm
above, "bespangled with those isles of light."

"Whoever gazed upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining!"

Far and wide may the landscape-artist travel, ere he
will light upon a river so winding in its course, so varied
in its scenery. 'Tis true, no "proud towers of other
days" are frowning over its banks; the farmer's dwelling
being alone reflected upon its bosom, telling of peace
and household joys.

The Passaic, in its commencement, tranquil as *in-
fancy*, spreads a lake around. So shallow, the tiny
fish are seen sporting among the emerald herbage
beneath, and

"———Lose themselves at length
In matted grass that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course."

The tall trees which arise from its bosom, stand, with
their arms enlaced together, as if to protect their youth-
ful charge from the thievish sun; like some fond mother
bird, stretching her sheltering wing over the tender
brood.

Next, like an impetuous *youth*, dashing along the
morning path of life, the river struggles through each
opposing force, and foaming and raging, leaps over the
rocks of Paterson, sweeping wildly on its way. *Middle
age* now approaches, and, with grave dignity, it passes
on, until, with all the pomposity of wealthy *old age*, it
spreads out a noble bay.

Hour after hour have I sat alone, gazing upon this
lovely stream, where it flows past my native village.
The garden of my father's house reached to the water's
edge. There, through many a summer hour, I have
reclined, my open book upon my knees, my senses
drinking in the rural sights and sounds around me.
Slowly flowed the placid river through perfumed bowers
and orchards, lingering in its path as if loth to leave so
sweet a paradise. Wooingly the trees gazed down upon
its radiant face. The willow loosened her flowing
tresses until they reached its breast. The coquettish
maple smiled to see her scarlet blossoms reflected on
its polished surface, "calm as a molten looking-glass."
The sycamore, "tasseled gentle," shook its dangling
balls, as if wishing to attract attention. While even the
towering cathedral elm, relaxing from her gothic gloom,
waved her arms in solemn grace abroad. The brilliant
oriole, scared from her pendant nest, soared away,

flashing through the grove like a sudden sunbeam. A
horn sings out upon the summer air, token of some river-
craft's approach, and a white-sail'd graceful vessel
glides around the point—the draw-bridge rises—it curt-
sies through as if deprecating the vexation of the im-
peded traveller. Alas, how altered is every thing, now
that I gaze upon it after so many years have passed.
The river bank, upon which waved those graceful trees,
is now bristled with houses. Towering over each other,
they ascend the hill, crowned with a range of lofty spires.
A large town has arisen over the pretty village. Rail-
road and canal have driven away the antique stage, and
brought crowds of travellers to invade the quiet Passaic.
On the side of the river opposite our village, just dis-
cernible through the trees which surrounded it, stood a
low Dutch cottage, built of dark stone. Its sweeping
roof projected over, so as to cover a piazza, and shelter
the house from the sun. Since the last inhabitants had
removed, it had stood untenanted. The fruit was seized
by wicked village boys, and its nuts a prey to the little
squirrel, who, delighted with the loveliness, glided about
its solitary places with unwonted fearlessness. There,
unmolested, he

"Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking."

It was to the universal regret of the villagers that this
mansion was unoccupied, as every empty house was a
loss to the *till* of the gentlemen, and to the social circle
of the ladies. To me, however, it was a pleasant cir-
cumstance, as I delighted to saunter among the silent
groves.

At last, however, to the gratification of the village
people, vexation of the boys, and discomfiture of the
squirrels, the stone cottage was hired.

The family seemed composed of a gentleman, two
young men, and an aged female domestic. This did
not look well for the lovers of gay *Tertulia's*; but the
unmarried ladies sat him down for a widower, and com-
forted themselves by immediate preparations for con-
quest. Whether apprised of these hostile intentions, it
was not known, but the new comer seemed determined
to confine himself to his own domain. Soon after his
arrival, a discovery was made by some of the villagers,
which quenched all hopes of success in the bosoms of
the fair aspirants. A lady, it was confidently affirmed,
had been seen sitting at the window of the stone cottage.
The stranger was, no doubt, a married man! Village
stocks fell at once—ribands looked *dull*—top-knots
were *down*—*flowers* were *languid*, and sleeves were
reduced. As soon as this fact was ascertained, the
clergyman's lady and village doctor's wife, in the spirit
of social friendliness, sat out to make a visit at the
cottage.

As they approached the mansion, Mr. Grafton, (their
new neighbor's name,) was seen slowly walking in the
garden at the back of the house, while the old woman
was seated near her knitting. The ladies were observed
by the latter alone. To their surprise she hastened
through the hall to answer their knock, with the intelli-
gence her mistress was *not at home*. Rather dis-
comfited by this unexpected conduct, they returned.

A few days after, another deputation from the ladies

of Locustville met with the same repulse. It was imagined that the lady was ill. Waiting until her appearance on the lawn in front of the house indicated good health, a third sally was made by the postmaster's lady and daughter. The door was opened by Mr. Grafton himself, who, to their complete astonishment, informed the ladies in a polite but forbidding manner, "*Mrs. Grafton never saw company!*" The village dames held many a caucus over such unexampled behavior. After much deliberation, it was determined that the lady of the cottage, although not so ill as to keep her room, was too weak and nervous to bear the excitement of visitors. It was next observed that Mr. Crafton often rode in an open carriage about the pleasant environs of Locustville with his boys, while his wife never accompanied him. She, with her old servant, confined her walks to the precincts of her home. They were evidently a disunited pair.

What manner of person the lady might be, did not appear, as she had only been seen at a distance. Whether young or old, tall or short, pretty or ugly, her neighbors over the river could not ascertain. It was hoped her appearance at church would have determined the matter; but, to the great scandal of the village, many weeks passed over, and still she came not. Mr. Grafton and his two little boys sometimes attended divine service, but she never accompanied them.

The question was mooted among the coteries of Locustville, if the lady were Mahometan, Heathen, Pagan, or Chinese—one of these she needs must be. Parties ran high. Serious interruptions were anticipated to the harmony of Locustville, when, one bright summer Sunday morn, this mysterious person entered the village church, leaning upon her husband's arm. Every eye was fixed upon her with an intense eagerness, as if they thought to read her history, in her Mousseline de Laine dress, or the shape of her straw bonnet. Mr. Grafton was evidently a young man, scarcely passing thirty—but, to the surprise of all, when he lifted his hat, it was discovered his hair was *grey!* His look was stern and haughty, and his eye flashed out, as if it would annihilate the intruder who impeded his path. But she,—how shall I describe that singular loveliness which attracted the eyes of the admiring congregation? A face extremely fair, nay colorless, was rendered more striking by dark hued ringlets, with shaded eyes of midnight blackness, "wildly, spiritually bright!" Her paleness was not that of an invalid—the full and perfect form, and faultless features forbade that idea, as only presenting the image of those sculptured statues which "enchant the world."

After the service was over, Mrs. Grafton awaited for a few moments upon the steps the arrival of her carriage.

"I am glad to see you among us," said the doctor's wife, Mrs. Ford, approaching her—"and now that you are well enough to visit, I hope you will come and see me."

"Thank you, madam," she replied in a melodious voice—"I will come with pleasure, if my husband—" she stammered, was confused—"that is, when you have visited me."

"Oh, we have all called upon you already."

"Called upon me!" she said with surprise.

"Oh, yes, and were so unfortunate as to find you had gone out."

"There must be a mistake somewhere—I never heard of it."

"Well, your husband must answer for the mistake," said Mrs. Ford, good humoredly—"for he opened the door himself."

"Indeed!"

A flush of deep emotion passed over her marble face, and, with a heavy sigh, she turned to her husband—who was hastily urging her away—and entered the carriage. The coachman lingered for a moment until a wagon in front of him should move on; and Mrs. Ford, descending the steps, called out,

"Do not forget your promise of being more neighborly!"

"I shall certainly come," replied Mrs. Grafton, while a radiant smile illuminated for a moment her joyless countenance.

How lovely, yet how sad she looked, gazing out so whistfully upon family groups, returning to their homes, or friends exchanging a few words of kindly greeting; as if she sought among them that sympathy which I feared she found not in her husband. Mr. Grafton suddenly drew up the glass, and they drove away.

My mother took my arm, and we also left the church. On our way, we were joined by Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Lookout, two of our neighbors.

"Well, Mrs. Woody, what do you think of our neighbor?" asked Mrs. Ford.

"She is very beautiful," replied my mother, "but I gaze upon her with no pleasure, for there is a deep-seated sorrow in her bosom, which will soon prove a cankerworm to her loveliness. The bounding blood which happiness brings to the cheek, has already deserted it."

"And a very natural thing for one linked to so savage a husband. You heard what she said—it only increases my conviction that she is a *prisoner*, and her husband, with that hideous old woman, are her jailors. With what longing eyes she gazed out of the coach window, like a captive bird from its cage, as if she would give any thing to be among us, exchanging social greetings, and wandering at will."

"I think it is speaking rather strongly to say she is a prisoner," said my gentle mother. "It is evident, her husband shuns all communication with his neighbors, but he may have good reasons, for aught we know. He is a proud man, and may not wish his wife to visit persons whom he considers beneath her."

"Ah, Mrs. Woody, you always see things in the best light. But you are wrong. I know his reasons," said Mrs. Ford, with a solemn tone—"he is *jealous* of her, and keeps her confined like a suspicious Spaniard, or jealous Turk."

"Mrs. Ford, you only echo my own sentiments," observed Mrs. Lookout, with a mysterious air. "Still, you only see one side of the picture. Mr. Grafton would not be jealous *without a cause*."

"What!" cried my mother, indignantly—"you would not insinuate crime in so young a creature! one of our own countrywomen!"

Mrs. Lookout shrugged her shoulders. "I do not relate it as a fact. Such things are rare, I own—but you know she has lived in foreign parts many years. Who knows what bad ways she might have learned!"

Weeks passed over, and Mrs. Grafton did not make her appearance again even in church. It was evidently not her wish to shun them. An universal feeling of good will prevailed towards her, while her husband was pronounced a surly, jealous, unsocial being. Young as I was, I took much interest in the discussions which prevailed in the village regarding this singular family, for the lady of the cottage had made a deep impression upon my fancy. Our house was directly opposite her residence. Often from my garden seat, I gazed across the river, hoping to see her, as had been her wont, walking among her flowers. But she never came again.

One fair summer morning, I repaired to my usual haunt with my favorite volume. Sheltered from the sun by the flowing drapery of a graceful willow, I lay, luxuriating in the beauty and quietness of the scene. It was one of those heavy warm mornings, when even the birds seem too languid to sing—

"The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play;
And on the woods and on the deep
The smiles of heaven lay."

So placid and bright was the river, that every tree and mansion on the opposite side, was reflected as perfectly as in a mirror:

"——— the massy forest grew
As if in upper air,
More perfect, both in shape and hue,
Than any waving there."

Lulled by the tranquillity, I was plunged in a deep reverie, when suddenly a piercing shriek rang through the quiet air! I started, and gazed across the river. There, over the sunny lawn, fled the lady of the cottage as if for life, pursued by *her husband*. The wrinkled duenna followed; but, finding her mistress was overtaken, stood upon the steps wringing her hands, and weeping in bitter anguish.

"I will not come!" she screamed; while every tone was distinctly heard through the deep stillness. "Tyrant! wretch! You shall never force me into that hated jail again!" In her struggles, her hair had escaped from its velvet band, and now fell in disorder around her form. "I will not go! You shall not force me!" She shrieked, "oh, help! help! Will no one help me?"

What a scene! I shivered with horror. My blood stopped flowing, as, with my hands rigidly clasped, I stood gazing upon that hapless lady, dying to fly to her rescue, but fastened to the spot by a sorcerer's spell.

She was forced into the house. The door closed, and all was silent. I started into life, and looked around me. What was this? Why those tones of wretchedness? All was as quiet and beautiful as before. The unruffled river flowed gently away—the trees were motionless as painting, and the heavens were smiling, blue "as an ocean hung on high." What

caused that dark spot which so suddenly fell upon so fair a picture! Had I been dreaming? Yes, yes—I had fallen into a slumber, and some hideous incubus had conjured up the scene. Alas, those piercing cries, still ringing in my ears, were too real to belong to dreaming hours. Some fearful stain blotted that pretty cottage, now radiant with such deceitful loveliness. Overcome with this, my first vision of human woe, I slowly entered the house. My mother was weeping, for she also had heard those tones of misery. Many in the village witnessed the unhappy occurrence, and curses were heaped on the barbarous husband. The young ladies sighed—the young men could scarcely be restrained from storming the castle of this modern Bluebeard—the old men, wrapped in their own affairs, were indifferent to every thing which did not concern themselves—but the old ladies, married and single, determined to investigate so scandalous an occurrence. As wives, they could not look calmly on while one of their order was thus abused by a tyrant husband—as Christians, it behoved them to root this crying evil from the land—and as mothers, they deemed it a duty to rescue those pretty boys from the hands of their savage father.

The desolate lady of the cottage had not called in vain. Help was at hand. It had been ascertained through the postmistress, that Mrs. Grafton occasionally wrote to a Mrs. Stanton in New-York, and the boys, who once accompanied their father to the office, spoke of her as 'mamma's aunt.' To her Mrs. Ford determined to repair, and disclose the cruel situation of her unfortunate niece. Accordingly, never slack in a good cause, she took her seat in the stage coach for the city. Several days had been consumed by the preparations of Mrs. Ford, her journey, and return. In the interim, the people of Locustville became very impatient to penetrate the mystery which hung over the stone cottage. The doors of that mansion were kept constantly closed—the family never appeared—and the stillness of death seemed to reign over the place. Death! perhaps a fearful deed had been committed there! The elders of the village were told it was their duty to investigate the affair ere the culprit escaped—but, determined to await the return of Mrs. Ford, they declined all interference. Every device was imagined to obtain an entrance into the house. The postmaster did not await the old woman's arrival for letters, but took them over himself. At his knock, the duenna opened the door—gave him the money for the package, and closed it upon him. At last, relief came, in the person of a travelling lecturer. Soon after his arrival, he waited upon some of the chief men of the place, inviting their attendance at his lectures. Dr. Ford, partaking his wife's curiosity, and doubting her success in elucidating the mystery, resolved to gain access to the cottage by means of the lecturer. He told him of the wealthy family who resided over the river, and offered to introduce him to them. This offer was, of course, gratefully accepted. Choosing the twilight hour to veil their approach, and take the inmates of the cottage by surprise, the doctor and the temperance lecturer sat out on their visit.

To be continued.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The declining fortunes of this house have been stayed in their downward course, by the unprecedented success of Fanny Elssler. The recollections of the most veteran playgoers can find no parallel to the excitement which the continued performances of this lady have created, amongst even the most staid and sober of our citizens. Several days in advance of each performance, the private boxes, and those of the dress and second circle were engaged, and many a speculator realized enormous profits by the transfer of places, which their provident forethought had secured, to those less considerate.

Of the merits of Fanny Elssler, we, in our last number, hazarded a premature opinion rather adverse to her high and deserved reputation; this we did in the fullness of our honesty, and it is the same honest spirit that now prompts us to take back all that we have said disparagingly of her wonderful talents. In this respect, we have not been singular amongst our cotemporaries of the press. Others have expressed themselves as we did, and retracted as we now do. The subsequent performances of Mademoiselle Elssler have made it manifest to us that the comparative failure in her début, is ascribable more to the ineffective piece selected for that occasion, than to any want of ability on her part. *L'Amour*, the second piece brought out, though merely an interlude, destitute both of plot and interest, was nevertheless better adapted to display the extraordinary powers with which she is endowed, than the ballet, *La Tarentule*, in which she made her first appearance.

Her greatest and most perfect triumph, however, was in the character of *La Sylphide*. A more complete personification of all that is lovely, graceful, and fascinating, can scarcely be imagined. The aerial rapidity of her movements, as she fitted across the stage, the classic elegance of her gestures, each one a study for the sculptor or limner, and the wonderful force and precision with which she executed movements, we should have deemed impossible, had we not seen her accomplish them, combined to render her performance all that the most ardent of her admirers have pronounced it to be.

The last night of her engagement was announced as a gala or complimentary night. The price of admission to the pit was raised to that of the boxes, and a large proportion of the audience which filled the pit and the dress and second circle of boxes, consisted of elegantly-dressed ladies. At an early hour, every part of the theatre was densely crowded, and the whole formed a most animated and brilliant *coup d'œil*. On this occasion, Elssler surpassed all that she had hitherto done. In addition to the ballet of *La Sylphide*, she appeared in three of her favorite dances *La Cracovienne*, *La Cackucha*, and a Spanish Fandangos, entitled *El Jaleo de Jerez*. The latter of these dances took the audience completely by storm; never was effect more electrical, or applause more enthusiastic. To say that it was encored, would be saying nothing; the demand for its repetition was really tempestuous, and at its termination, the star of the evening was called out to receive the honors and farewell cheers of the house, which were bestowed upon her amidst showers of the rarest and most beautiful flowers, and which she acknowledged with a grace peculiarly her own. Waiting until the tumult had somewhat subsided, she advanced to address the audience, and in a moment the most profound silence prevailed. Her address was brief, and comprised in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been so happy along with you, that I am sorry to go away from you, but (pausing and smiling archly) I will come back again." The foreign accent, and *maif* manner of her delivery, surpass our powers of description.

It is the intention of Mademoiselle Elssler, after completing her engagements at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, to repeat her performances in New-York, previous to her return to Europe, in August next. Since her departure from this city, it is scarcely necessary to add, the Park has been literally deserted, notwithstanding the performances of Mrs. Sloman, the most talented tragic actress on the American stage; and on the evening of the 19th of June the theatre closed for the season, and will re-open in August.

BOWERY.—Novelty, variety, and good acting, have been the features at this theatre during the last month, yet they have not succeeded in drawing large audiences. Even Forrest, the most popular actor on our stage, has been playing his usual round of characters to empty benches, and though assisted by Mr. Hamblin, has rarely drawn more than the expenses of the house. Mrs. Shaw having recovered from her severe indisposition, re-commenced her performances with Knowles' new play of "Love," in which she was sustained by the best actors of the establishment, and with the additional aid of Mr. Hamblin. But powerful as this attraction was, it was still insufficient to draw profitable audiences. The return of Mr. Rice, (the veritable Jim Crow) from Europe, was seized upon by the enterprising manager, as a fortunate event, and the moment he arrived, he was engaged. The first night of his appearance, his numerous admirers filled the house to overflowing; the excitement, however, soon subsided, and business, again, became "stale, flat and unprofitable." The never-tiring industry and enterprise of the manager bids fair, however, to restore his establishment to its former prosperous condition. He has a project which is in active execution, for the introduction of an entire new feature in American theatricals, namely, the performance of a series of nautical dramas on *real water*. In order to carry this successfully into effect, almost the entire stage will be removed, and in its place an immense reservoir of water is to be substituted, upon which the pieces will be represented. We shall, in our next, notice the result of this speculation of Mr. Hamblin.

CHATHAM.—This house, during the last month, has done more than its average share of business, and it is to the still undiminished attraction of Madame Celeste, that it owes its unexpected success. With Elssler at the Park; with the combined attractions of rival establishments in opposition, and without a single novelty, (except, if a trumpery affair, entitled "Natalia," may be considered as such,) she continued night after night to fill the house; and her last performance was even better attended than the first. The manager's next engagement was the very antipodes of the graceful and agile Celeste—that very singular specimen of deformity, Hervio Nano, who also rejoices in the cognomen of "the Gnome, or Man Fly," succeeded her, but whether his deformity was as attractive as her loveliness, we are unable to determine, having had no desire to make the comparison personally.

FRANKLIN.—This time-worn, but still popular theatre, having undergone a variety of alterations and embellishments, opened since our last, under the superintendence of its former manager, Mr. Dinneford, and we understand, with a good company, of which Mrs. Gibbs, the vocalist, is *prima donna*. The moderate prices of admission to this house, will always insure good audiences, provided its business is discreetly conducted.

OLYMPIC.—This little theatrical band-box continues in the full tide of success. Having closed a few nights for the purpose of making alterations to admit of a more perfect ventilation, and to be re-embellished, has again opened. Mr. Ranger has been playing his series of French characters, in which he really stands unrivalled, and Mr. Balls has also been giving the Olympics a touch of his quality, under the prudent management of Mr. Mitchell.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The worthy and enterprising proprietor of this delightful retreat, has certainly possessed himself of the talisman of some magician, by which he effects those yearly transformations that are at once the surprise and delight of his numerous patrons. Last season we decided that invention could go no further in embellishing and improving this spot, when lo! on being thrown open to the public, this year, it could scarcely be recognized as the Niblo's Garden of the last. We have neither space nor time to admit of a minute description of the alterations. We shall only recommend our readers to go and examine for themselves. In addition to the Ravel Family, a host in themselves, Mr. Niblo has engaged an excellent stock company of comedians, under the able management of Mr. Chippendale. Miss Melton, Mr. Balls, Mr. Burton and Mr. Williams, have already performed, and several stars are engaged, we understand, to appear in succession during the season.

LITERARY REVIEW.

COUNTESS IDA: Harper & Brothers.—Theodore S. Fay, the author of that popular novel and romance, "Norman Leslie," has presented the world with the present work. The scene is principally laid in Berlin—although, as the work is brought to a close, the more striking incidents occur in France, during the revolution of '98. The characters, with a solitary exception, are poorly drawn, and the naturalness of that one, will be questioned by many. As a writer, appealing strongly to the feelings, Mr. Fay fails in every instance. There is nothing in the "Countess Ida" to enchain the attention, or to create any very extraordinary sympathy in behalf of the characters which are so wretchedly portrayed. It is unnatural to suppose that a man, harassed hourly, as poor Claude is, by the machinations of, and the personal insults heaped upon him, by Elkington, could remain silent, possessing as he does, the power to crush his illiberal defamer, by exposing the existence of a wife, at the time he is making proposals to another—the very one, Claude himself, is in love with. The supposition is absurd. Had Claude been under obligations to Elkington, he would appear differently—but they meet as strangers, and each is as unfettered as the bird that soars the air. Ida, the heroine, should have been made the most prominent personage, rather than the subordinate one she is. We cannot persuade ourselves that Mr. Fay has materially enhanced his reputation by the publication of the "Countess Ida."

HISTORY OF BRITISH AMERICA: Harper & Brothers.—This work is a continuation of the "Family Library," and comprises an historical and descriptive account of British America, comprehending the Canadas, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, the Bermudas, and the fur countries. The subject to which the work relates, is one possessing great interest to the American people. The history of the present British possessions on this continent, is, in the different periods of their discovery, settlement and growth, intimately connected with our own. Bordering, too, upon our whole northern and eastern frontier, they are, throughout this vast extent of nearly four thousand miles, brought into immediate contact with us. Whether, therefore, these countries continue in a state of colonial dependence, or at some future day successfully assert their claim to self-government, it is manifest that, in either case, there must be relations of the highest importance between them and the United States.

IRVING'S WORKS: Lea & Blanchard.—The works of Washington Irving are too well known and widely appreciated, to require an elaborate notice from us. The immense volume in question, embraces the "Sketch Book," "Knickerbocker's History of New-York," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," "A Chronicle of the conquest of Granada," and the "Alhambra." Mr. Irving, as an erudite and polished writer, has, perhaps, but few equals in this country. Of his style, it may be said that it is peculiar to himself, but extremely faulty, however infatuating it may be to his readers. The present edition is accompanied with a spirited likeness of the author. It is unnecessary to remark that no gentleman's library is perfect without the complete works of Washington Irving.—*Carvills.*

COLIN CLINK: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a readable book; containing the contentions, dissections, loves, hatreds, jealousies, hypocrisies and vicissitudes, incident to the chequered life of Colin Clink. Charles Hooton, the author, doubtless anticipates that he has faithfully performed his part of the contract; and he anxiously expects, we suppose, the public to discharge their obligations.—*Levy & Putnam.*

COUSIN GEOFFREY: Lea & Blanchard.—Here we have another of Theodore Hook's novels. If the author has, in this instance, acquitted himself in his usually happy manner, "Cousin Geoffrey, the old Bachelor," will become one of the most popular works of the day.—*Carvills.*

WOMAN AND HER MASTER: Carey & Hart.—This work is from the pen of Lady Morgan, and appears, from a casual glance, to possess considerable interest.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a valuable volume, and should be extensively read. Strangely enough, though the "Christian Year" has passed through more than twenty-five editions in England, it found no avenue to the American press, until brought, last summer, to the notice of the intelligent and liberal publishers, under whose auspices it now appears. We recommend the work, most earnestly, for its pure, affectionate, and elevating character, as a *family book*. The taste which can appreciate its excellencies, is a Christian taste. The meditation of its eminently spiritual strains will tend to spiritualize the heart. The "Christian Year" can be purchased at Messrs. G. & C. Carvills.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND: Marsh, Capen & Webb.—Mrs. Phelps, the late principal of the Troy Seminary, is the author of this valuable volume, and, we are confident, no lady in the country is better calculated to give advice to young ladies on the important subject of education. The object of Mrs. Phelps, is to awaken the minds of the young to the importance of education, and to give them just ideas of the nature, design, and practical application of the various branches of study pursued in the course of a liberal education.

JOANNA OF SICILY: Marsh, Capen & Webb.—This work is the production of Mrs. Ellet, our regular correspondent. She modestly remarks in the preface, that the sketches have no pretension to the dignity of tales, but are merely an attempt to illustrate, by a coloring of the manners of the age, some of the most striking events in the reign of Queen Joanna—facts which are, indeed, "stranger than fiction." The resemblance, between the life and catastrophe of the Queen of Naples, and Mary Stuart, of Scotland, has been frequently remarked, and enhances the interest of her story to American and English feeling, while it must naturally stimulate curiosity to trace the causes that produced events so similar. To youthful readers, who shrink from the task of exploring works of history, or of unmixed biography, this work will prove immensely useful. There are twelve other sketches in the same volume.

TRIUMPH OF PEACE, AND OTHER POEMS.—Poetical productions flow so fast from the press, that it is impossible to devote much time to their examination. Generally speaking, they are merely published to satisfy the vanity of some inflated coxcomb, who imagines himself—with the aid of a rhyming dictionary—a *great poet*. And not feeling disposed to endorse the opinions of any of these *great poets*, in so far as relates to their own talents, we have ever refrained from noticing their magnificent "outpourings of genius." These remarks do not refer to the work under consideration, but were suggested on finding our table lumbered with a score or two of *Poems*. Many of the scraps accompanying the "Triumph of Peace," reflect credit on their author, Mr. C. F. M. Deems—although the principal poem we do not admire.

SCENES IN NATURE; or Conversation for Children: Marsh, Capen & Webb.—This is quite an interesting little volume. It is from the pen of Mrs. Marat, favorably known as the author of "Conversations on Chemistry." A map of the principal mountains in the world, is, also, attached. To persons unacquainted with the numerous lakes, rivers, mountains, falls, etc., in this country, "Scenes in Nature" will prove invaluable.

SPINAL IRRITATION, by John H. Griscom, M.D.—The history, diagnosis, pathology and treatment of the Spinal Irritation, illustrated by cases, are here argued at length. An essay, read before the Medical and Surgical Society, by the author, is also incorporated. As to the correctness of the work, we are unable to express an opinion—but judging from the reputation of Mr. Griscom, it must be a production embracing much valuable information.

UNIVERSAL ATLAS: Tanner & Disturnell.—We have received from the publishers several parts of this extensive atlas. It contains maps of the various empires, kingdoms, states and republics of the world—to be comprised in seventy-two sheets, and forming a series of one hundred and twenty maps, plans and sections, by Henry S. Tanner.



J.M. Wright

Dick sc

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the summer sun,
Blest wi' content and milk and meal
O leeze me on my spinning wheel

Engraved for the Ladies Companion.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

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tic article into a pleasing subject for his muse, and throw the mantle of poetical imagery around it; for, many an evening has the rustic poet been one of such a party, and mingled in the jest and laugh of Scottish lad and lassie.

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the hotel cottages—by searching for a place to stay during the winter holidays, as was said in leading life, which means where to buy a holiday home. The example from a family's point of view of Samskij's family is given in the text.

mated, while, by industry and perseverance in the interim, they could accumulate enough to furnish a humble but necessary dwelling. To effect this, the male lover spared no toil, either in his allotted hours of labor, or in



I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content and milk and meal
O leeze me on my spinning wheel

Engraved for the Ladies Companion.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1840.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

THE lines annexed to the frontispiece do not, perhaps, sufficiently convey an adequate description of the illustration. They are from one of Burns' most Scottish and domestic ballads, entitled "*The Spinning-Wheel*," an engraving, portraying the person and dwelling of a humble Scottish peasant. "*The Spinning-Wheel*," to many of our readers, is doubtless an implement unknown in its name and utility. In former times, and even up to this period, in some parts of Scotland, it was a piece of domestic furniture, in common use, but which, in this age of mechanical ingenuity, has almost been totally supplanted by our manufactory productions. It was an article of simple construction, on which the flax and wool were spun into thread, preparatory to their being consigned to the hands of the weaver for the purpose of being manufactured into cloth, and almost every family in Scotland, rich or poor, had many of these implements for the necessary furnishing of their household and wearing apparel. The lines in the ballad—

"Frae tap to tae that cleeds me weel,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en,"

prove the utility and high estimation with which "*The Spinning-Wheel*" was regarded. The long evenings of winter were principally devoted to this species of labor by the mistresses and domestics of the farm-houses in the country, where, after the hard toils of the day were ended, in the kitchen of the mansion, "*by an ingle bleezing finely*," the whole household, male and female, used to congregate, and lighten its labor with song, jest, and gossip. In those days of primitive contentment, the noblest lady of the land deemed it not beneath her to partake of her task at "*the spinning*," and she, was considered but an idle and useless maiden, who, on the day of her marriage, could not contribute to her *tocher* or dowry, a full supply of bed and table linen, the thread of which was spun by her own hands. This was termed "*the wife's plenishing*," and for which, the husband naturally looked, if for nothing more. "*The Spinning-Wheel*" is an innovation, or rather an amendment upon the more ancient implements, "*the distaff and spindle*," but like all things in this sphere of mutation, they have, also, in their turn, fallen into disuse; labor and money being more profitably expended on other matters, while the commodities formerly produced by "*The Spinning-Wheel*," are now to be purchased—"*superior in quality, and cheaper in price*," as the store-keepers, in their puffs direct, so pertinently publish.

Burns, therefore, could not fail to turn such a domestic article into a pleasing subject for his muse, and throw the mantle of poetical imagery around it; for, many an evening has the rustic poet been one of such a party, and mingled in the jest and laugh of Scottish lad and lassie.

The print is here intended to depict a female in the downhill of life, who supports herself by the labor of "*The Spinning-Wheel*," as, in days of yore, there were many such who obtained a living by this monotonous, yet useful labor, in performing the task for others, who were either too busy or too idle to attend to such an operation :

"I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel."

These lines comprise the summit of a Scottish peasant's domestic contentment—"Milk and meal" having ever been esteemed the stable commodity of their food, while the web, partly manufactured by their own industry, served for their neat and comfortable clothing, and well might she exclaim "*Oh, leeze me, etc.*," which is a strong congratulatory term of endearment to any thing which has a strong hold on the affections, and especially when it clothed her, as the ballad has it, "*frae tap to tae*," and at e'en or evening, "*happ'd her lsel, and kept her warm*." The natural beauty of many of the Scottish expressions, are lost upon an English and American sense. There is an idiom, and also a graphic power of simplicity and beauty—for beauty is ever allied to simplicity—comprehended, perhaps, in one word or sentence, which, to a native of Scotland, comprehends a volume of expression, but which, to a foreigner, although he may guess at its meaning, yet falls upon his ear unmusically and most uninteresting.

The substance of the ballad is a perfect description of a peasant's cottage, with its surrounding objects, and who that looks upon the work of the engraver, and reads the poem, but must exclaim, "*Happiness and contentment here have their dwelling*." There you behold the little *burnies* or rivulets, meeting below the *theekit* or thatched cottage—the scented birk and white hawthorn, spreading their branches across the streamlet, while the sun is casting his kindly rays into the *biel* or shelter where Bessy blithely turns the spinning-wheel. We can, from ocular demonstration, assert it is a true scene of Scottish life, and as such, Burns has tinted it with the glowing colors from the pallet of nature.

We remember an anecdote, once to us related, regarding "*The Spinning-Wheel*," and which, perhaps, will not, at present, prove altogether out of place. In the Southern part of Scotland, two young persons who were devotedly attached to each other, and who, from poverty alone, were prevented from being united, but secure in each other's affections, had determined to await, with patience, the time when their union could be consummated, while, by industry and perseverance in the interim, they could accumulate enough to furnish a humble but necessary dwelling. To effect this, the male lover spared no toil, either in his allotted hours of labor, or in

his private ones, to amass his requisite share of the *plenshing*, while the maiden was equally assiduous in her domestic occupations. Two years had thus elapsed, and still much was wanting to complete the sum which they had considered as necessary. At this moment a proud but foolish resolution took possession of the mind of the young man. The war, which was then raging nearly over all Europe, presented inducements to enterprising youths who wished to acquire a name, and, perhaps, a fortune in the military campaigns. Our rural hero, therefore, in opposition to all persuasions, resolved to encounter the perils of "*the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war*," and having obtained the sacred promise of his true love's fidelity, he at once enlisted in one of the British regiments, then on the eve of marching for the continent, for the pursuance of the war between France and England, in 1808, where, after enduring the fatigues of a campaign ever memorable in the annals of those times, for that celebrated retreat through the naked mountains of Galicia, he encountered a similar fate to the gallant Moore on the plains of Corunna.

Months passed away, and still no tidings reached the true-hearted girl. Thoughts of bloodshed—doubts and hopes of his return still kept alive the lamp of life, but it was evident to all, that the worm was at the core, and the rose was dying on its stem. One evening, when lying awake upon her tear-bedewed pillow, her humble apartment dimly lighted by the dying embers on the hearth, she thought she beheld the figure of her lover, pale and melancholy, in a soldier's uniform, gazing intently upon her favorite "*Spinning-Wheel*," and singing the beautiful lines of Canningham:

"Hame, hame, hame, it's fain would I be—
Hame, hame, hame to my ain kintree;
When the rose is in the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
Oh! the lark shall sing me hame to my ain kintree."

Motionless and terror-stricken, she spoke not, breathed not, while the apparition slowly arose, gazed mournfully upon her, and vanished through the door. From this moment decay came rapidly over her. She avoided all intercourse with society, and the only comfort she apparently found, was in her favorite occupation at the *spinning-wheel*. One autumn evening she had retired to a wonted haunt on the banks of the Tweed, a spot rendered doubly dear to her from loved associations with her departed lover, for conviction, from that night of his supernatural appearance, had settled in her heart that he was no longer in the land of mortality. Thus seated on the banks of the clear flowing Tweed, the spectre again stood before her. He beckoned her to approach, as he again faintly repeated:—

"Hame, hame, hame, it's fain would I be—
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain kintree."

She mechanically and tremblingly followed his retreating steps. They reached the river's bank, and the next moment the vision and the maiden were entombed in the silvery waters of the Tweed. On the morning, search was made, when the body of the ill-fated girl was found cast ashore upon the daisied sward, where it lay beautiful in death as a bride on the morning of her bridal.

R. H.

Original.

T O A B O Y .

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

BRIGHT boy! the merry, merry tones
Of that dear voice of thine,
Awake the echoes in my heart,
Of feelings half divine—
Of feelings that have not grown old,
And never can decay;
Because I know they came from Heaven,
In Youth's unsullied day.

And I, yes, I, was once a child,
Thus void of sin and care,
And freely fell my sunny locks
Around a brow as fair.
Up from my spirit bubbled out,
Such fountains of sweet words,
And every broken song I sang,
Was warbled like a bird's.

Oh, happy time! soon, soon to pass,
Like sunlight from the sea—
Yet Heaven avert that shadow's fall,
Too early, boy, on thee!
Kind angels! trim thy little sail,
By winds of incense fanned,
And make the billows smooth that bear
Thy shallop from the land.

The pleasant land of mild repose—
Thy Mother's sheltering breast!
Where, like a dove, not long ago,
Thy slumbers found a nest.
Thy blue orbs opened, and they saw
The purest, sweetest skies,
Whence stars were looking down on thee—
They were thy mother's eyes.

Oh, would that I, a lonely man,
Apart from all my kin,
Could something of the love, that guards
Thy infant footsteps, win!
Then might those feelings, which spring up
At thy caress like flowers,
Bloom fair and long, thou radiant child,
As in my morning hours.

Vain hope! sad wish! my noon of life
Must soon above me glow;
And ebb those spirit-lifting tides
That now beneath me flow;
None near to love me, none to mourn,
I sink in Sorrow's wave—
Too happy if a stranger's tear
Shall dew my humble grave.

\$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

MARY DERWENT.*

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

"WE are taught to look with pity and dread on the insane, and when the mind takes a malignant or melancholy character, perhaps there is no greater object of compassion than a person bereft of reasoning faculties, yet subject still to the torment which caused his misfortune. But with me, madness took a strange and pleasant form. It was but the loss of reason and acuteness of feeling, while the fancy was left unbridled to revel at will among the high and beautiful things of its own wild creation. The realities which had tortured me to madness, entirely departed from my memory: I turned again to the soft fancies and pleasant feelings of childhood, mingled with dreams of such fantastic and wild loveliness, that the year of my mental bereavement seemed rather spent in some higher and happier world, than in the confines of my own domain. Almost every day I took to myself some new form. Sometimes I fancied myself a nightingale, cradling my nest in the boughs of an acacia that grew beneath my window. When such phantasies held possession of my shattered mind, I would fold my arms on my bosom, and strains of the richest and most thrilling melody would steal from my lips, hour after hour, such as would have exhausted the heart of any sane being. When a wandering bird came fluttering about the casement, I would chirp and let my notes fall to a soft liquid flow, in imitation of his, that I might win the companionship of a creature, which, I believed, to be of like attributes with myself. Even now I can remember how my heart swelled, and how my voice quivered with disappointment, when the bird looked shily about, and fluttered away to some distant tree, startled, and yet half allured by my effort to detain him. At such times I would hush my voice to a low, mournful strain, and weep and sing with a child-like sorrow, till Varnham came and persuaded me away to rest—such rest, sweet and quiet, as I had never known since my infancy.

"Another time I would dream myself a seraph, up among the clouds, floating away with wavy and pleasant motion through the sky, and waiting with tranquillity for the evening to come, that I might wander among the planets, and bathe my wings in the moonlight. There was one large, bright star which shone night after night, with a clear, gem-like brilliancy through the leaves of my acacia. The moment it appeared, I plumed my fancied wings, and shot away through its dazzling walls to a world of such happiness as my perfect mind had never imagined. I peopled the world with shapes of aerial beauty—with such pure, spiritual creatures, as haunt the brain of the poet, till he turns away from

earth, and dwells for ever with the children of his own mind. With these I found companionship, and in my wild conception grew ethereal and lovely in form and mind, even as they were. Nightly I went to my ideal world, and we sported together—my sister spirits and I—in groves where the trees were transparent and water-like in their clearness—every trunk a column of clouded agate spreading out to a canopy of thick leaves—each leaf a broad emerald, which struck against its fellow with a soft, bell-like chime, making the air melodious as with a thousand fairy harps set in motion by the breeze. We wandered together, to and fro beneath the emerald shade, where columns of heavenly sculpture shot their snowy shafts up from among the trees, and where temples, pillared with jasper, and domed with fluted pearl and burning opal stone, stood in clouds of soft light, which curled upward for ever, with a continued silvery smoke emitted from their own exhaustless censers. Or we would soar upward and away, shaking the rosy light from our wings as we flew, now up high in the mellow atmosphere, and again just skimming the earth; or, perchance, we might stop to rest on the crystal basin of a fountain, where our forms were flung back with a thousand rainbow beauties, as we hovered among the thick vines which drooped to the margin, heavy with emerald leaves, and with clusters of blood-red rubies and purple amethysts, each gem shedding a light from its own burning core upon the pelucid water, that sparkled and laughed in their basin, and then flowed away in soft liquid murmurs toward the grove we had left behind. The laws which regulate earth were unknown in this world of my wild creation. There was neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, to shed down their light. But an atmosphere as soft and bland as the perfume of a bed of water-lilies, when they unfold their pearly hearts to the evening breeze, received a rainbow light from the glowing trees, and the delicate flowers that burst to blossom every where, around the leaping cascades, among the transparent rocks and high up on the distant mountains that bounded the sight with their faint gold and billowy purple. Oh! how happy I fancied myself in this ideal region! How I loved to interlace my wings with the bright beings I have but faintly described, and while we nestled together among the vines, or lay on the odorous flowers, to whisper to them of the things I had seen on earth, of the sorrows which had crushed my heart, and of the tears that I had shed: I fancied that they gathered around me with expressions of wonder at the name of sorrow, like innocent children when the cold, drear grave, and the unfathomable mysteries of eternity are first opened to their young minds. They—the sweet seraphs of my imagination—could not understand how affection for any thing might be wrong, their very being was love, and they could comprehend nothing of sin, nothing which was not as spiritual and as holy as themselves.

"I can never describe the cold, hopeless struggle of my heart to retain this last and brightest of all the delusions which haunted my insane moments, when my intellect began to resume its functions. It seemed as if some cruel spirit were gradually tightening the bonds

* Continued from page 127.

of earth about me, and were ruthlessly dragging me back to the real, while my spirit clung with intense longing to its own wild ideal. It was a sad, sad night to me, when that star arose in the sky, and sent its pure beams down to the bosom of my acacia, and when I felt that the clear orb would henceforth be to me but a star. That the high realms which I had located in its distant bosom, was but the dream of a diseased fancy, which would return no more with its beautiful and vivid faith, which had no power to reason or doubt. But we can force the phantasies no more than affections of the mind. My disease left me, and then the passions and aspirations of my old nature started up in my heart, one after another, like marble statues over which a thick drapery had been flung for a season. And there in the midst, more firmly established than ever, *his* image remained—his name, his being, and the sad history of my own sinfulness, had, for one whole year, been to me but as an indefinite and painful dream. But sorrow, and sin, and insanity itself, had failed to uproot the love which had led to such misery. Can I be blamed that I prayed for insanity again, when in my madness there were none but innocent thoughts to haunt my bosom?

"Varnham had watched me for one year, as a mother over a wayward child; but a few days before my mind began to resume its vigor, the illness of a near relative forced him from his guardship. In my wildest moments I had always been gentle and submissive, but I was told that he left me with much reluctance to the care of my own maid, and the housekeeper. Both loved me, and he knew that with them I should be safe. When I began to question my attendants of what had passed during my confinement, they appeared surprised with the quietness and regularity of my speech, but were ready to convince themselves that it was only one of the fitful appearances of sanity which had often deceived them during my illness. They, however, answered me frankly, and with the respect which Varnham had ever enjoined upon them, even when he supposed that I could neither understand nor resent indignity.

"They told me, that on the night of my arrival at Ashton, they were all summoned from their beds by a violent ringing of the library bell, and that when they entered, my husband was holding me forcibly in his arms, though he was so deadly pale, and trembling so violently, that the effort seemed too much for his strength. At first they dared not attempt to arrest him; there was something so terrible in my shrieks and wild efforts to free myself, that they were appalled. It was not till I had exhausted my strength, and lay breathless and faintly struggling on his bosom, that they ventured to approach. I must have been a fearful sight, as they described me, with the white foam swelling to my lips—my face flushed—my eyes vivid with fever, and my hands clenched wildly in the long hair which fell over my husband's ~~arms~~ and bosom, matted with the jewels which I had worn at Murray's wedding. At every fresh effort I made to extricate myself, some of these gems broke loose, and flashed to the floor, to be trampled beneath the feet of my servants; for every thing was unheeded in the panic which my sudden phrenzy had created.

"'Oh, it was an awful scene!' exclaimed the old housekeeper, breaking off in her description, and removing the glasses from her tearful eyes as she spoke. 'I was frightened when I looked at you, but when my master lifted his face, and the light lay full upon it, my heart swelled, and I began to cry like a child. There was something in his look—I cannot tell what it was—something that made me hold my breath with awe, and yet sent the tears to my eyes. I forgot you when I looked at him. We carried you away to this chamber, and when we laid you on the bed, you laughed and sung in a wild, shrill voice, that made the blood grow cold in my veins. I have never heard a sound so painful and thrilling as your cries were that night. For many hours you raved about some terrible deed that was to be done, and wildly begged that there might be no murder. Then you would start up and extend your arms in a pleading, earnest way to my master, and would entreat him with wild and touching eloquence, to let you die—to imprison you in some cold, drear place, where you would never sin again; but to commit no bloodshed. I knew that all this was but the effect of a brain fever—that there could be no meaning in your words. Yet I thought that my master should have striven to tranquilize you more than he did. Had he promised all you required, it might have had a soothing influence; for you were strangely anxious that he should give a pledge that he would seek no vengeance on some person who was not named. Yet, though you would at moments plead for mercy and protection with a piteous helplessness that would have won the heart of any enemy to compassion, he stood over you unchanged in that look of stern, immovable agony, which had struck me so forcibly in the library. He scarcely seemed to comprehend the wild pathos of your words, but his composure was stern, and painful to look upon. At last you appeared to become more quiet, but still kept your eyes fixed pleadingly on his face, and a wild, sweet strain breathed from your lips, with a rise and fall so sad and plaintive, that it seemed as if half your voice must have dissolved to tears, and a broken heart, was flowing away in its own low melody. While the music yet lingered about your lips, you began to talk of your mother, of a stone church where she had first taught you to pray—of a coffin, and a large white rose-tree, that grew beneath a window, which you had loved because her dear hand had planted it, and then you besought that some one would bring some of those roses—white and pure they were, you said—that they might be laid upon your heart to take the stain away, and then none need be ashamed to weep when you died, and, perhaps, then they might bury you beside your mother. It was enough to break one's heart to hear you plead in that sad, earnest way, and I saw, though the tears which almost blinded me, that my master was losing his self-command. The veins began to swell on his forehead, and a tremulous motion became visible about his mouth, which had, till then, remained as firm and almost as white as marble. He made a movement as if about to go away; but just then you raised your arms, and winding them about his neck, said: 'Nay, Varnham,

you will not leave me to die *here*. Let us go to our own old home. I will be very quiet, and will not try to live—only promise me this: bury me beneath the balcony, and let that lone, white rose-tree blossom over me for ever and ever. I cannot exactly tell why, but they will not let me be laid beside my mother, so my spirit shall rest among those pure flowers in patient bondage, till all shall say that it is purified and stainless enough to go and dwell with her. Kiss me once more, and say that you will go.' My master could but feebly resist the effort with which his face was drawn to yours; but when your lips met his, he began to tremble again, and strove to unwind your arms from his neck; but you laid your head on his bosom, and that low, sad melody again broke from your lips, and your arms still wound more clingingly about him, at every effort to undo their clasp. He looked down upon the face that would not be removed from its rest; his bosom heaved, he wound his arms convulsively about your form for a moment, then forced you back to the pillow, and fell upon his knees by the bed-side. His face was buried in the counterpane, but the sound of his half-stifled sobs grew audible throughout the room, and the bed shook beneath the violent trembling of his form. I beckoned the maid, and we stole from his presence, for it seemed wrong to stand by and gaze upon such grief.

"When we returned, you were silent, and apparently asleep. He was sitting by the bed, and his eyes were fixed on your face with the same mournful, forgiving look with which I have seen him regard you a thousand times since. He spoke in his usual gentle way, and told us to tread lightly that we might not disturb you. It was many hours before you awoke. My master was concealed by the drapery; you started up with a wild cry, and asked if he had gone to do murder. He caught you in his arms as you were about to spring from the bed, and with gentle violence forced you back to the pillows again. Then he waved his hand for us to draw back, and spoke to you in a solemn and impressive voice; but the last words only reached me. They were, 'I have promised, solemnly promised, Caroline—now try to comprehend me and be at rest.' Your fever raged many days after that, and you were constantly delirious, but never violent, and that frightful dread of some impending evil seemed to have left you entirely. Your disease, at length, abated, and the bloom gradually returned to your cheek, but every new mark of convalescence, but seemed to deepen the melancholy which had settled on my master. He was restless, and sometimes almost irritable when we pointed out proofs of returning health and reason. But when day after day passed by, and your mind still continued its child-like gentleness and its fanciful wanderings, when you would smile upon him so sweetly, and talk of the beautiful things you had seen, of strange worlds and flowers and birds, with an enthusiasm which combined the wildness of insanity with the gentle simplicity of childhood, he seemed to love you more fondly than ever. He would sit and talk to you of these sweet themes, and listen to your singing, which never seemed so full of the heart as then, and encouraged all your childish wishes with the

indulgence of an anxious parent. When I saw you both so contented and so constantly together, I thought of those times when we had so much company at Ashton, of the hours which my good master would spend alone in the library, when every body else was so gay. And as I compared your soft voice and submissive manners with the imperious and lofty air of those times, it did not seem so strange that my master should content himself with the mental alienation which never took a more lovely form than was displayed in yourself.

"When the physicians decided that your mind would never regain its former strength, but that it would ever remain wandering and gentle, and full of beautiful images as the fever had left it, still, my master became cheerful. He would allow no restraint to be placed upon you, and gave orders that you should be attended with all the respect and deference that had ever been rendered to your station. He never seemed more happy than while wandering with you about the gardens, and in the park, and yet there were times when he would sit and gaze on your face as you slept, with a sad, regretful look, that betrayed how truly he must have sorrowed over your misfortune. There was a yearning tenderness in his eye at such times, more touching far than tears. I could see that he struggled against these feelings, as if there had been something to be ashamed of in them, but they would return again."

"All this, and much more, my good housekeeper said in answer to the questions which I put to her, as my reason began to connect the present with the past. She did not hesitate to inform me of any thing that I might wish to know, for she had no belief in my power to understand and connect her narrative. I had often questioned her before, and invariably forgot her answers as they fell from her lips; but every word of this was graven on my memory, and if I have not repeated her exact language, the spirit and detail of her information is preserved.

"I pondered on all that had been told to me, and I felt how bitter must be the news of my returning reason to the man who had forgiven the sins of my real character, because it had been so painfully lost in a visionary one, which disarmed resentment only from its very helplessness. I understood all Varnham's generosity, all his extraordinary forbearance, but I felt that it was impossible for me ever to see him again. My plan, for the future, was soon formed. I resolved to leave England for ever. My heart sickened when I thought of mingling in society, of meeting with people who might talk to me of things which would rend my heart continually with recollections of the past. The love which had been my ruin, still held possession of my heart with a strength which would not be conquered. Could I go forth, then, into the world? or could I live in my own house where every thing was associated with the memory of that love,—where every bush and flower would breathe a reproach to the heart which still worshipped on, when worship was double guilt and double shame. No, I resolved to leave all, to break every tie which bound me to civilized man, and to fling myself into a new state of existence. I thought, and still think,

that it was the only way by which I could secure any portion of tranquillity to my husband. It would pain him to believe that I had died by my own hands, but much more terrible would it have been had he returned to the mindless being who had become so utterly helpless, so completely the object of his compassion that she had wound herself around his heart with a thousand links more tender than those of equal love; and have found, in her place, the woman who had wronged him, fully conscious of her fault, shrinking beneath her degradation, and yet without the humility and penitence which should have followed his generous forbearance. There was too much of the pride of my old nature left. I could not have lived in the same house with the man I had so injured.

"The Gordon property was unentailed, with the exception of one small estate, which went with the title. Immediately on coming in possession of the estates, I had made a will, bequeathing the whole vast property to my husband. He knew nothing of this, but the will was consigned to the hands of trustees, and I was certain that it would be legally acted upon. In raising the sum which I had devoted to Murray, my agent had sold stocks to more than quadruple the amount; the money had been paid to me, but in the excitement of my feelings, I had neglected to place it with my banker, and had left it in my private *escritoire*, at our town house, where was also deposited the most valuable portion of my jewels. I had no arrangements to make which could in any way reveal the course I had determined to pursue.

"There was one subject which I had not yet ventured to mention. My cheek burned, and my heart beat quick, when I at last brought myself to inquire about Murray. He was living a secluded life at a small cottage near Richmond. It was all I cared to learn.

"The second night after the conversation with my housekeeper, I stole softly to the room of a sleeping housemaid, and dressed myself in a suit of cast-off clothing which was not likely to be missed, and then with a few guineas which I had found in my desk, I went cautiously out, and left my house for ever. About a mile from there ran a stream, of small magnitude, but remarkable for its depth in many places. On the brink of this stream I left a portion of the garments I had worn, and then departed on foot for the nearest post town, where I procured a passage to London. I found my house closed, but entered it with a private key, and took from my *escritoire* the money and jewels which had been left there more than a year before.

"The third evening after leaving Ashton, I stood in front of a beautiful cottage, out from the thickly inhabited portion of Richmond. A light broke softly through the wreathing foliage which draped the windows of a lower room, and I could distinguish the shadow of a man, walking to and fro within. I knew that it was Murray, and that I should see him once more that night, yet my heart beat slow and regularly, without a throb to warn me of the deep feeling which still lived there in its undying strength. I had no hope, and entire hopelessness is rest. I inquired for the housekeeper,

and told her that I had been informed that she wished to hire a housemaid, and that I was without a place, and had come all the way from the city to secure one with her. I knew that she could not find it in her heart to send me back to London late at night and alone. I was invited to stay 'till morning.

"When the kind housekeeper was asleep, I stole from her room and sought the apartment where I had seen the light. It was a small room, partly fitted up as a study, and partly as a parlor. Books and musical instruments lay scattered about; a few cabinet pictures hung upon the walls, and a portrait of Murray looked down upon me from over the mantle-piece as I entered. A lamp was still burning, and an open work-box seemed to have been pushed from its station on the table, directly beneath it, to make room for a small book of closely-filled manuscript which lay open, as if it had just been written in. A pen lay by, and the ink was yet damp on the unfinished page. Even across the room I knew the handwriting; the impulse to read was unconquerable. I held my breath as I bent over the page, for the stillness around was like the hush of a tomb, and the characters seemed to start up like living witnesses beneath my eye. Thus the page read:

"They tell me she is mad—that her fine mind is broken, and her warm heart unstrung for ever. They say this, and comment and speculate upon causes in my presence as if I could not feel. I sit with apparent calmness and listen to things which would break a common heart. The soft smile of my wife is ever upon me, and the cheek of my boy will dimple beneath my glance if I but raise my eyes to his innocent face, and yet there are times when I *cannot* look upon them. The image of that noble and ruined being is for ever starting up between me and them. I did not intend this when I took upon myself to regulate the destiny of a fellow being—madness—no, no, I never thought of that! I did not dream that my own heart—but why should I write this? Yet I cannot keep these feelings for ever pent up in my heart. It was terrible news when they told me that there was no hope—that she could not recover; just then she must come, my wife, with her innocent and loving voice, to give me the good-night kiss before she left me. Poor thing, she little dreamed of the melancholy feelings which caused me to return her caress so coldly. I will try and seek rest, but not with them; sometimes I wish that I might never see them again. I must be alone to-night!"

"It was but the fulfilment of my own prophecy. I knew that he could not be happy; that he never would be again; never even tranquil 'till he believed me in my grave. My resolution was more firmly established, I would not live a continual cause of torment to him. I had no desire that he should be unhappy; in my most wretched moments the feeling had never entered my heart.

"The rustle of silk caused me to start from where I was bending over the book. It was only the night wind sweeping through an open casement, and sending the curtain, which had dropped over it, streaming out like a banner into the room. I stood upright, silent, and

breathless, for on a low couch, which the window drape had half concealed 'till now, lay Grenville Murray. The lamp shone full upon his face, and even from the distance, I could mark the change which a year of mental agitation had made in it. I went softly to the couch and knelt down, and gazed upon him with a hushed and calm feeling, like that which a mother might know while bending over the corpse of a beloved, but wayward, child. Twice the clock chimed the hour, and still I knelt by that couch and gazed on that pale, sleeping face, with a cold, hopeless sorrow that had no voice for lamentation. A third time the clock beat. I bent forward and pressed my lips to his with a feeling as full of grief, yet as free from earthly passion as ever sprung from the heart of human being. My lips were cold and tremulous, but he did not awake beneath the pressure, and I did not repeat it or look on him again, though I knew that we were parting for ever. I passed from the house slowly, and with a solemn feeling of desolation, as one might tread through a grave-yard alone and at midnight.

"In the disguise, which had served me so well, I sailed for America. I had no wish to mingle with my race, but took my way from New-York, to the valley of the Mohawk, and sought the presence of Sir William Johnson. To him I revealed myself and as much of my history as was necessary to ensure his co-operation in my plan for the future. Under a solemn promise of secrecy, which has never been broken, I entrusted my wealth to his agency, and procured an escort to the tribe of Mohawk Indians, then located in his neighborhood. It was my determination to throw off my old habits, to force all thoughts of what I had been from my heart, and to become one of them.

"I was, among the children of nature, in the broad, deep forests of a new world. I had broken every tie which had bound me to my kind, and was free. For the first time in my life, I felt the force of liberty and the wild, sublime pleasure of an unshackled spirit. Every new thought which awoke my heart in that deep wilderness, was full of sublimity and wild poetic strength. There was something of stern, inborn greatness in the savage tribe which had adopted me—something picturesque in their raiment, and majestic in their wild, untaught eloquence, that aroused all the new and stern properties of my nature, 'till my very being seemed changed. The wish to be loved and cherished forsook me for ever. New energies started to life, and I almost scorned my heart that it could ever have bowed to the weakness of affection. What was dominion over one heart compared to the knowledge that the wild, fierce spirits of a thousand savage beings were quelled by the very sound of my footsteps? not with a physical and cowardly fear, but with an awe which was of the spirit—a superstitious dread which was to them a religion. Without any effort of my own, I became a being of fear and wonder to the whole Mohawk nation. They looked upon me as a spirit from the great hunting-ground, sent to them by Maneto, endowed with beauty and supernatural powers, which demanded all their rude worship, and fixed me among them as a diety. I encouraged this

belief, for a thirst for rule and ascendancy was strong upon me. I became a despot and yet a benefactress in the exercise of my power and the distribution of my wealth. Did one of those strong, savage creatures dare to offend me, I had but to lift my finger and he was stripped of his ornaments and scourged forth from his nation, a disgraced and abandoned alien, without home, or people, or friends. On the other hand, did they wish for trinkets, or beads, or powder for the rifles, which I had presented to many of them, they had but to bend low to their "White Queen" as she passed, to weave her lodge with flowers, and line it with rich furs; to bring her a singing bird, or to carry her litter through the rough passes of the mountains, and a piece of smooth bark covered with signs, which they knew nothing of, was sent to Sir William Johnson, and lo, their wants were supplied.

"This was power, such as my changed heart panted for. I grew stern, selfish and despotic among these rude savages, but never cruel. Your people wrong me there; no drop of blood has ever been shed by me or through my instrumentality; but my gold has bought many poor victims from the stake, who falsely believe that my vindictive power had sent them there; my entreaties have saved many a village from the flames, and many hearth from desolation, where my name is spoken as a word of fear. The chief of the Mohawks had mingled much with the whites, and had become somewhat familiarized with their habits. Independent of this superior knowledge, his mind was naturally too majestic and penetrating to yield me the homage which was so readily rendered by the more ignorant of his tribe. It were painful to dwell on this period of my life. Suffice it; again I heard the pleadings of love from the rude, untutored lips of a savage chief. I, who had fled from the very name of affection as from a pestilence—who had given up country and home, and the semblance of existence that my heart might be at rest, was forced to listen to the pleadings of love from a savage, in the heart of an American wilderness. A being who had scarcely dreamed even of the rudiments of civilization, came with a lordly confidence and fierce brow, to woo me as his wife. My heart recoiled at the unnatural suggestion, but I had no scorn for the free, firm Mohawk who made it. If his mode of wooing was rough and untaught, it was also eloquent, sincere and manly, and those were properties which my spirit had ever answered to. No, I had nothing of scorn for the red warrior, but I rebuked him for his boldness, and threatened to forsake his tribe for ever, should he dare to renew the subject.

"Three weeks after the Mohawk had declared his bold wishes, a hunting-party returned to the encampment, bringing with them three prisoners, a white man, his wife and child. My heart ached when I heard of this, for I dared not, as usual, entreat the chief for their release, nor even offer to purchase their freedom with gold. His disappointment had rendered him almost morose, and I shuddered to think of the reward he might require for the liberation of his prisoners. I had full cause for apprehension.

"I shudder even now, when I think of the horrible sensation which crept over me as the warriors went forth from the camp, file after file, painted and plumed with gorgeous feathers, each with his war-club and tomahawk, to put three beings, of my blood and nation, to a death of torture. I dared not plead for their release in person, but sent to offer ransom, earnestly appealing to the generosity of the Mohawk chief in my message. He returned me no answer. I could do nothing more, but as the hours crept by, my heart was very, very heavy; it seemed as if the sin of blood were about to be heaped upon it. The night came on dark and gloomy as the grave. The whole tribe, even to the women and children, had gone into the forest, and I was alone in my lodge. There was something more appalling than I can describe in the dense gloom which had settled on the wilderness, in the whoop and fierce cries of the revelling savages, which surged up from the dark trees like the roar and rant of a herd of wild beasts wrangling over their prey. Not a star was in the sky, not a sound stirrid abroad—nothing save the black night and the horrid din of those blood-thirsty savages met my senses. Suddenly, a sharp yell cut through the air like the cry of a thousand famished hyenas and then a spire of flame darted up from the murky forest, and shot into the darkness with a clear, lurid brightness, like the flaming tongue of a dragon, quivering and afire with its own venom. Again that yell rang out—again and again, 'till the very air seemed alive with savage tongues. I could bear no more; my nerves had been too madly excited. I sprang forward with a cry almost as wild as theirs, and rushed into the forest. They were congregated there, in the light of that lurid fire, dancing and yelling like a troop of carousing demons; their tomahawks and scalping-knives flashed before me, and their fierce eyes glared more fiercely as I rushed through them to the presence of their chief. The dance was stopped, by a motion of his war-club, and he listened with grave attention to my frantic offer of beads or blankets or gold to any amount, in ransom for his prisoners. He refused all; but one ransom could purchase the lives of those three human beings, and that I could not pay. It was far better that blood should be shed than I should force my heart to consummate a union so horrible, as mine with a savage. I turned from the relentless Mohawk sorrowing and heart-stricken. The blood of the poor victims seemed clogging my feet as I made my way through the crowd of savage forms that but waited my disappearance to drag them forth to death. Even while I passed the death-fire, fresh pine was heaped upon it, and a smothered cry burst forth from the dusky crowd, as a volume of smoke rolled up and revealed the victims. They were bound to the trunk of a large pine, which towered within the glare of the death-fire, its heavy limbs reddening and drooping in the cloud of smoke and embers that surged through them to the sky, and its slender leaves falling in scorched and burning showers to the earth, whenever a gust of wind sent the flames directly among them. The prisoners were almost entirely stripped of clothing, and the lurid brightness shed over the pine revealed their pale forms with terrible distinctness.

The frightened child crouched upon the ground, clinging to the knees of his mother, and quaking in every slight limb as the flames swept their reeking breath more and more hotly upon them. The long, black hair of the mother fell over her bent face; her arms were extended downwards toward the boy, and she struggled weakly against the thongs that bound her waist, at every fresh effort which the poor thing made to find shelter in her bosom. There was one other face, pale and stern as marble, yet full of a fixed agony, which spoke of human suffering, frightful to behold. That face was Grenville Murray's. My feelings had been excited almost to the verge of renewed insanity, but now they became calm, calm from the force of astonishment and from the strong resolve of self-sacrifice which settled upon them. I turned and forced my way through the crowd of savage forms, rushing toward that hapless group and again stood before the chief. I pointed toward the prisoners now concealed by the smoke and eddying flames.

'Call away those fiends,' I said. 'Give back all that has been taken from the prisoners. Send them to the next settlement with a guard of fifty warriors, and I will become your wife.'

"The white queen has spoken well; her brethren shall go.' This was the only reply of the chief, but the exultation of his wild spirit could not be concealed. I saw the heaving of his chest, and the fierce joy that flashed from his eyes, but in that moment of stern resolve, my heart would not have shrunk from its purpose though the fang of an adder had been fixed within it. The chief lifted his war-club and uttered a loud, peculiar cry. Instantly, the savages that were rushing like so many demons toward their prey, fell back and ranged themselves in a broad circle around the Mohawk. He spoke a few sentences in the Indian tongue. Words of energetic eloquence they must have been to have torn that savage horde from their destined victims, for like wild beasts they seemed athirst for blood. When the chief ceased speaking, the tribe arose with a morose gravity that concealed their disappointment and dispersed among the trees; the mellow tramp of their moccasins died away, and fifty warriors alone stood around their chief, ready to escort the prisoners to a place of safety. I drew back beneath the concealment of a tree, and secure in my changed dress, saw them lead forth the prisoners. I heard the sobs of the happy mother as the boy clung, half in joy and half in affright, to her bosom. I saw tears stand on the pale and quivering cheek of the father as he strove to utter his gratitude to the Mohawk. I heard the tramp of the horses, and the measured tread of the fifty warriors, come faintly from the distance; then the fire which was to have been the death-flame of Grenville Murray, and his household, streamed up into the solitude, and in its red glare I stood before the savage whose slave I had become."

CHAPTER VII.

"I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience."

TOWARD sunset, on the same day that witnessed Catharine Montour's interview with the Missionary, Mary

Derwent wandered alone into the forest, for her spirit, more than ever, felt the need of solitude. With a strong religious principle, which had gradually strengthened in her young heart during her daily communion with the high things in nature, she had wrestled with her love for a human being, which in its purity and strength had almost become a portion of that religion, 'till her spirit had conquered its weakness. For hours and hours since the previous evening, she had prayed earnestly to that God whom she had learned to love, through his own beautiful works, for strength to endure and power to conquer. She took her heart, with all its pure and affectionate impulses, and laid it at the feet of Jehovah, with the beautiful and unquestioning trustfulness which sends an infant to its mother's bosom, and with the eloquence of a poetic and exalted faith, she had won power to regulate her own nature. The spiritual and subdued loveliness of a conscience at rest with itself, shed its softness about her, as dew lingers among the petals of a snow-drop. She wandered through the forest, indulging in a tranquil happiness which had never visited her before. The flowers seemed smiling with a new beauty as she turned aside, that they might not be trodden into the moss by her footsteps; the birds seemed vocal with a sweeter music, and the air came balmily to her lips; yet the day, in reality, was no finer than a hundred others had been. The religious quietude of her spirit shed its own brightness over the face of nature. Her heart had acquired a first great conquest over itself, and there can be no happiness like a consciousness of moral right.

Mary lingered awhile on the shelf of rocks, which we have described in a former chapter, as overhanging the Susquehanna, nearly opposite Monockonoek Island, before she went down to the canoe which she had moored at its base. It seemed as if this spot was henceforth to be a scene of adventure to her, for scarcely had she been there a moment, when the copsewood above her head was agitated, as it had been on the previous day, and a young man, of two or three and twenty, stepped cautiously out upon the platform which shot far above the shelf on which she stood, and where the Indian girl had previously appeared. Mary shrank back to the birch where she could command a full view of his person without being herself seen. He was scarcely above the middle height, and of slight person, but muscular, and giving, in every firmly-knitted limb, indications of strength greater than his size would have warranted. The face was one which might have been pronounced as intellectual and striking, rather than as strictly classical in its proportions. His forehead high and pale, was shaded by hair of the deepest brown; the nose, a little too prominent for beauty, was thin and finely cut, and the large black eyes full of brilliancy, which was a part of themselves rather than a light from the soul, gave a masculine spirit to his head, which redeemed the more earthly and coarser mould of the mouth and chin. He was expensively dressed for the period and condition of our country, but his neckcloth of rich silk was loosened at the throat, as if to refresh himself with air after some severe physical exertion, and his

richly-laced hand-ruffles hung dripping with water over a pair of hands which were by far too slender and white ever to have submitted to much labor. His garments throughout were dashed with water-drops, and he had evidently been rowing hard upon the river. He wiped away the perspiration which stood in large drops on his forehead, and then looked cautiously about, 'till his eyes settled in a long, anxious gaze up the stream. In its side position Mary obtained a more perfect view of his face, and her heart throbbed with a painful feeling of surprise, for she recognized the matured lineaments of Walter Butler, the boy, who had so cruelly insulted her deformity when both were school-children. The poor girl shrunk timidly behind the birch, for she was terrified and afraid of being discovered, but she did not withdraw so far as to prevent herself watching his movements. After waiting a few moments, he bent down so as to preclude all possibility of being observed from the island, and uttered the same sharp whistle that had answered the Indian girl's summons on the previous day. Mary almost started from her concealment with surprise, when the brushwood was again torn back, and a strange woman, singularly attired, stepped down on the platform, and stood directly before the young man as he arose from his stooping position. Butler started back almost to the verge of the precipice, when he found himself thus unexpectedly confronted. His face became crimson to the temples, and he looked with an air of extreme embarrassment, now on the strange woman, and then on the path which led from the precipice, as if meditating an escape. The stranger kept her eyes fixed keenly upon his movements, and when he stepped a pace forward, as if about to leave her presence, she made a detaining motion with her hand, and said,

"You were expecting Tahmeroo, the Mohawk's daughter. I am Catharine Montour, her mother."

The blood suddenly left the young man's face. He bit his lips impatiently, and a half checked oath trembled upon them; but his confusion was too overwhelming for any attempt at an answer. After a moment's pause, Catharine, who had kept her piercing gaze steadily fixed on his face, drew forth the string of red coral which had been given to her daughter, and said:

"Last night I persuaded my child's secret from her. Every thing has been told to me, from your first meeting on the banks of the Delaware, down to the giving of this worthless pledge."

The crimson flush again spread over the young man's face, his eyes sunk beneath the scrutiny fixed upon him, and he turned his head aside, muttering—"The beautiful witch has exposed me at last," then he looked Catharine Montour in the face with an affectation of cool effrontery, and said—"Well, madam, if Tahmeroo has chosen to confide in her mother, I do not see any thing remarkable in it, except that I should be sought out as a party in the affair."

"Young man," exclaimed the unhappy mother, in a voice of bitter anguish, which made even his heart recoil with a sense of the evil he had wrought, "you know not what you have done—you cannot dream of the wretchedness which you have heaped on a being who

has never injured you. I can find no words to tell how dear that child was to me, how completely every thought and wish was centered in her pure existence. I had guarded her as the strings of my own heart—every thought of her young mind was pure—every impulse an affectionate one, still—I will not reproach you, man! I will try not to hate you, though, Heaven is my judge, I have just cause for hate. Listen to me—I did not come here to heap invectives on you—”

“May I be permitted to ask what you did come for?” interrupted Butler with a cool effrontery, which was now real, for his awe of Catharine Montour abated when he saw her sternness giving way to the grief and indignation of a wronged mother, and the compunctious visitings of his conscience were but instantaneously awakened by her grief. “I really am at a loss to know why you should address me in this strange manner. I have not stolen the girl from your wigwam, nor have I the least intention of doing so foolish a thing. You have your daughter, what more would you?”

Catharine Montour sat her lips hard together, and her frame shook with a stern effort to preserve her composure. “I would have justice done my child,” she said, in a voice so low and calm, yet with such iron determination in its tone, that the young man grew pale as it fell upon his ear; and though his words continued bold, the voice in which they were uttered was that of a man determined to keep his position, though he begins to feel the ground giving away beneath his feet.

“This demand, in the parlance of our nation, would mean that I should submit to a marriage with the girl,” he said; “but even her mother cannot suppose that I, a descendant of one of England’s proudest families, should marry with a Mohawk maiden, bred in the habits of a wild race, and with Indian blood circulating in her veins. You cannot expect this of me, yet in what other form this strange demand is to be shaped, I cannot imagine.”

Catharine Montour forced herself to hear him out, though a scornful cloud gathered on her forehead. Her lips writhed, and eyes flashed with the anger and contempt, which she could not but feel for the arrogance and selfishness betrayed in the being before her.

“It is a legal marriage, nevertheless, which I require of you,” she said. “Listen before you reply—I have that to offer which may reconcile you even to an union with the daughter of a Mohawk chief. You but now boasted of English birth and of noble lineage. You are young, and one’s native land is very dear; you should wish to dwell in it. Make my daughter your wife—take her to your own country, where her Indian blood will be unsuspected, or if known, will be no reproach to her, and I pledge myself, within one week after your marriage, to put you in possession of seventy thousand pounds as her dowry—to relinquish her for ever,” here Catharine’s voice trembled in spite of her effort to speak firmly, “and only to hold communion with her on such terms as you may yourself direct. Nay, do not speak, but hear me out before you answer! I make this offer because the happiness of my child is dearer to me than my own life. I cannot crush her young

hopes by separating her from you for ever; better far that I should become childless and desolate again. Take her to your own land, be a kind, generous protector to her, and there is one in England who will double the income of the money I have mentioned to you, yearly; who will be a father and a benefactor to you both. But if you dare to treat her with a shadow of unkindness or disrespect, after she is taken from the shelter of my love, the vengeance of a wronged parent shall follow you to the grave. Give me no answer yet, but think well of what I have said. Reflect on the alternative should you refuse one who has but to speak her will, and a thousand fierce savages are on your track by day and by night, till your heart is haunted to death by its own fears, or is crushed beneath the blows which sooner or later some dark hand will deal in stern requital of the disgrace which you have put upon the daughter of the Mohawk.”

Before Butler could recover from his astonishment at her extraordinary proposal, Catharine had disappeared among the brushwood. He stood as if lost in deep thought for several minutes after her departure, and then walked the platform to and fro with an air of indecision and excitement, which was more than once denoted by a low laugh, evidently at the singular position in which he found himself placed. Once he muttered a few indistinct words, and looked towards the island with a smile which Mary was at a loss to understand. There was something of the plotting demon in it, which made her tremble as if some harm had been intended to herself.

When Catharine Montour returned, Butler was the first to speak. “Should I be inclined to accept your proposal,” he said, “and to speak candidly, your daughter is beautiful enough to tempt a man to commit much greater folly—how can I be certain of your power to endow her as you but now promised?”

Catharine drew up her heavy sleeve and displayed the jewelled serpent coiled around her arm. “This is some proof of my power to command wealth—at the encampment you shall be convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt.

“But how am I to be secure of personal safety, should the proof be insufficient to satisfy me, or should I see other reasons to decline this strange contract. Once in the power of your savage tribe, I shall have but little chance of independent choice.”

Catharine made no reply, but a smile of peculiar meaning passed over her face. She took a small silver whistle from her bosom, blew a shrill, sharp call, and then stood quietly enjoying the surprise of her companion, as some fifty or sixty red warriors started up from behind the shattered rocks and stunted trees that towered back from the precipice on which they stood, each armed with a rifle and with a tomahawk gleaming at his girdle.

“Were compulsion intended, you see I am not without the power; were I but to lift my finger, the next moment you would be in eternity; but fear nothing; go with me to the encampment, and on the honor of an English-woman, you shall be free to go should I fail to

make good my promise, or should you resolve against the union."

"You give me excellent proofs of freedom," said the young man, glancing bitterly at the dusky faces lowering on him from the shrubbery on every side.

Catharine stepped forward, and said a few words in the Indian tongue. Directly each swarthy form left its station, and the whole force departed in a body over the back part of the precipice toward the Mohawk camping-ground. When the tramp of their receding feet had died away in the forest, Catharine returned to the young man. "You must be convinced, now, that no treachery is intended—that you are free to make a decision," she said.

"I do not exactly fancy the idea of being forced to take a wife, whether I will or not, and at the best, all this looks marvellously like it. But without farther words, I accept your proposal, on condition, however, that Tahmeroo is suffered to remain with her people 'till I may wish to retire to England. There is an aristocratic old gentleman in the valley of the Mohawk, who calls himself my father, and who might not fancy the arrangement, were I to introduce my Indian bride to the companionship of my mother and sisters. Arrange it that she remains with the tribe for the present, and settle the rest as you will. Now, madam, I entreat you to return to the camp. I give you my honor that I will follow in a half hour's time, but in mercy grant me a few minutes breathing-space. The thoughts of this sudden marriage affects me like a shower-bath; it is like forcing a man to be happy at the point of the bayonet. Think of having half a dozen of those savage-looking rascals for groomsmen—rifles, scalping-knives and all. I wish my dear, stern old father were here to give the bride away; the thoughts of his fury half reconciles me to the thing, independent of the seventy thousand pounds. Who, under heavens, would have thought of seeking an heiress among a nest of Mohawk squaws?"

The latter part of this speech was spoken in soliloquy, for Catharine had departed at his first request, without any apparent suspicion of his good faith. The concealed girl was both surprised and touched to observe that tears were streaming down the face that had appeared so stern and calm but a moment before—"She is left to me a little longer—I could have blessed him when he said it." Mary heard these words as the extraordinary woman passed her, and her pure heart ached for the unhappy mother.

Butler remained on the rock 'till Catharine Montour had entirely disappeared; then he darted down the hill, and before Mary dared to venture forth from her concealment, his canoe was cutting across the river toward Monocknock Island. Mary stood almost petrified with astonishment when she saw the direction he was taking. "What had Walter Butler to do in the vicinity of her home?" Her heart throbbed painfully as she asked the question, and connected it with the conversation which she had overheard between her sister and Edward Clark, on the previous day. She stood motionless 'till his canoe shot into the little cove where her own was

always moored, and when a sharp whistle sounded from that direction, she bent breathlessly forward with her eyes fixed in intense anxiety on the door of her own dwelling. It opened, and her sister, Jane, came forth with her sun-bonnet in her hand, and walked swiftly toward the cove. The poor deformed girl pressed her hands hard upon her heart, and groaned aloud, when her suspicions were thus painfully confirmed, then she sunk upon the ground, and burying her face in her hands, prayed fervently and with an earnestness of purpose that brought something of relief to her bosom. For half an hour she sat upon the rock with her pale face turned toward the island, watching the cove through the tears which almost blinded her eyes, with a silent, anxious sorrow, more like an angel grieving over the apostasy of a sister spirit, than of a mortal, suffering under the conviction of moral wrong in a beloved object. She saw her sister slowly return to the house, and she remarked that she stopped more than once to look after Walter Butler, as he urged his canoe toward the precipice again; and then she buried her face in her hands, and held her breath, as his footsteps smote along the neighboring path, and were lost in the direction of the Mohawk encampment. Poor Mary Derwent—it seemed as if a stain had been cast upon the purity of her own heart. She went home reluctantly, for she felt that the firm confidence which had rendered their humble hearthstone a happy one, had departed for ever. Oh, what a sad thing is suspicion of the moral worth of a beloved object. If seraphs could be unhappy, this might make them so.

An imposing group was gathered in Catharine Montour's lodge that night, as the harvest-moon rose full and clear on the green hollow which had formed the Mohawk camping-ground, but which now lay quietly sleeping in the moon-light, unbroken by a savage footstep, for the whole tribe had been directed to encamp some distance off in the forest, that the rites which were to unite their chief's daughter with one of another race, might be solemnized without interruption. All was ready for the ceremony, but the bridegroom had not yet arrived, though more than an hour had passed since Catharine Montour's return to the lodge. That strange woman sat on the couch which we have before described as belonging to her daughter, robed in the same dress which she had worn in the morning. Her arms were folded on her bosom, and her eyes dwelt sadly on the ground, though at every sound from without, they were directed with a sharp, anxious look toward the door, betraying the impatience of one used to obedience in all about her. Tahmeroo nestled to her mother's side, and looked wonderingly around the lodge, now upon the Missionary, who sat in a rude arm chair opposite, with his face shaded by his hand, and his lips moving slightly as in prayer, and then on her own strange dress; for her Indian costume had been replaced by a robe of gold-colored satin, of an obsolete but graceful fashion, which had prevailed twenty years before, in England. A chain of massive gold was interwoven among the braids of long hair, for the first time enwreathed about her beautiful head, after the fashion of the whites, and

a pair of long flagee ear-rings broke the exquisite outline of her throat on either side. There was something a little stiff and awkward in the solemn stillness of those around her, and in the strange feeling of her dress, which rendered her position one of surprise almost as much as of pleasure, still, her mouth dimpled with smiles, and her eyes flashed with eager delight when ever, like her mother, she mistook the rustling sound of the vines about the lodge for advancing footsteps. The Mohawk chief sat apart from the rest, with his council-robe gathered in cumbersome drapery about his imposing person, and his high, dusky brow crowned with a coronet of scarlet feathers, whence a tuft of raven's plumes shot up from the left side of his head. He was entirely unarmed, and his camulet lay upon the stool which contained the Missionary's books. His demeanor was grave, even beyond the usual saturnine habit of his race.

While the inmates of the lodge remained in silent anxiety waiting the appearance of the bridegroom, a shadow fell across the opening, and Butler appeared before them with his clothes in much disorder, and evidently fatigued from his long walk through the forest. Tahmeroo sprang impulsively to meet him, and the wild joy of her Indian blood revelled in her cheek, and sparkled in her dark eyes, 'till they met her mother's reproving look, and felt the pitying gaze of the Missionary fixed upon her. Then she shrunk back to her seat, blushing and trembling as if her natural joy at seeing the man she loved, were something to be reproached for.

"Ha, my jewel of a red skin, have they made you afraid of me already?" said Butler, approaching her with a reckless kind of gaiety in his demeanor, and without appearing to observe the presence of any one except herself—"but why the deuce did you allow them to tuck you out in this manner? You were a thousand times more piquant in the old Mohawk dress. Come, don't look frightened, you are beautiful enough in any thing. Pray, what are these good people waiting for?" Then turning to Catharine Montour, who had arisen at his bold approach, he said, "thank you, my stately madam, for sending away your nest of Mohawk friends, though you have made me expend a great deal of fierce courage for nothing. I had prepared myself to run the gauntlet bravely among the red devils. Thank you, again—but I hope my solemn father-in-law, there, understands no English. I shall be in bad repute with him if he does."

Catharine listened with a frowning brow to his flip-pant speech, and without deigning to answer it, she went to the head of the couch and took from thence a small ebony box inlaid with silver, and proceeded to unlock it. Butler kept his eyes fixed on her movements while he continued his unbecoming freedom of speech—"upon my honor," he whispered, glancing at the happy face of Tahmeroo, and drawing her toward him—"that smile is refreshing after the gloomy brow of your august mother and of your majestic old papa, yonder. Pray, my dear—" he broke off suddenly, for, as his eyes wandered from Tahmeroo to her mother, they encountered the stern, reproving gaze of the Missionary

fixed steadily upon him, and there was a power in it which awed him to silence. Catharine Montour approached, and placed several papers in his hand which she had taken from the box, while she touched the spring of a casket, also taken from the same repository, and stood with it open in her hand. After he had examined the papers, she raised a necklace of diamonds and a magnificent bracelet from among the gems which it contained, and held them out for his inspection. "Make yourself certain of their value," she said, in a dry, business-like tone, which had something of sarcasm in it, "for they are the security that I am about to offer, that my draft on Sir William Johnson shall be honorably met one week from this date."

"I see that you intend to make a business transaction of the affair," replied Butler, carelessly receiving the jewels, which, however, he scrutinized with a closeness which betrayed a rapacious interest in their worth. "Allow me to examine the casket; the design on the lid is exquisite."

Catharine placed it in his hands with a smile of consummate scorn. "After you are fully satisfied of the contents, this reverend man will receive them in trust. He has my full sanction to deliver them to you seven days from this, should the draft which you hold in your hand, for seventy thousand pounds, be unpaid at that time; are you content with this arrangement?"

"I know little of the value of jewels," replied Butler, hesitating, and slowly closing the casket, "but should suppose that these might be sufficient security for the money."

"Perhaps this gentleman's opinion will satisfy your doubts," and taking the casket from Butler's hand, Catharine again touched the spring and held it before the Missionary.

"No, no, I cannot!" exclaimed the holy man, sinking back in his chair, and pressing one hand over his eyes while he pushed away the casket with the other. But when he felt that all eyes were fixed in astonishment on his agitation, he looked up more composedly and said, "Excuse me, lady, I need not examine the jewels; from what I saw of them in the young gentleman's hand, I am certain that they are worth more than the sum named."

"Are you convinced?" said Catharine, again turning to Butler.

"Perfectly—let the ceremony proceed," he replied, reaching forth his hand and drawing Tahmeroo to his side.

Catharine drew back to where the Mohawk stood in silent dignity, and the marriage rites were pronounced. Even Butler's reckless spirits were subdued by the impressive solemnity of the Missionary, and when he sunk to his knees and uttered in a low, clear voice, "Let us pray," every knee bent, and each heart was hushed by the low, solemn earnestness of his petition, or kindled afresh as his soul burst forth in all the eloquence of strong and fervent supplication. It was a strange sound—the pleadings of religion going up from beneath the roof of an Indian wigwam, and a stranger sight—that stern Mohawk chief—the White Queen, and that newly-

plighted pair, all bowed to the dust and impressed with a solemn awe by the voice of that eloquent prayer.

The Missionary arose from his knees, placed the casket in his bosom, and departed while the sound of his benediction still thrilled within the hearts of his auditors.

Butler lingered a few moments by his bride, then pleading the presence of some friends in Wilksbarre, and the suddenness of the whole affair as an excuse for leaving the encampment, he departed, also promising to return within the week, or as soon as he could get released from his friends.

While this scene was going on at the Mohawk encampment, Mary Derwent had returned home with a mournful determination to seek the confidence of her sister, to inform her of the scene which she had just witnessed, and, if possible, to save her from the consequences of her unprincipled encouragement of Walter Butler, when her faith was pledged to another. On entering her dwelling, she found Edward Clark and her sister seated by the only glazed window, conversing with as much apparent frankness as ever; but as the time wore on, she observed that Jane became petulant and restless—that she often went to the door, and returned again without any evident reason—and that whenever Clark addressed her, she answered impatiently, as if his society had become irksome. Once, when Edward made some allusion to a farm which his father had promised to give him, Jane said abruptly that she was tired of farming and hard work, and that she hoped the time might yet come when she need not be obliged to live in a log house, and wash dishes from morning 'till night. Mary was at no loss to conjecture what agent had agitated this train of discontent in her sister's mind, but she had scarcely time to dwell on the painful suspicions which were thus confirmed, when Clark observed that he had seen Walter Butler on the river that afternoon, and he asked Jane, with some appearance of uneasiness, if he had been on the island. Mary observed that her sister's face became crimson to the temples, but she answered that he had not. The poor deformed was grieved to the heart with this direct falsehood in the being she had so cherished. She felt the tears stealing to her eyes as they dwelt on that beautiful face which had learned to clothe itself with deceit, and which she might never love again in confidence, as she had loved. Filled with these unquiet thoughts, she went to her little bed-room that she might weep and pray alone. As she closed the door, her sister was asking Clark how far England was from Wyoming, and if all the handsome women there wore silk dresses, and had hired folks to wait on them. Mary closed the door and went to bed, but she could not sleep; for the first time, the sweet voice of her sister brought disquiet as it sounded through the thin partition. She heard Edward Clark leave the house about eleven o'clock, but it was more than an hour before Jane came to bed. When at length she felt the familiar touch of her cheek, it was heated as with feverish thought. The poor deformed lay within her sister's arms, apparently asleep, but deliberating on the most effectual method of open-

ing the subject which lay so heavily on her heart, when that whistle which had haunted her footsteps continually since last evening, again sounded from the cove with a shrillness that cut to her ear with startling acuteness. Jane seemed scarcely to breathe for a moment, then creeping softly from the bed, she put on her clothes and stole from the house, leaving her companion so confounded, that it was several minutes before she could collect her thoughts sufficiently to decide what course to pursue. She arose, and after hastily dressing herself, ran down to the cove. The trees hung in their leafy quiet over the greensward, and the moonbeams shed their light on the waters as they rippled into the cove, but no human being was in sight, yet a strange canoe lay rocking in its mooring by the side of her own, and the murmur of distant voices came faintly from the direction of a spring which supplied the household with water. It was a fairy nook, the spring to which Mary bent her steps; rocks covered with velvet moss were piled about it, and a clump of crab-apple and wild cherry-trees interlaid their boughs, and co-mingled their white and rose-colored blossoms in the Spring season, or, as the Summer advanced, the black cluster and the green apple hung in their ripening beauty over the creeping plants and modest wild-flowers that coalesced the moss, and fringed the little rivulet which stole from the rocky basin of the spring with a cool, murmuring sound. The moonlight lay full on the overhanging trees as Mary approached, and the voices became each moment more distinct in the stillness. She paused in the shadow which fell across the footpath where it curved down into the little hollow. Her sister, Jane, was sitting on a rock just within the moonlight which flickered through the boughs above, and by her side, with her hand in his, was Walter Butler. He was speaking, and Mary's heart swelled with indignation as she listened to his words—"Take your choice," he said, "remain here and become the wife, or, in other words, the drudge of Edward Clark—condemn these beautiful hands to perpetual toil; milk his cows, cook for his workmen, and be content with the reward of a homespun dress now and then to set off this form, which a king might look upon with admiration, or share all that I have told you of, with one who knows how to estimate your beauty—who will deck it with gold and robe it in silks—who will provide servants to do your bidding, and surround you with such luxuries as you never dreamed of. I can do all this, Jane, for I have become rich, very rich, independent of my father; in one week we must be on our way to England. What are you crying for; can I offer more than I have done?"

"Oh, no," replied the infatuated girl, "I was thinking of poor old grandma—and dear, dear Mary; what will they do when I am gone—what will Edward Clark think of me?"

"Edward Clark, again! and that old woman and selfish girl who have made you a slave. Will you never stop harping about them? have I not promised that you shall send them money?"

"Yes, yes, but I cannot help feeling bad when I think of leaving them in this manner. I will try not to think

of it. When you are married you will bring me back, sometimes, wont you?"

"Yes, when we are married I will certainly bring you to see them, but we will settle all this hereafter. It is now past twelve, and we must be many miles hence before the dawn. Come, dry these tears and go with me to the canoe; nay, do not shrink back in this manner—come, I beseech you!"

As Butler spoke, he placed his arm round the weeping girl, and drew her with gentle violence along the footpath, but they had scarcely reached the bend which led into the open moonlight, when Mary Derwent stood in the way.

"The little hunchback, by all the furies!" exclaimed Butler, grasping the waist of his companion and attempting to drag her forward, though she struggled in his embrace, and with tears and sobs entreated him to free her.

"Jane, my own sister, you will not go with this wicked man; oh, listen to me before you take this dreadful step! Ask him where he obtained the money which he but now boasted of. Jane, I have never, in the whole course of my life, deceived you, or told you a falsehood. You will believe me now, and this wicked man dare not deny what I say. This night I heard him promise to marry another—saw him on his way to perform that promise! Jane, it is a married man for whom you were about to forsake us and all that would ever make you good and happy."

"Out of my path, lying imp, before I spurn your shapeless carcass with my foot," muttered Butler fiercely through his shut teeth.

But the undaunted girl firmly kept her station, and her steady voice told how little effect his taunt on her deformity had made upon her well-regulated mind. "I have said no lie," she exclaimed, boldly, "and you dare not accuse me of it, for last evening I heard all that passed between you and the strange white woman who lives among the Mobawks. Jane, look in that face. Is there not guilt in it?"

"You do not believe this," said Butler, still detaining her.

"I do," replied Jane with sudden vehemence, and leaping from his grasp, she flung her arms around Mary where she stood, and then urged his departure with a degree of energy that he felt it would be useless to contend against. Baffled, and full of rage, he turned to depart, and hastening to the canoe, he pushed out into the stream, leaving the sisters locked in each other's arms, the one shedding tears of penitence and shame, the other full of gratitude and thanksgiving.

To be concluded in our next.

EDUCATION is either from nature, from man, or from things; the developing of our faculties and organs is the education of nature; that of man is the application we learn to make of this very developing; and that of things is the experience we acquire in regard to the different objects by which we are affected. All that we have not at our birth, and that we stand in need of at the years of maturity, is the gift of Education.—*Rousseau.*

Original.

LEAF FROM A LOG.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

PICTURES of sea-life generally present the two extremes of truth. When drawn by the professional mariner, the shadows are often kept wholly out of view, and when depicted by one to whom the elements itself and all the associations of ship-board are uncongenial, we have Dr. Johnson's summary opinion re-echoed with the endorsement of experience. Life at sea, as everywhere else, is a chequered scene. Nothing can exceed the melancholy of a cloudy day on the ocean, to the heart of one fresh from endeared localities. The grey sky, the chilly air and the boundless, dark mass of water rolling in sullen gloom, fill the mind with sombre images. And when night comes over the deep and the voyager retires to his cabin, to muse over the friends and sweet places of the earth left behind,—the creaking of the strained timbers, the swaying of the flickering lamp and the gurgling of the waves at the stern, deepen the desolate sensations that weigh upon his heart. On the other hand, what can give more buoyancy to the spirits than a bright, clear day at sea, when with a fair wind and every sail filled, the noble vessel rushes gallantly through the water? It must be confessed, however, that there are few occasions of more keen enjoyment than going on shore, after a long voyage. Life seems renewed, and old impressions become fresh when the loneliness of the ocean is all at once exchanged for the busy haunts of men, the narrow deck for the crowded street, the melancholy expanse of waves for the variegated garniture of earth. When naught has met the eye for many weeks but sea and sky, when the social excellencies of a party have been too largely drawn upon to be keenly relished, and the novelties of voyaging have become familiar, the hour of landing is anticipated with an eagerness only to be realized by experience.

It was with no little impatience that we awaited the dawn after casting anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. In this instance delay was more irksome, as our arrangements precluded more than a day's sojourn on the celebrated rock. We found the town in a state of unusual excitement from a report which was current, of the near approach of the troops of Don Carlos. The people of Saint Roque, the nearest Spanish town, were flocking into the gates, many of the poorer classes laden with their household effects. Never, to me, were the contrasts between sea and land more striking. The wild cry of the mariners had scarcely died away upon our ears, when they were greeted with the hum of commerce, and the enlivening strains of martial music. As we proceeded, groups of Jews were seen moving towards the synagogue, their dark robes and grey beards blending with the bright uniforms of the English officers who gravely trod the crowded pavement. A swarthy peasant with a steeple-crowned hat, was violently beating his mules in the middle of the street, while directly under the wall, a Spanish lady, with graceful steps, glided on to mass. But our attention was soon completely ab-

sorbed in a survey of the fortifications. Many hours were spent in clambering over the rock, now pausing to note the picturesque aspect of a Moorish castle, and now to admire the marvellous vegetation of a little garden, planted on a narrow shelf of the fortress. Here a luxuriant aloe threw up its blue and spear-like leaves above the grey stone; and there, a venerable goat was perched motionless upon a projecting cliff. We wandered through the extensive galleries cut in the solid rock, one moment struck with the immense resources of nature, and the next, delighted by some admirable device of art. The light streaming through the loopholes, the large dark cannon, and the extraordinary number and extent of these galleries, fill the mind with a kind of awe. At one of the most central points, we paused and gazed down upon the bay. Our vessel seemed dwindled to the size of a pleasure-boat. Opposite, appeared the town of Algeciras, and immediately below, the neutral land between the Spanish and British territory. This is the duelling-ground of the garrison, and near by is a cluster of graves. The water was covered with foam. The wind swept with a melancholly roar round the immense rock. Our voices echoed through the long vaulted archway, as we clustered about the cannon, looking forth from that dizzy height upon the extensive prospect, while our guide rehearsed the capabilities of the position, and pointed out the memorable points of the landscape, we fully realized the impregnable strength of Gibraltar. Before dusk we were under weigh, and rounding the majestic rock, soon lost sight of its scattered lights and huge form towering through the twilight. The American Consul bade us adieu at the pier, and the facilities he had afforded us during the day, led me to reflect upon the importance of this office abroad, and the singular neglect of our government to its claims. Politicians, among us, are so absorbed in temporary questions and immediate objects, that it is difficult to attract their attention to any foreign interest. Yet, in a patriotic point of view, there are few subjects more worthy of the consideration of political reformers, than our consular system. Of the utter indifference with which these offices are regarded, there are many evidences. A very gentlemanly man who had fulfilled the duties of United States Consul, at one of the Mediterranean ports, for more than twenty years, was waited upon one morning, by a stranger, who demanded the seal and books of the consulate, showing a commission empowering him to fill the station. Common decency, to say nothing of civility, would require that this gentleman should have received some official notice of his expulsion. But the most curious circumstance in the case was, that, after a month had elapsed, the new consul renewed his call, and stating he found the fees inadequate to his support, destroyed his commission, and departed. Another old incumbent, deservedly popular, discovered, for the first time, through the public prints, that his office had been abolished for more than a year. At present, these offices are chiefly held by merchants, whose personal interests are continually liable to conflict with their duty as public servants. Our consuls, too, depend upon fees for remuneration, and a large part

of these are paid by travellers. Those who make several successive visits to the same city, paying, at each departure, for the consul's signature to their passports, cannot but feel annoyed at a tax from which other strangers are exempt. If salaries were instituted, proportioned to the labor and importance of each station, and liberal enough to secure the services of able men, the result, in every point of view, would be excellent. Generous and enlightened views of national intercourse are now rapidly prevailing, and our country should be the first to give them a practical influence. The French system is progressive, and the consuls are, therefore, regularly educated for their duty. The English consuls are accustomed to furnish the home-department with useful statistical information, which is of eminent service to the merchant, manufacturer, and political economist. If these inquiries were extended to scientific and other general subjects, it is easy to perceive how extensively useful the consular office might become. If there is any country, which, in the present condition of the world should be worthily represented, it is the United States. The extent of our commercial relations, and the rapid increase of American travellers require it; but the honor of a young and prosperous nation, and fidelity to the important principles of freedom and popular education we profess, are still higher reasons. Men of intelligence and observation, who shall command the respect of their countrymen, and of the courts to which they are sent, should be placed at these posts of duty. Party feeling should be waived in such appointments. They should be regarded not merely as affording protection and facilitating intercourse, but as involving high responsibility, and affording occasion for various usefulness. Our consuls should have the interests of their country at heart, not only as diplomatists, but, if possible, as men of literature and science, and, at all events, as enlightened and generous patriots.

Day after day, we proceeded constantly in view of the Spanish coast. It was delightful, at early morning, to trace the fine outline of the mountains, broken, occasionally, by a watch-tower, or, at sunset, behold the rich glow gather upon their summits, and suffuse their misty robes with beautiful hues. The still grandeur of the hills of Spain thus bathed in softened tints, was in striking contrast to the civil feud then devastating the country. Leaning over the bulwarks, I loved to gaze upon these magnificent boundaries of a chivalrous land, and muse upon the decayed splendor of the Alhambra, the rich humor of Don Quixotte, or the wrongs and triumphs of Columbus. On a clear and delightful morning, we came in view of Malta. Perhaps there is no spot of such diminutive extent, that can boast an equal renown. Although a mere calcareous rock, its commanding position early attracted the arms of the Carthaginians, who were dispossessed by the Romans. The island was occupied, in the middle ages, by the Saracens and Normans, and in 1530, conferred, by Charles V., upon the knights of Saint John, who had been expelled from Rhodes by the Turks. Thenceforth, Malta exhibited a new aspect. Fortifications of great extent and admirable construction arose. The one small stream of fresh

water was carried to Valetta by an aqueduct of a thousand arches. The noble church dedicated to the patron saint of the order arose. A hospital was built to accommodate two thousand patients, and the vessels used in its service, were of solid silver. Earth from Sicily, was spread over the rock, which soon presented tints of lively green to contrast with the greyish-yellow hue of the forts, and the deep blue of the sea. As we were not permitted immediately to land, I had ample opportunity to contemplate the interesting scene. Several vessels of war were lying in the harbor, their large, dark hulls casting broad and imposing shadows. The castles of Saint Angelo and Saint Elmo, presented their batteries at opposite angles, reviving the associations of the memorable sieges which the knights so courageously sustained. On one of these occasions, when the position of the enemy intervened between the two forts, their situation is described as trying in the extreme. The waves were dyed with blood. The bodies of the knights who perished at Saint Elmo, floated to the foot of Saint Angelo, and were buried there. Many of them were horribly mangled, and the cross cut in derision upon their breasts. At night, the fire-wheels and other engines, illuminated the scene of battle. The brave champions of Christianity, met, for the last time, in their council hall, wounded and spent with fatigue, and, having partaken of the last religious rite, vowed to sacrifice themselves, and return once more to the defence. When the moon arose, and poured her tranquil light upon the harbor, its peaceful beauty rendered such retrospections more difficult to realize. The water rippled playfully around the mossy walls of the forts. The mild lustre fell serenely upon the tile-covered roofs of the town, and bathed the lofty dome of the Cathedral. The crowd passed cheerfully along the quay, and the echo of a mariner's song alone disturbed the silence of night. Now and then, a boat shot across the bay with its complement of passengers—a priest, a soldier, and one or two female figures, shrouded in black silk. It was impossible to peruse the scene and not revert to those fierce struggles between the crescent and the cross, and dwell upon the devoted enthusiasm which led so many of the young and the brave to assume the black mantle and holy symbol of Christian knighthood. The inspiration of a Southern night aided the imagination in conjuring from the bosom of the quiet waters, the buried tales of romantic valor. Such dreams were soon dispelled upon landing, for the Mix-Mangare stairs leading to the town, are always thronged with the most importunate beggars. In the principal street, some laborers were digging the foundation of a house. The cellar is made by merely throwing out the culcareous soil, which forms very good material for building. When used, however, for floors, it is necessary to harden the surface of the Malta stone with varnish or oil. A friend of mine, at Palermo, who paved his house with this material, and neglected thus to prepare it, discovered his mistake in a very unpleasant manner. Soon after taking possession of his residence, he gave a ball. After the third or fourth dance, the gentlemen's coats were white with powder, the air of the rooms was filled with fine dust,

and the next day, every one of the company complained of a sore throat. We lodged at a hotel, formerly a knight's palace, every apartment of which is of noble dimensions, and richly decorated. The Grand Master's residence, the splendid armory, the long lines of bastions, and the monuments in the church of Saint John, are the most interesting memorials of the knights. The old pits excavated for preserving grain, which has been thus kept for an entire century, are still used for a similar purpose. A column on one of the ramparts, commemorates the services of Sir Alexander Ball, to whom Coleridge pays so high a tribute in the *Friend*. The gay uniforms of the English officers give a lively air to the narrow streets of Malta. At the opera, between the acts, the orchestra perform "God save the King," and every individual rises and remains attentively standing until the music ceases. This silent recognition of national feeling, in a foreign land, is impressive and touching. Malta will not long detain the curious traveller, when so near more interesting localities. But while the novelty of its peculiar features is fresh to the mind, they cannot fail to amuse. There is a remarkable unity in the associations of the place, connected as they are, almost exclusively with the knights. A great variety in costume, and sundry singularities in the habits and dialects of the natives, afford a fund of entertainment for a few days' sojourn. The Maltese still complain loudly of their grievances, and have but recently succeeded in obtaining the freedom of their press. Their African origin is strongly indicated in their complexions and cast of features. Yet not infrequently, from one of the grotesque balconies, a dark eye gleams, or a form is visible, which stays the steps, and provokes the sigh of the stranger.

Original.

TO A SISTER ON HER RETURN HOME.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

THOU art welcome, dearest sister,
To our home, and to my heart,
Oh! the weary hours of loneliness,
That come when e'er we part;
Yet I would not have thee ever here,
'Tis joy to see thee free,
For I know that thy return will bring
A heart unchanged to me.

And absence cannot chill the glow
Of feelings warm as ours;
If thorns are in our pathway found,
We wreath them o'er with flowers;
Who would not part? though it may be
O'er dreary scenes to roam,
To gain the certain happiness
Of a kind, welcome home.

White Marsh, Penn.

Original.

“OUR LIBRARY.”—No. IV.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WHEN I made my jesting engagement with Aubrey, I had no idea of being able to fulfil it, but it so happened that about two years after they left America, I found myself on the point of embarking for Europe. Hearing of my intention, Aubrey's agent in New-York requested an interview, and begged me to take charge of certain papers which he was desirous of transmitting to his employer. “To tell you the truth, Mr. Sedley,” said he, “I am afraid Mr. Aubrey is making wild work with his wife's broad acres; all that part of her fortune which was vested in monied institutions, is gone already, and I have now commenced selling off portions of the farm. I do not know how it will all end, sir, but it does not look well; the money goes too fast.” Unwilling to make any remark respecting Aubrey's conduct to his own agent, I merely assured him that the papers should be safely delivered, and he left me, but his information sunk deep into my mind. I knew that nothing but gambling could have swallowed up so large a fortune in two little years, and my heart bled for the unhappy wife.

After a prosperous voyage, I found myself on French soil, and lost no time in hurrying to Paris. I was as desirous now of seeing Aubrey, as of once more meeting his gentle wife, for I knew that he would be any thing but pleased to receive his papers from my hands, and I hoped that his career might be somewhat checked by the consciousness of my acquaintance with his folly. When we were a few miles distant from Paris, one of the passengers in the diligence, pointing to a superb villa, the extensive grounds of which were laid out in a style of great elegance, informed us that it was the residence of the most beautiful woman in Europe. This naturally excited our curiosity, and our inquiries elicited the information that she was more distinguished for beauty than for purity of fame, and that she was now living under the protection of a rich American, whose wife was almost as much celebrated for her beauty as her rival. It struck me, in a moment, that I was listening to the tale of Aubrey's guilt, and I determined to use all my endeavors to awaken a sense of shame in his bosom.

The day after my arrival in Paris, I presented myself at his hotel. He was not at home, but upon sending up my card, I was admitted to the boudoir of Mrs. Aubrey. How did my heart throb as I ascended the stairs. Alas! I felt too surely that love—deep—deathless—though pure as early friendship, still dwelt within my heart. I found Edith, dressed in a morning robe of white muslin, sitting alone in a lovely little apartment, fitted up with a degree of elegance, then almost unknown in America. A brilliant blush lighted up her face as she extended her hand to me, with all the warmth of sisterly affection. A thousand kind inquiries were made and answered in a breath, and I then found leisure to examine her countenance. She was very pale, and I fancied that her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. Her voice,

too, seemed to have acquired a tone of pathos which went to my very heart. I longed to ask her respecting her own situation and prospects, but a fear that I already knew too much, restrained me. After talking with her about two hours, I could not avoid asking her the cause of her extreme paleness. “I have been ill,” was her reply.

“But you seemed changed, Edith; you are no longer tranquil; there is a degree of nervousness in your manner”—I stopped suddenly, for Edith, after looking in my face with an expression I shall never forget, burst into a flood of tears. At that moment a step was heard on the stairs, and she hurried from the room by one door, as Aubrey entered by the other.

“Sedley, my dear fellow, how do you do—glad to see you in Paris,” was his first salutation, “but how is this? alone? where is Edith?” Alarmed lest his former jealousy might be awakened if he knew that I had witnessed her emotion, I condescended to a subterfuge, and stammered out something about her having gone to change her dress. “Ah—well—so you have seen her, then”—and he immediately began to talk of the gaieties of Paris. It was nearly half an hour before Edith returned, wearing the same morning robe in which she had quitted the room. “I thought you went to change your dress,” said Aubrey, with a slight sneer.

“No,” said Edith, “the sight of Henry recalled early scenes, and I left the room to subdue my agitated feelings.” There was something in her straight-forward simplicity, which seemed to touch Aubrey, for he made no reply, and I soon after took my leave.

The next day Aubrey called upon me by appointment, and we visited together some of the tons of the metropolis. In the afternoon we rode out, and, upon my expressing some surprise that Edith was not of the party, he laughed, and answered, “Oh, we do not tie ourselves to our wives in Paris, as you good fellows do in America; but Edith is very much altered. Since the premature birth and death of her infant, she has entirely lost her spirits, and goes out very little.” In the course of our ride we passed the same villa which I had seen from the diligence. I determined to discover whether my suspicions, on that subject, were correct, and expressing my admiration of its beauty, I carelessly asked if he knew who occupied it. “Yes,” was his reply, “it is now inhabited by one of the most remarkable women I have ever known; she is a perfect Corinna.”

“Does she live alone?” I asked.

“Yes, she is one of the very few who can throw aside the trammels of her sex with grace; she is quite independent in her style of living.”

“I should like to see such a prodigy,” said I. “Are you privileged to introduce a friend?”

“Why, to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I do visit her sometimes; but, mind, not a word to Edith about it; you know she is somewhat puritanical in her notions of morality, and Madame Marzinski is said to be not quite ‘sans reproche,’ however, she may be ‘sans peur.’”

“From her name, your beautiful friend would seem to be a Russian.”

“She is connected with several of the noblest families

in the Russian empire; some offence taken many years ago, induced her to revenge herself by avowing rather than concealing her name, but it seems almost impossible that such fiery passions as she possesses, should have grown up beneath the frozen skies of a northern clime."

In the course of that day I discovered Aubrey's intentions respecting me. Thinking that I more than suspected him of irregular conduct, he determined to initiate me, if possible, into the mysteries of vice, and thus disarm me of the means to contend with him. Had it not been for my lingering affection for Edith, he might have succeeded, for the allurements of Paris scarcely needed to be recommended by the example of his fascinating manners, and the eloquence of his bewitching tongue. But when I looked upon her cheek, faded by his misconduct, my very soul loathed the vices which led him

"Tho' to a radiant angel linked,
To prey on garbage."

There was no longer room for vague speculations respecting the character of Frederick Aubrey. His fine talents and captivating exterior could no longer blind me to the fact that he was totally destitute of moral principle. Edith had first known him at a time when she could judge of the brilliant rather than the good; he appeared the very idol of her girlish dreams, and she had learned to love him before her mind was sufficiently matured to examine what lay beneath all this "fair seeming." That love had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, otherwise the splendor of his genius would scarcely have blinded her so completely to his faults. Poor child! she had paid dearly for her infatuation. All her bright anticipations had resulted in disappointment. The intellect which had placed him in the first rank of orators, and which might have obtained for him the greenest laurels of authorship, was now grovelling in the mire of sensuality. His sparkling wit was exhaled over the wine-cup—his habits of thought were exercised at the gaming-table—his energy of character was displayed in his persevering devotion to vice, and even his fine person was beginning to show traces of his dissipated life.

I determined to enter into his schemes as if totally unaware of his ultimate views. For this I had two motives; one was, the belief that he would not dare plunge so deeply in vice, at least, for the present, if I was his companion; and the other, was the hope of seeing Edith more frequently. My love for Edith was such as I should have felt for a cherished sister. To soothe her sadness, to quiet the nervous agitation of her spirit, was all I asked, and I sometimes hoped that Frederick might be reclaimed from his errors by my exertions, so that Edith should owe her final happiness to me. But the resolution which I now adopted, was the great error of my life, and one for which I have dearly paid. By lending myself to Aubrey's designs, I not only put on the semblance of vice, but I destroyed the respect with which my perseverance in duty would have inspired him, and by allowing him to think me a facile pupil of evil, I afforded him some foundation for his fatal jealousy.

In a very few weeks I was an adept in the fashionable follies of Paris. There was an anxious expression in Edith's eyes when she looked on me, but how could she warn me of my danger, and tell me that her husband was a dangerous companion for me? Availing myself of the freedom of European manners, I visited her at all times, and there were many opportunities for confidential conversation, but neither seemed to desire it now. Edith could not say to me what she wished, respecting my mode of life, and I dared not exculpate myself by alluding to the errors of her husband. One day as we sat together, arraying a bouquet for her table, she took up a violet, and, as she offered it to me, said, "This little flower has many names; in America, we call it, 'Forget me not,' since then I have learned to prize it as 'Heart's Ease,' and I now give it to you as a 'Peusée.'"

"Why do you give me a *Peusée*, Edith?" said I; "is it for remembrance or reflection?"

"Sometimes," replied she, "we can find

'Tongues in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,'

and perhaps the moral conveyed by a simple flower, may not be wasted. Your own heart will tell you, Henry, whether you need a lesson."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Edith," said I, "but you are wrong in your conclusions, though I acknowledge you have apparent right to make them."

She raised her head, and fixing her eyes full in my face, gazed intently for a moment, and then said, "Had I not learned the bitter lesson of distrust, Henry, I should not doubt you. I know the strength of your principles, and to see you going astray, is sad indeed, but if your motive in thus seeming to pursue evil be what I have sometimes fancied it, then may God bless you."

She clasped her hands as she spoke, and the tears coursed each other down her pale cheek. "Edith," exclaimed I, "as I hope for future happiness, you have divined my motive. It is for your sake I have given myself to such habits—I would save *him*; but the subject is too painful, only remember, my sweet sister, that *I may be trusted*."

The afternoon of the day on which I had thus explained myself to Edith, had been the time appointed by Aubrey for my introduction to Madame Marzinski. He had hitherto appeared to be struggling between the vanity which would have induced him to display the attractions of the woman who professed to have selected him from her crowd of admirers, and the fear of exposing his infidelity to the early friend of his unhappy wife. He probably believed that my ideas of right and wrong were, by this time, confounded by the gay life I had recently led, for he now began to speak of his connection with her, undisguisedly, though he had, until now, avoided the subject. Though my blood boiled while I listened to him, I could not help expressing some curiosity to see a woman who could rival the matchless Edith, and I certainly felt little repugnance in accompanying him to her house. We were ushered into a simple but elegantly-furnished apartment, and, in a few minutes,

Madame Marzinski appeared. She was indeed beautiful. Her figure was of the smallest possible proportions—a child of thirteen would have equalled her in height, but the symmetry of her form, and the grace of her agile movements, were enchanting. Her complexion was of that clear dark hue seldom seen in perfection, except among the Creoles of the West Indies. Her lustrous eyes were black as night, and her profuse hair, glossy as the raven's wing, was folded with classic grace around her small head. Her dress was peculiarly adapted to display her singular beauty. A full robe of violet-colored silk, bordered with a deep embroidery of gold, was confined to her waist by a girdle studded with topazes, and her large sleeves, fastened up to the shoulder by clasps of the same flashing gems, hung like the drapery of some antique statue, giving an indescribable elegance to her whole contour. I sighed when I looked upon her, for I was convinced that hers was the style of beauty calculated to fascinate a man of Aubrey's character, much more than Edith's pure, angelic loveliness.

I found that he had not exaggerated when he called her another Corinna. The variety of her accomplishments was astonishing, and the grace with which she glided from one subject of conversation to another, was irresistible. After spending an hour or two with her, I bade her adieu, and Aubrey accompanied me through the grounds. They were laid out in exquisite taste, and I could not but admire them. “They are very beautiful,” replied he, to my encomiums, “and yet you would be half disposed to quarrel with me, if you knew who designed them. When I purchased this villa for Madame Marzinski, the grounds were a perfect wilderness, so I persuaded Edith, who, of course, was ignorant of my purpose, to sketch a plan for laying them out in the best possible manner. She did so, and to her fine taste I owe the design, which a plentiful disbursement of money enabled me to carry into execution in so short a period.” My whole frame quivered with indignation as he spoke. That the talents of the loving and neglected Edith should be put in requisition to furnish plans, while her wealth was lavished in affording means, for the luxurious accommodation of a woman like Madame Marzinski, was too much. I dared not trust myself to reply, but abruptly quitting him, hurried home to quiet my irritated feelings in solitude.

As the friend of Aubrey, I was permitted to visit Madame Marzinski when I pleased, and I occasionally availed myself of the privilege. Not that my thoughts ever wandered from their purer object of worship—no—I could not have loved a woman of her temper, in any circumstances, and I should have hated myself if I had ever thought of doing so in her present degradation. Her house was the resort of the most distinguished men in Paris, to whom her versatile genius offered an irresistible charm. Her love of the fine arts drew around her the best artists and amateurs, and her drawing-room more resembled a Temple of the Muses, rather than the saloon of a woman who had for ever forfeited the respect of the world. This kind of society formed the great attraction which led me to her house, but there was, besides, a peculiar charm about herself. There was a strange

union of simplicity and energy in her character—a frankness almost amounting to *brusquerie*, and a generosity of feeling almost enthusiastic. Her age, which certainly exceeded thirty years, though she scarcely seemed twenty, deprived her of the excuse which weak passion might have offered for her lapse from virtue, and I was not surprised, therefore, to find her by no means ardently attached to Aubrey. But I was sometimes startled by the bitterness of her satire—the caustic severity of her remarks to him, as well as to all her other visitors. She seemed to me to look upon men as her dupes, and to despise them accordingly. There was an obvious inconsistency between her modes of thought and of action, which made her a perfect riddle to me.

There was a large party at her house one evening, when the conversation happened to turn upon a recent tale of scandal, which just then formed the topic of drawing-room gossip. I listened with deep interest, for the story involved circumstances very similar to those of Aubrey and herself. Conscious of this, one of the company attempted a jesting exculpation of the guilty husband; what then was my amazement to hear Madame Marzinski exclaim, “For shame, sir; he deserves the reprobation of every man who retains a spark of manly feeling. He has deserted a doting wife for a woman who can not love him, because her affections were wasted long before she ever knew him.” Astonished at her effrontery, I could not refrain from asking her if such was really her opinion. “It is,” was her reply. “Where a man is united to a woman who spurns his love, and despises his kindness, I cannot blame him if he seek for affection abroad; but when he is conscious that the wife of his bosom has given to him her whole heart, with all its tenderness, all its hopes of happiness, he is a monster if he betrays her confidence.” I looked at Aubrey, his face was crimson; he seemed conscience-stricken, and I was convinced that he had imposed on Madame Marzinski some fictitious tale of domestic unhappiness.

Always upon my guard, I had gradually withdrawn myself from the gambling associations with which Aubrey had sought to connect me, without suffering any serious loss. The influence of Madame Marzinski had tended so effectually to check this propensity, that I found myself no longer serviceable to him, and I therefore devoted more time to Edith. But a change seemed gradually taking place in her character, which awakened my liveliest apprehensions. Her nervousness had increased to such a degree, that I feared the result would be hopeless insanity, and (Heaven forgive me if I wronged him) I could not help thinking that it was a result not undeserved by her husband. If a separation should take place, he would be obliged to refund a part of her fortune, but if this frightful malady should come upon her, she would be but as an infant in his hands. I may be unjust, but, if it were not so, why did he endeavor to excite her mind by tales of horror, and sights of distress, when he knew that she required to be shielded from all violent emotions? In my presence, he was always polite, though cold in his deportment towards her, but I had good reasons for suspecting that there were times

when he did not hesitate to exhibit harsh and unmanly violence in his manner.

I had almost entirely given up that appearance of intimacy with Aubrey, which I had, at first, encouraged, and rarely met him except in society, when he one day called upon me, and annoyed me exceedingly by his urgent solicitations that I would repair to one of his well known haunts. He insisted that I should once more visit the *Rouge et Noir* table, and in a fit of ill humor, I determined to accompany him, and there shake him off among his confederates. We played some time; I won a small sum, and was about to quit the table, when he began to taunt me with my excessive prudence. Being somewhat out of temper at the time, I answered hastily that I was as ready to spend money as any man, but that it was necessary for me to be prudent, as the means of supporting my follies were derived from my own fortune. His eyes flashed fire at this pointed allusion to his mean dependance upon a neglected wife, but as his object was to induce me to play high, in order to win from me a sum of money of which he stood in immediate need, he suppressed his anger, and continued his annoying remarks, until, vexed beyond measure, I determined to make him rue my compliance.

We sat down and commenced playing with extreme coolness, but after a short time, I perceived by Aubrey's flushed cheek, that he was becoming much excited. At each time the stakes were doubled, and at length I found, to my own amazement, that, in the exultation of anger, I had allowed myself to be involved to a very large amount. If Aubrey were the winner—and he was a far better player than I was—I should be half ruined. The chances were against me—every one present watched us with the most intense anxiety—Aubrey's eye already glistened with exultation, when a sudden change in the cards placed the game in my hands, and I rose from the table a winner of thirty thousand dollars. Aubrey glanced at me like a tiger, as he rose to depart, but immediately recovering himself, he took my arm, and we left the room together. "You will have to wait till I can receive remittances from America, Sedley," was his first remark, after we got into the street. "I was poor enough before we went to that accursed table, and now I am without a sou." A sudden thought flashed upon my mind. I had never intended to take Aubrey's money, but it now occurred to me, that by allowing him to make over to me property to the amount of my winnings, I should be able to save from the wreck of Edith's fortune, a future competency for her support. I told him, therefore, that as I stood in no need of the money, I would receive in lieu of it, an assignment of his unencumbered real estate to that amount. Looking fixedly in my face, as if to read my motive, he caught at my proposal, and it was agreed that on the following day the matter should be arranged.

Accordingly, the necessary papers were handed to me a few days after, and I immediately repaired to Aubrey's hotel to acquaint Edith with the whole transaction. Availing myself of the familiar manner in which I was now accustomed to visit her, I entered her boudoir unannounced. She was lying on a sofa in an agony of tears.

Alarmed at the sight, I rushed forward, and dropping on my knees beside her, implored her to tell me the cause of her distress. My attitude probably aroused her sooner than my prayers would have done, and starting up, she commanded me to leave her.

"I see how it is, Edith, exclaimed I. "You look upon me as a gambler, who is aiding in the destruction of your fortune and your happiness."

"I know all," was her reply. Frederick has told me all."

"He has *not*, Edith; listen to me;" and I calmly narrated all the circumstances which had occurred since my arrival in Paris, only omitting to mention Madame Marzinski.

"Do you expect me to believe you, Henry," said she, "when I know you have not told me the *whole truth*? Why have you said nothing of her whom you have so often visited with—with—my husband?" and the word seemed almost to suffocate her.

"Edith, I thought you knew nothing of her, and I would not pain you by the tale of irremediable evils."

"Think you," said she, passionately, "that the eye of a loving and neglected woman can be blinded? Do I not know that first, coldness—then indifference—and now aversion, have been the reward of my patient tenderness? Have I not been met by the angry brow and sneering lip, when I sought for affection? and think you I sat calmly in my solitude, without casting an inquiring look abroad, to learn the cause of these fearful changes? No—I have discovered the cause, and before to-morrow sunset, I will see that woman face to face, and demand from her the restoration of my husband."

Alarmed at this burst of passion in one so habitually quiet as Edith, I used every effort to soothe her, and thinking it best to satisfy her on the subject, I candidly told all I knew of Madame Marzinski, without concealing her attractions, or my opinion of her peculiar character. She listened to me with the deepest attention. "You tell me she is generous," said she, after a pause. "I am glad of this—it is the better for my purpose. Henry," added she, impressively, "I saw my fortune wasted, and I uttered not one word to save it, but the one jewel of my life—my husband's love—I cannot, will not lose without a struggle. You think me under the influence of a temporary delirium, but it is not so; I have long thought of this; Frederick loved me once, and if separated from that fascinating woman, he could not be insensible to my devotion. I will see her—I will ask him as a gift from her hands—if I fail I can but die," and she uttered the last words in a tone that thrilled my heart.

I saw that no solicitation of mine could now change her purpose, but I did not believe any good could be effected by it. If she ever succeeded in detaching her husband from Madame Marzinski, I knew it was too late to win him back to virtue; but her mind was in that state when reasoning is of no avail. She was sitting beside me. I had taken her hand, and in the tumult of her feelings, she had unconsciously allowed me to retain it, when the door opened, and Aubrey entered. Her recently-avowed purpose, and her attempt

to conceal her agitation, gave her an appearance of consciousness which might easily be misinterpreted; while the recollection of his former jealousy induced me to release her hand so abruptly, as materially to increase the confusion of both of us. He regarded us, for a moment, with a piercing look, then with a slight sneer, said, “I wished to speak with you on matters of business, Sedley, if you are not *too much engaged*.” I rose, and, without replying, left the room with him. As the door closed, he turned to me, and in a low, deep voice, said, “Take care what you do, Sedley. I do not love my wife, but I value my honor. Edith is, or was, as sinless as an angel, and she shall not be exposed to temptation by my follies.” There was a touch of natural feeling about this, which I had not expected, and my heart was softened towards him. I protested my reverence for her purity, and implored him not to credit suspicions so degrading to both. He answered carelessly, and changed the subject.

I did not see Edith again that day. The next morning I repaired to her house, and, to my surprise, learned that she had gone out. The servant informed me that Mr. Aubrey had gone with a party of gentlemen, to Versailles, and that his lady had left home only a few minutes before I reached there. “Did she take the carriage?” I asked.

“No, sir, she went alone, and on foot.”

I immediately conjectured the object of her visit, and determined to follow her. As my cabriolet turned the corner of a street at some distance from the house, I saw a lady stepping into a hackney coach. She was closely veiled, but it was Edith's figure, and fearing that her factitious strength would fail her in the interview she sought, I determined to go to Madame Marzinski's—not to be a witness of their meeting, but to guard against its probable results. I accordingly ordered my carriage to follow. When the vehicle approached the villa, I stopped, and directing my servant to wait there, proceeded on foot. By taking a short route through a pleached walk which crossed the grounds, I reached the house unperceived, just as the porter advanced to the front gate to admit Mrs. Aubrey. Going round to a side door, through which Aubrey and myself had frequently passed, I proceeded to the library, where I intended to await the result of the meeting. Not wishing to make Madame Marzinski aware of my being in the house, at least, until after Edith's departure, I looked round for some convenient corner in which to ensconce myself. On one side of the apartment stood a large screen, covered with beautifully wrought tapestry. I had often admired it, but never examined its use, and I now took my station within one of its folds, in such a manner that I could not be perceived by any one entering the library, and as I drew towards me one of the thick velvet cushions which formed the ~~only~~ moveable seats in the library, I was startled by the sound of music immediately beside me. Cautiously looking through a narrow aperture of the screen, I perceived that it was, in fact, so arranged, as to form an entrance from the library into Madame Marzinski's private saloon, and that nothing but the tapestry concealed me from the

view of the occupant of the boudoir. The Cirel who here wove her strongest spells, was now alone within its recesses. Her head was leaning on her harp, and her fingers wandered over its strings, carelessly bringing out the tones of a simple Russian melody, which I had sometimes heard her play. At that moment the servant announced a lady, and Edith entering, sunk trembling into a seat. Madame Marzinski, surprised at the intrusion of a person of Edith's appearance, and still more so at her apparent agitation, pushed aside her harp, and awaited the lady's commands. But Edith was still too much excited to speak, and Madame Marzinski, at length asked, if she had mistaken in supposing that the lady wished to see her. “No, madam,” gasped Edith, faintly, “I do wish to speak with you.”

“Will you not throw aside your veil,” said Madame Marzinski; “the heat oppresses you.”

“No, no,” replied Edith, hastily, “yet why should I hesitate?” then throwing back her veil, and drawing up her tall figure to its full height, she exclaimed, “you do not know me—nor have I ever looked upon *your* face, yet are we painfully—fatally connected. I am the wife of Frederick Aubrey.” For an instant the blood forsook the cheek of Madame Marzinski, leaving her dark face perfectly livid, then as suddenly returning, suffused cheek, brow and bosom, till her skin absolutely glowed. “Look on me well,” said Edith, with a calmness that looked almost like incipient insanity. “I come not as an injured and vindictive wife, to heap reproaches on the head of her who has been the instrument of my wrongs. I come but as a devoted woman, to beg from your hands the restoration of my only treasure. If gold is your desire, take all I have—my whole fortune shall be yours, but as you have the form and features of a woman, I conjure you to show that you are one in heart also. Give me back my husband—my worshipped Frederick.”

Never was there a more striking picture than that which those two lovely women now presented. Standing immediately opposite each other, Edith's snow-white complexion, and statue-like calmness, almost made her seem like an angel of light, ministering to the agitated being before her; while Madame Marzinski, her slight frame quivering with emotion, her brow almost black with its swollen and protruded veins, and every feature convulsed with emotion, seemed like a youthful Pytho-ness, receiving the inspiration of her demon god.

“Oh, how have I been deceived,” cried Madame Marzinski, after a long and earnest gaze on the face of her rival. “He told me you were as incapable of feeling as of exciting affection.”

“Who told you this?” said Edith, and her lip quivered as she spoke. “Nay, I will not ask; but tell me—only tell me—do you love Frederick Aubrey?” She absolutely gasped in the extremity of her terror, lest her rival should answer in the affirmative.

It was now Madame Marzinski's turn to be calm. Looking up into the pale countenance of Edith, she said, “Can a woman love twice? Can she find a second fountain of fresh feeling in her heart when the first has run to waste? No; I have loved once—madly—passion-

ately, but that was long before I ever saw Frederick Aubrey."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Edith, fervently, "thank God, he has not to answer for another broken heart!"

"And you thank God for this," exclaimed Madame Marzinski; "you thank God that I—your rival—am spared the misery of blighted affection! Oh, how little do you know of the passionate love which such hearts as mine can feel. Can you—answer me, lady—can you love your faithless husband, and yet compassionate your successful rival?"

"I can!" was Edith's calm reply. "I loved Frederick Aubrey from my earliest youth; my whole soul was devoted to him, and I gave him all I could—my fortune and myself. My fortune he has wasted—my affection has become hateful to him, and yet, at this moment, I could kneel in idolatry of heart before him, while my bosom retains not a vindictive feeling towards you."

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Madame Marzinski, passionately, "you can feel this, and I—I could only howl my curses over a rival's head, even when that rival was my only sister!" Suddenly taking Edith's hand, and seating her on the sofa, she said, "Listen to me, lady; you come to trust yourself to my generosity; you have acted as few women would have done—but you were right—I will not deceive your trust. I was young—very young—an orphan—living with my only relative, and elder sister, when I first saw *him* who became the object of my mad idolatry. My sister was married to an aged man, whom she did not love, and often when indulging my wild and passionate tenderness, have I pitied her lot of hopeless loneliness of spirit. Ernest did not talk of marriage, nor did I think of it. Possessing violent passions, and an ill-regulated mind, the will of my lover was my only law. I had long been entirely devoted to him, when my sister's husband died, and then I learned that Ernest had been the lover of her youth, and that, though he had sacrificed me to the passion of the moment, he meant to take her to his bosom as his wife. I saw them together—her head upon his breast—her arms upon his neck: my dagger—start not at the word—my dagger spilled the blood of both. But they died not—her arm turned aside the blow aimed at his false heart, and the wound of both was slight. With the bitterest curses that ever fell from the lips of fiend-possessed woman, I left them. I have never seen them since. Years have passed, and my heart is seared against love. I could now look upon the object of my early passion with indifference and contempt—but never can I forget my hatred to that woman—the sister of my childhood—the rival of my womanhood. No! if she lay before me now in all the crushed humility of penitence, I should spurn her. How, then, can you look upon me with so much gentleness—how speak so kindly to me, the object of your husband's love?" and she flung herself on the floor at Edith's feet, in all the agony of a fierce, yet broken spirit.

Edith had struggled with her emotion during this recital, and now bending over the quivering form before her, she wept bitterly. Her tears fell on the brow and

bosom of her rival, and, like the vivifying dews of heaven, awoke feelings that, like night-flowers, were the more precious because blooming amid darkness.

Slowly rising from her prostrate attitude, Madame Marzinski exclaimed, "Lady, I am not worthy of your tears; my story is not yet done. At first I resolved to bury my shame within the walls of a convent, but I could not thus resign my hopes of vengeance. Had my sister spurned the traitor when she learned his falsehood, I could have forgiven her; but she became his wife, and they were living in splendor, while I was writhing like a crushed worm in misery. I resolved that she should feel to her heart's core, the infamy of my disgrace. We belonged to one of the noblest families in Russia, and to make the name of the Countess Marzinski a shining mark for the immoveable finger of shame, was now my ambition. I determined to be known and wondered at—a lofty monument of my family's disgrace. To groveling vice I never could descend, but, since the days of Ninon de l'Enclos, none, even in this dissolute land, has run a bolder career of crime. At first, I hated the whole race of men—then I learned to despise them. They have been my tools, my slaves, when they believed themselves my masters. I have revenged *his* treachery upon all his sex; revenged *hers* upon myself. But never, never have I voluntarily brought sorrow to the heart of an innocent and loving woman. He who was guarded by the panoply of woman's affection, was secure from my arts, and never would Frederick Aubrey have been listened to for a moment, had I not believed his wife to be a soulless—heartless—nay, a *guilty* woman."

Starting from her seat, every feature flushed with indignation, Edith exclaimed, "Do I hear aright—*guilty*!"

"Ay, lady," said her rival, "such was Aubrey's tale. Your marriage, he said, had been one of mere convenience; you had never loved him, but had pined over the remembrance of your lover until he followed you to Paris. Nay, it was but yesterday he told me that lover was Henry Sedley."

If a bolt from heaven had fallen upon her head, Edith could not have been felled to the earth more suddenly. Dashing aside the screen, I sprang into the room, while, with a shriek of terror at my sudden appearance, Madame Marzinski called loudly for assistance. It was long before Edith showed any sign of returning life; when she did recover, she gazed wildly upon me, and with a feeble voice, said, "Take me home, Henry," then as if suddenly recollecting herself, she cried, "No, no, not you; do not come near me!" and relapsed into insensibility. Hurriedly telling Madame Marzinski that I would return and account for my sudden appearance, of which I assured her Mrs. Aubrey was quite ignorant, I begged her to send a servant for my cabriolet, which was in waiting at a little distance. As recollection slowly returned, Edith raised her head from her rival's supporting arm, and gazing wistfully in her face, murmured a few broken words as she vainly endeavored to stand without assistance. "The blow is struck," said she; "let me go home. I have nothing now to ask."

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me," exclaimed Madame

Marzinski; “say that you will not load me with that heaviest of all curses—the curse of a betrayed and broken heart.”

“I forgive you,” said Edith, slowly, “I forgive you, Madame Marzinski; so great a sorrow has fallen upon me, that I shall never feel aught but grief again. I have no room for anger in my heart—farewell.” As she spoke she clung to the sofa, and her strength seemed to fail so rapidly, that she was obliged to accept my support, and finally to return to the hotel in my cabriolet. She spoke not, stirred not, from the moment she entered the carriage, till it reached her own door, then turning abruptly from me as I assisted her to alight, she entered the house.

There was something in this rudeness so different from her usual suavity of manner, that I knew she must be fearfully affected by the calumny she had just heard. I hastened back to the house of Madame Marzinski. I found her in all the exhaustion of spent passion, but with increased bitterness of manner. I told her my motive in following Mrs. Aubrey, and my involuntary choice of a hiding-place so near them as to be a witness of their meeting. She smiled scornfully as she replied, “Make no apology, sir; the high and noble principles of your sex, doubtless, allow you to stoop to the meanness of a listener, without being disgraced. You are like your fellows. We look for treachery in men, as we do for ferocity in the hyena.”

“But you do not credit the infamous slander which Aubrey has fabricated, and for which, as there is a Heaven above me, he shall answer?”

“Ay, that is right. If I have a comfort left in life, it is to see men tugging at each other’s hearts,” and her face was absolutely fiendish as she spoke. “No,” she continued, “I do not believe it. I have seen her—I have felt her tears upon my brow—she wept for me, the destroyer of her happiness, and if a pure spirit ever was imparted to mortal frame, it abides in the bosom of Mrs. Aubrey. Now, leave me; my resolution is taken, and my time is precious.” Humbled at her reproof, I bade her adieu, and too anxious concerning Edith, to return home, I called again at Aubrey’s hotel. I was not admitted, and unwillingly restrained my anxiety until the morrow.

The morn brought a strange story to my ears. I had scarcely risen, when a letter was brought me from Aubrey. Written in the most frantic strain, it was long before I could understand his meaning, and when I did, the tale it unfolded was so incredible, I knew not how to believe him serious. Madame Marzinski had disappeared, and as I had been the last person seen to enter her house, he demanded from my hands the restoration of his mistress. Edith was raving in the delirium of fever—she had left home on foot—she had returned alarmingly ill in my carriage, and he demanded satisfaction for his insulted honor. There was something so incompatible in these two charges, that I could not help thinking the letter must have been written in a moment of intoxication. Without a moment’s delay I hurried to Aubrey’s house. He was pacing the room in a paroxysm of rage when I entered. I will not describe our fearful interview. I learned that Madame Marzinski

had suddenly left her villa, taking with her none of the wealth which Aubrey had so lavishly bestowed on her, and leaving no other message for him than his own picture, crushed, as if it had been trampled under foot, and the word “Liar,” deeply, but carelessly engraved in the gold, as if it had been done with a pen-knife or scissors. All the abuse that ever was heaped upon the head of man, I bore patiently, for Aubrey would listen to no explanation; at length, violently throwing open the door of an adjoining apartment, he seized my hand and drew me into the room. It was Edith’s bed-chamber. Extended upon a couch, lay the motionless form of that matchless being, and for an instant I stood awe-struck, for I deemed myself in the presence of the dead, when suddenly tossing her arms about, she began to rave in the most frightful manner. The names of Madame Marzinski—of Frederick—of myself, were all blended in her rhapsodies.

“Look at your work, sir,” exclaimed Aubrey; “there lies the wreck of innocence—and you have destroyed it. The love of the mistress—the honor of the wife—of these you have robbed me—and, mark me, villain—I will be revenged.”

In vain I protested that he wronged me; his fury allowed him to listen to no reasoning. Wound up to a pitch of ungovernable phrenzy, at last he struck me! Yes, old as I am, my blood boils at the recollection of it. In the sight of gaping menials—by the bed-side of his dying wife, he dishonored me by a blow.”

How differently do things present themselves to the eyes of youth and age! Now the cold, premeditated murder of a duel, seems, to me, ten-fold more criminal than the fatal blow given in the sudden impulse of passion, but then I look upon it as the only means of obliterating my disgrace. Before that day’s sun had set, a challenge was given and accepted.

What did I not suffer during the dreadful night that preceded our meeting! My father—my mother—how bitter would be their anguish should I fall—and Edith, too—poor Edith—that I should thus be compelled to attack the life of her husband, when she was lying thus, the very shadow of death; oh, it was too dreadful! Yet I thought there was no help for it. I had been grossly calumniated and insulted; my blood was in too great a ferment to be allayed by calm reflection, and I had taken the only means which the code of honor prescribed. As the challenging party, I knew I should be debarred the privilege of refusing to fire, and I must therefore take deliberate aim at Frederick Aubrey, and stretch him a corpse at my feet, or else, “take the measure of an unmade grave,” before my insult. Every thought was filled with horror for me. I know not how I lived through that night. The dawn found me seated at my table in the same attitude I had assumed at ten o’clock at night, and I was, in reality, so benumbed, that it was with difficulty I aroused myself as the hour of meeting approached.

Our seconds had arranged every thing, and I arrived upon the ground just as the sun rose above the trees. Even in that moment of agitation, I could not but remark the balmy freshness of the air, and the brightness of the

unclouded sky. Frederick's countenance was as calm as if he had just arisen from slumber. How beautiful he looked as he faced me, his stately form drawn up to its full height, and his bright hair looking like threads of gold in the sunbeam. "Aubrey!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"There will be time enough for all necessary explanation when one of us lie there," was his scornful reply, as he pointed to the smooth green turf. My heart grew sick as I turned away. It was agreed that we should both fire at the same moment. The signal was a white handkerchief, dropped from the hand of Frederick's second. We fired! Aubrey sprang high up in the air, and fell upon his face. I saw his convulsive leap, and, at the same instant, a sharp, sudden pain pierced my side, and I sunk to the earth. His shot had entered my side, but mine—oh, God! mine was in his heart!

The ball was extracted from my wound, but for months I was utterly insensible to external objects. When I recovered, I was in my father's house, watched and tended by my kind mother. But Aubrey and Edith slumbered side by side in a remote corner of the cemetery of la Sainte Vierge in Paris. Edith never knew, in this world, that I was the murderer of her husband. His falsehood had been gradually wearing her life away, and calumny inflicted the final blow. The day after the duel, she died in the deep stupor of an overwrought brain, and a grudging consent to receive the bodies of the heretics in consecrated earth, was purchased from the holy fathers by a few of their countrymen, then resident in Paris.

My first care, after I had somewhat regained a healthful tone of mind, was to erect a monument to the memory of the unhappy pair. But to my surprise, I found it had been already done. One of the first sculptors in Italy had been commissioned to erect a cenotaph of white marble, exquisitely wrought in bas-relief. The name of his employer he never knew, but the price of his labor he received from the hands of a Franciscan monk. To the monk, therefore, I applied, but he told me he had only obeyed the request of a sister of the convent, Della Maria Madalene, of Sienna.

Years—long years have passed since then, but as far as the affections were concerned, life has been to me a desert. The world have deemed me happy, but, amid the gaieties of society, or the quiet of solitude, the same images have been ever present to my mind. Conscience tells me that though no earthly tribunal can accuse me, yet I am far from guiltless. I cherished a passion which I vainly deemed innocent, because it led me not into absolute vice, and with what I deemed the purest motives, I followed the footsteps of wickedness. *I have done evil that good might come*, and I have reaped the reward of evil. I have sought to benefit my fellows, and thus to quiet the reproaches that still are whispered in my ear by the "still small voice," but the taint of sin is on my soul—the stain of blood is on my hand, and fortune has blest me with her richest gifts, as if to show that the best fruits of earth are as the apples of the Dead Sea, fair to the eye, but ashes to the taste of him who bears within him a blighted heart.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

THE FAREWELL.

SOME few years ago, there resided, in this city, a young lady, since married, possessed of considerable beauty and accomplishments, who had unintentionally captivated the heart of a gentleman from the confines of France. From her apparent confidence, he was led to believe that the attachment she had inspired in him, was reciprocated. Discovering, accidentally, his mistake, and that she actually loved another, he addressed a very feeling letter on the subject to a friend, from which, the writer of the following lines, has extracted the sentiments therein expressed.

It was the spring-time of the year,
A calm and lovely night,
The stars were twinkling in the sky,
The moon was shining bright.
And by a fairy lake we stood,
When love seemed deep and strong,
Her sweet voice floating o'er the tide,
Swelled in a gentle song.
I oft before that strain had heard,
But never knew 'till then,
The magic of a single word,
We must not hear again.
For though her smile was still the same,
That on me oft had shone,
I knew full well, her wandering thoughts,
Were fixed on him—alone.
The song was hushed, her voice was mute,
The sad delusion fled,
That bound my soul so tenderly,
To what that loved one said—
And all the dreary consciousness
That she was lost to me,
Returned more wildly, as did cease
Her gentle melody.
Then as the moon's last, lingering rays,
Danced o'er the silvery waves
In seeming carelessness, as one
Who fate, despairing braves—
I calmly said the last adieu;
Ah, little thought she then,
It was the last, the only time,
We thus should meet again.
And though I sometimes see her now,
Her brow is chill and cold,
She seems to have forgotten quite,
The happy days of old.
There is no passion in her eye,
Upon her lip no smile,
And yet I cannot bear to think,
Her heart was formed for guile.
Oh, no! I'll think she never loved,
And that another's prize
Were the sweet glances, filled with love,
Of those deceiving eyes.
But cruel was it, dearest one,
With hope to cheat my heart—
From which as from some happy dream,
I find I now must part.
Then fare-thee-well, dear love, farewell;
One look, from thee, can sever,
A heart that always loved thee well,
That will love on for ever.

c.

Original.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

THE MURDER.

THERE are few wilder spots on earth, than the deep wooded gorge through which the waters of the mad Ashuelot rush northward from the pellucid lakelets, embosomed in the eastern spurs of the great Alleghany chain, whence it starts rash and rapid—meet emblem of ambitious man—upon its brief career of foam and fury. The hills—mountains, in bold abruptness, if not by actual height entitled to the name—sinking precipitous and sheer, to the bed of the chafing river, which, in the course of ages, has scarped and channelled their rude sides, and cleft the living granite a hundred fathom down, have left scant space below for a wild road, here hewn or blasted through strata of the eternal rock, there reared upon abutments of rough logs, and traversing some five times in each mile of distance, the devious torrent, as it wheels off in arrowy angles from side to side of its stern channel. Above, so perpendicularly do the cliffs ascend, that the huge pines, which shoot out from each rift and crevice of their seamed flanks, far overhang the path, dropping their scaly cones into the boiling caldrons of the stream, and almost interlacing their black boughs; so that midsummer's noon scarce pours a wintry twilight into the damp and cavernous ravine, while a November's eve lowers darker than a starless midnight. Even now, when the hand of enterprise has dotted the whole circumjacent region with prosperous farms and thriving villages, it is a desolate and gloomy pass; but in the years immediately succeeding the war of the independence—when, for unnumbered miles, the land around was clothed in its primeval garniture of forest—when but two tiny hamlets, Keene and Fitzwilliam, had been late-founded on the mountain track, at that time the sole thoroughfare between the young states of New Hampshire and Vermont, with scarce a human habitation in all the dreary miles that intervened between those infant settlements, it was indeed as fearful, ay, and as perilous a route as ever struck dismay into the bosom of lone traveller. Those were rude days and stern! those were days that, in truth, and in more modes than one, tried—shrewdly tried—men's souls! War had, indeed, passed over—but many of its worst attributes and adjuncts still harrassed the unsettled land. Traffic had been well nigh abolished—the culture of the earth had been neglected—want, bitter want, pervaded the whole country—the minds of men, long-used to violence and strife and rapine, slowly resumed their calm and governed tenor—disbanded soldiers, the outcasts of the patriot forces, broken and desperate characters, roamed singly or in bands, without resources or employment, through every state of the new union; nor had the Indian, undismayed by the weak government of the scarce-formed republic, ceased from his late-indulged career of massacre and havoc. Such was the period—such the nature of the times—

when on a lowering and fitful evening toward the last days of October, a mounted traveller was seen to pass the sandhills, which form the jaws of the gorge on the southern side, on his way northward, to Vermont; wherein large tracts of fertile land were offered by the government for sale, at rates which tempted many to become purchasers and settlers in that romantic district. The sun had set already when he rode past the door of the one lowly tavern which then, as for the most part is the case in all new settlements, was the chief building of Fitzwilliam. A heavy mass of dark grey clouds, surging up slowly from the west, had occupied, at least, one half of the fast-darkening firmament; broad gouts of rain fell one by one at distant intervals; and the deep melancholy sigh of the west wind wailed through the dismal gorge of the Ashuelot in sure foreboding of the near tempest. The landlord of that humble hostelry stood in his lowly doorway, and warned the lated wayfarer to 'light down for the night, and take the morning with him for his guide through the wild pass that lay before him; but he who was thus timely warned, shook his head only in reply, and asking, in his turn, the distance to Hartley's Hawknest tavern, learned that six miles, of dangerous wild road, yet intervened between him and his destined harbor. For half a minute it seemed as though he doubted, for he drew in his rein and gazed with an inquiring glance toward the threatening heavens; at all events, his hesitation, if such it were, soon ended, he doubled the cape of his short horseman's cloak closer about his neck, touched his horse lightly with the spur, and cantered moderately onward. He was a tall and slight, though sinewy figure, with something in his air, and in the practised grace wherewith he sat and wheeled his horse, that spoke of military service—nor did his dress, although not strictly martial, belie the supposition; the square-topped cap of otter-skin, the braided loops and frogs on his hussar-like cloak, the leathern breeches, and high boots, equipped with long brass spurs, were by no means dissimilar to the accoutrements of sundry among the regiments of continental horse, disbanded at the termination of the war, although divested of the lace and colored facings, which would have made them strictly uniform. The animal, moreover, which he rode, had evidently been subjected to the manege, for he was well upon his haunches, with the arched neck and light mouth, champing on the bit, that speak so certainly the well-trained charger—his saddle, too, equipped with holsters at the bow, and a small valise at the cantle, was covered with a handsome bear-skin; while the bridle, with its nosebag, its cavesson, and brass-scaled frontlet, had yet more certainly been decorated so for no pacific purpose. Darker, and darker yet, frowned the dim skies above him, as threading the black pass, with no guide save the chafing roar of the vexed waters, and the white glistening of their tortured spray, he hastened onward; and now the wind, which had long sobbed and moaned among the giant pines, that lent a heavier gloom to the dark twilight road, raved out in savage gusts, whirling away the smaller branches, like straws, in their mad dalliance; the rain, at every lull, plashing upon the

slippery rocks—the thunder crashing and roaring at the zenith, and the pale fires of heaven flashing in ghostly sheets across the narrow stripe of sky, which alone showed between the wood-fringed cliffs glooming on either hand, five hundred feet aloft. Yet not for rain or storm did the good charger flinch, or the bold rider curb him. With his head bowed upon his breast, his rein relaxed and free, and his foot firm in the stirrup, as confident in the high qualities of his generous steed, fleetly and fearlessly he galloped onward; turn after turn of the stern glen he doubled—bridge after bridge clattered beneath his thundering stride—mile after mile was won—and now, as he wheeled round the base of a huge rocky buttress—from which the stream, rebuffed by its massy weight, swept off in a wide reach to the right hand, while on the left the hills receded somewhat from its brink, leaving a sylvan amphitheatre of a few acres circuit—the lights of the small wayside inn, known, in those days, to all who traversed the frontiers of the neighbor states, as Hartley's Hawknest, glanced cheerfully upon the traveller's eyes. It was a long, low, log-built tenement, with several latticed windows looking toward the river which it faced, the upper story projecting so far as to constitute a rugged sort of galleried piazza. A glorious weeping elm, that loveliest of forest trees, stood at the southern end; its drooping foliage, sear, now, and changed from its rich verdure, overshadowing many a yard of ground, and its gigantic trunk, garnished with rings and staples, whereto were fastened, as the stranger galloped up, two or three sorry-looking, ill-conditioned horses, meanly caparisoned with straw-stuffed pads and hempen halters, waiting the leisure of their masters, who were employed—as many a snatch of vulgar song, and many a burst of dissonant harsh laughter pealing into the bosom of the night, betokened—in rude debauchery within. A rudely-fashioned spout of timber discharged a stream of limpid water into a huge stone cistern, whence it leaped with a merry murmur, and ran gurgling down a pebbled channel to join the river in the bottom—and beyond this, a long range of sheds and stabling stood out at a right angle to the tavern. Pausing before the open shed, the stranger saw, with no small feelings of annoyance, that the whole length of its unplanned and sordid manger was occupied by a large drove of horses; while, by the stamp of hoofs within, and muzzling sounds as of beasts busy with their provender, he readily guessed that the stables, also, were completely crowded. Linking his panting charger, therefore, to one of the hooks in the elm-tree, and throwing his own cloak across its croupe, he stepped across the threshold into the thronged and smoky bar-room. The inn, as he had but too surely augured, was crowded to the utmost—a drove of horses, on their way southward from Vermont, had come in that same evening, their drivers having engaged every bed and pallet in the house—a dozen farmers of the neighborhood, scared from proceeding on their homeward routes by the terrific aspect of the night, had occupied the little parlor—the very bar-room floor was strewn with buffalos and blankets, whereon reposed a dozen sturdy forms, seemingly undisturbed by the obscene and stormy revelling of

several of their comrades, who had preferred a night-long drinking bout to a hard couch and uncertain slumbers. There needed scarce a question to ascertain that not a spot remained where he could spread his cloak; nor, which weighed most with him, a shed, however lowly, wherein to stable his good horse. Nothing remained, then, but to procure a feed of oats for the worn animal, some slight refreshment for himself, and to proceed, as best he might, to Keene, still twelve miles distant, with the worst portions of the road yet to be overcome. No long space did it take the youth, for he was young and eminently handsome; and, as the lights displayed his lythe and active symmetry, set off by a close frock of forest green, edged in accordance with the fashion of the day, by a thin cord of gold, none who looked on him could fail to discover the gentleman of birth and breeding in every feature of his face, in every gesture of his active frame. And eagerly and keenly did many an eye of those who revelled round him, of those who seemed to slumber, scan his whole form, and dress, and bearing. Several gaunt, wolfish-looking men, muffled in belted blanket coats, bearded and grim and hideous, proffered him their revolting hospitality, and would fain, as it seemed, have entered into converse with him; but while offending none by any thing of haughtiness or of direct avoidance, he yet withdrew himself from their company, and sat wrapped in his own meditations until the voice of the landlord summoned him to the scant meal, which he discussed in haste, and standing; this ended, he drew forth his purse to pay his reckoning; nor was it till he noted the quick and fiery glances which shot from many an eye, dwelt gloatingly upon the silken network, through which gleamed many a golden coin, that he became aware of his imprudence in drawing out so large a sum, as he had thus unwittingly displayed before so doubtful an assemblage. Nor did the consequences of his error fail to stand visibly before him, when sundry of the bystanders offered to yield their places to the stranger, should he prefer to tarry; and one, a tall, dark-visaged, gloomy-looking man, wearing a long and formidable butcher-knife in his buff belt, and holding a tall rifle in his hand, announced his intention to ride some three miles on the way toward Keene, forthwith, to the spot where his own homeward path branched off from the main road, tendered his services and company, as a guide well acquainted with the pass; and even offered him a night's lodging in his own cabin. While thus addressed, the stranger was aware of a shrewd meaning look which the landlord cast toward him as he handed him his change; but seeing no mode whereby to avoid the man's society, and feeling that he should more easily be able to defend himself if assailed, against a person by his side, than against one who might, unseen, waylay him, he was contented with declining the night's lodging, and courteously accepted his assistance as a guide. The wind had quite sunk as he again mounted his recruited charger, and the storm had swept over; yet was the road as dark as a wolf's mouth through the ravine, which narrowed more and more as they proceeded farther, and was even more obscured by the precipitous hills and overhanging foliage. Slowly they

journeyed on, compelled to spare their speed by the deep channels and huge stones which broke the surface of the path; and close and various were the questionings to which the traveller was subjected by his acute, although, untutored guide. Acute, however, as he was, he had met, in the stranger, his full match; for, seemingly responding to each query with perfect and accommodating frankness, he yet contrived to say no word which should give any clue to his intentions or his destination; so that when they had reached the spot where their paths separated, the countryman knew nothing more than when they had set forth, of his companion's views or business.

"Well, sir," he said, speaking in better language than might have been expected from his appearance and demeanor, "well, sir, since you will not accept my humble hospitality, I wish you a good night. We shall most likely never meet again—if so, I wish you well, sir. I, too, have been a soldier—mind, when you reach the next bridge, directly you have passed it, you take the right hand path; a little brook you'll have to ford, and it may be a thought high from this rain; but you will find it safe and a good bottom! No! no!" he added, as the traveller would have slipped a guinea into the hand he had extended—"no! no! I have done you no service; I will take no reward! Good night!"

"Good night, and thanks!" returned the other—and they parted! the traveller, in half repentant thought, blaming himself with generous self-reproach for the suspicious fears he had half entertained of his guide's good faith, and, for the moment, well nigh regretting that he had not accompanied the other to his hospitable home. But thoughts like these were soon absorbed in the necessity of looking to the guidance of his horse among the various difficulties of darkness and an unknown road—and now he reached the first bridge, and the cross track by which he was directed to proceed. Yet, though he had forgot no syllable of his instructions, he hesitated; for the left hand was evidently the most travelled route, and that, by which he had been told to journey, seemed but a narrow and occasional bye path. He hesitated, and while he stood there, a wild whooping cry rang on his ear; a melancholy, long-protracted wail, followed by the quick flapping of wide wings. As the first sound burst on his ear, the horseman started, and half turned in his saddle, thrusting his hand, meantime, into his ready holsters—but as the final notes were followed by the heavy rush of pinions on the night wind—"Why, what a timorous fool am I," he muttered, "to be thus scared by the chance clamor of a silly fowl! Well! well! 'tis of a piece with my late doubts," and setting spurs to his reluctant horse—reluctant to turn into that bye path—he trotted forward. A few steps brought him to a small gloomy hollow—the bed of the brooklet mentioned by the farmer—now swollen by the late storm into the semblance of a wintry torrent, brawling among loose stones, and at a few yards' distance from the ford dashing a sheet of broad white foam over a rocky ridge into the fierce Ashuelot. The trees grew close down to the brink on either hand, o'er canoping the dismal ford—the water was as black as Acheron! The

traveller drew in his rein, and steered his charger cautiously down the steep bank, when, as his fore feet touched the marge, a heavy blow was dealt him from behind, with a huge bludgeon, bowing him to the horse's neck. Before he could recover, a second followed, truly aimed at the juncture of the spine and scull; a flash of myriad sparks streamed through his reeling eyes—his brain spun round and round—and, with a heavy sullen splash, he fell into the shallow pool—a strong hand wheeled the charger round, and a smart blow upon the quarters, sent him in full career over the self-same road which he had lately traversed under the guidance of a master's hand. The freshness of the water laving his forehead, lent, for a moment, a new life to the wounded traveller—he sprang to his feet, and grappled at the throat of his unseen assailant! Just at that point of time, a single sheeted flash, the last faint glimmering of the retreated storm, played for a moment on the sky—he recognized by that faint glimmer the dark visage and the gloomy scowl—he marked the glitter of the long butcher-knife, too late to parry its home thrust. One cry on God for mercy! one long, sick thrilling gasp! one fluttering shudder of the convulsed and lifeless limbs! and his heart's blood was mingled with the turbulent stream—and he lay at the feet of his destroyer, a mere clod in the valley.

H. W. H.

Original.

THE YOUNG WIDOW'S LAMENT.

The death-bell tolled, and it fell on my ear,
Like the knell of departed bliss;
As I gazed in despair on William's bier,
With eyes that were burning without a tear,
To soften a pang like this!

For William was all that I valued below,
His bosom was honor's shrine—
His hand to the needy was prompt to bestow,
While he lighted up "smiles in the aspect of woe,"
And kindled new rapture in mine.

But Fate was relentless, and William bowed
To a sudden and early doom,
No longer the life of the listening crowd
He lowly reclines in a coffin and shroud,
And sleeps in the narrow tomb.

They made him a bed in the cold damp ground,
Where they laid my love to rest;
The sable-clad mourners stood silent around,
And sigh'd in response to the murmuring sound
Of the clods, as they fell on his breast.

My heart was so full that I could not weep,
With spasms I drew my breath;
My sobs were so low and convulsively deep,
That I hoped soon to share in my William's sleep,
In the chilly embrace of death.

From these widowed arms my love was torn,
When hope was revelling bright;
And his spirit has passed the eternal bourne,
While hapless Amelia is left to mourn
Through Sorrow's starless night.

But morning will dawn, and I shall rise
When life's brittle cord shall sever,
In regions far brighter, I'll open my eyes,
And meet my dear William above the skies,
To part no more for ever.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Original.

THE DOOM.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

In a retired hamlet, towards the northern part of France, lived at the time of the Revolution, but as yet undisturbed by its horrors, Leon Duhesme, and his sister, Leonor—orphans and twins. Lonely, beautiful, and idolizing each other, they resembled two blossoms on the self-same stem, as like, as lovely; the zephyr, that fanned the soft bloom of the one, the other would be sure to feel, and if the storm should come, alas! the blight must fall on both! So striking was the similarity, that, only by their difference of dress, were they known apart.

The hazel eyes of Leon were as like his sister's as if their luminous beauty emanated from the same unshadowed soul. Glossy as silk, on either head, waved the brown and curling hair. Soft and clear, but dark, was the dimpled cheek of Leonor, and Leon's was the same, while the rich glow, that quivered there, with the slightest emotion, sudden and beautiful as the rosy heat-lightning of summer, when it plays through the sunset cloud, seemed but a reflection of the changeful hue of his.

Often, while yet a child, the wild and graceful Leonor would playfully don her brother's cap and frock and mimic sword, and march demurely through the village street, pursing her pretty, roguish lip, to hide its smile, while her down-cast eye gleamed archly through the shadowing lash; and when the puzzled villagers accosted her as—"Leon,"—she would clap her little hands exultingly, and laugh in innocent delight.

Leonor loved her gentle brother so fervently, that in after years, this resemblance was still the pride and joy of her heart, and when, as he emerged from childhood, the flowing tresses of the boy were sacrificed to the fashion of the times, she begged, with tears in her earnest eyes, that hers too might be cut, lest the change should lessen their likeness to each other. Her request was laughed at as a babyish whim; but the spirited child was resolved and would not be thwarted. With her own hands, she clipped the luxuriant hair, which had been the admiration of all who knew her, and from that time persisted in wearing it short. The bright ringlets, clustering close her head, displayed its graceful contour to the utmost advantage,—heightening, at the same time, that piquant and beaming openness of expression, which was the peculiar charm of her countenance.

But while in external feature, the likeness was perfect, in the characters of the orphan-twins, there was a striking dissimilarity. Both were high-hearted, gentle and generous, and each devoted to the other. But the love of Leon resembled the soft, caressing tenderness of a girl, to whom love is life. He was, a timid boy, of a thoughtful and dreamy nature, ever shrinking from contact with strangers, and happy only in the society of his worshipped sister.

The laughing Leonor, on the contrary, was the fearless child of impulse; ardent, impetuous and often uncontrollable, always in search of excitement, and finding it, where a colder soul might seek in vain; yet wild and wayward, as she was, her affection for Leon amounted to idolatry: full of romantic daring herself, she cherished his more yielding spirit, with the protecting fondness of a mother. It was an intense and beautiful feeling, to which all others were rendered subservient. This peculiar difference was often perceptible in outward expression. A word or look of unkindness, from another, and the tears of wounded feeling would steal from the drooping lashes of the sensitive boy, while Leonor's lip was curling with eloquent scorn, and her eyes filling with the fire of an indignant spirit.

The orphans had reached their sixteenth year, when the peaceful inhabitants of ——— were one day alarmed by the intelligence, that a recruiting sergeant, with a file of soldiers, was within an hour's march of the village. The excitement was universal. The fond mother gazed on her boy, and clasped her hands in agony, at the fearful image, which rose to her mind. She saw those little and youthful limbs—trampled in the dust by the iron hoof of battle; the fair, soft locks were stained and dim, the laughing eyes were closed, in the sunless sleep of death! The maiden wept in the arms of her betrothed, and the young and timid wife clung wildly to her husband, trembling with terror, as she heard the faint beat of a distant drum!

The crisis came at last. Every man, able to bear arms, was summoned to the sergeant's presence, there to decide, by lot, his future destiny. For the first time in her life the cheek of Leonor was blanched with fear. It was Leon's turn to play the hero then. He had never before dreamed of a separation from his sister, and, now, the very thought was agony; but, for her sake, he struggled with his emotion.

"Even if I should draw the fatal lot, dear Leonor," he said, "I shall not be far from you, for, they say, the General's army is encamped within two days' march of the village. I shall often obtain leave of absence, and I must not shrink from danger, love!"

He clasped her to his heart, and then, with his soft lips pressing firmly together, and his slight and fragile frame nerved to unwonted strength, by his beautiful resolve, he turned, with a steady step, towards the appointed place of meeting. The girl stood, for a moment, motionless, and then slowly followed her brother.

She reached the scene, just as Leon was opening the paper he had drawn. She marked the scarcely visible start; the dark eye drooped, the clear, brown cheek flushed and paled again, the lip quivered and was calm, and Leonor knew that hope was vain!

Among the foremost in the group, was a noble-looking youth of frank and fearless mien, who opened his paper with an eagerness, which showed that fear was a stranger to his soul. This was Victor St. Cloud—the pride and boast of the village. Many a bright eye glanced eagerly at his approach, for his bold bearing and manly beauty won the admiration of all; and many

a pretty lip was seen to pout with vexation at the rumor of his engagement to the young and timid Louise de l'Orme;—Louise! the orphan—the friendless and destitute! whose sad, blue eyes were seldom lifted, save in prayer, and to whose soft, cloudless cheek, the rose of beauty and of joy was unknown, 'till it woke to life beneath the hallowed kiss of love!

"What a strange taste he has!" exclaimed the village belle, as she shook the dark curls from her glowing face, and gazed with a smile in her mirror,—*"Louise is a mere statue—so pale and cold and still! I am sure she cannot love him; she has not feeling enough!"*

But let us return to Victor. He opened the paper; an exulting smile illumined his countenance, as he glanced at the contents, and he uttered an involuntary exclamation of joy. It was echoed by a piercing shriek from one among the group of women, who were awaiting the decision at a little distance, and a fair, young girl rushed wildly forward, and fell fainting at his feet! The glad smile instantly gave place to an expression of mournful tenderness; his black eyes filled with tears, and raising the lifeless Louise gently in his arms, he bore her from the scene.

The stars, that smiled that night through the untroubled heavens, serene and lovely as angelic eyes, looked down on many a scene of sorrow; for the little troop was to march, at sunrise, the next day. In one of the lowliest butts of the village dwelt a widow with her only son. The woman was infirm and poor. She looked to the unwearied exertions of the affectionate boy as their sole means of support. He was all the world to her; her life, her hope, her joy! And the morrow's sun would see her desolate and comfortless; for he too had drawn the fatal lot. They were seated together beside the low window of their room, and the youth held her thin, weak hand, fast locked in his. Silent they sat—the silence of despair; for, to them, there was no hope, not a glimpse, not the slightest chance of relief! The mother's dim eyes gazed mournfully on the face, which, for seventeen years, had been as sunshine in her darkened home.

"I shall never, never see it more!" she murmured; and closing her eyes, with a slight shudder, she leaned her head against the high back of her chair, and remained for a few moments, motionless and mute. Gradually the shadow of despair passed away from that pale face, and was succeeded by an expression of still and beautiful serenity. She rose feebly from her seat. "Let us pray! my child!" she said, "It will comfort us both!"

They knelt together, before a rude picture of the Virgin, and the young man bowed his head reverently, while his mother breathed a prayer for his safety and return.

As she rose from the performance of this pious duty, a tap was heard at the door, and a youthful stranger hastily entered the hut. He was enveloped in a cloak and cap, the dark and drooping plumes of which, effectually, shaded his face from observation. His mission was soon told. He had come to offer himself as a substitute for the widow's son.

"You," he said, turning to the latter, "must surely be loth to leave your only parent, alone and destitute: she would die if you were gone. I, alas! have none to mourn for me!—and my only hope of happiness is in what I now propose: let me go in your stead."

It will readily be imagined how thankfully the widow and her son assented to this welcome proposition. The former wept tears of joy at the unlooked-for reprieve, and blessed the stranger youth, with all the fervor of a grateful heart. But he turned from their eager acknowledgments, and rapidly retraced his steps 'till he reached a lonely cottage, which he entered, and proceeding to an inner chamber, hastily closed the door.

He tossed the cap impatiently from his head, and a profusion of long, light hair fell glistening in the moonlight. A delicate hand emerged from the dark folds of the cloak, and tremblingly unfastened its clasp: as it dropped from the shoulders, a white dress and girlish form were suddenly revealed, and Louise de l'Orme, for it was she, threw herself on her lowly bed, and burying her face in her hands wept long and bitterly. She was aroused by a low voice at the open window.

"Louise!" it said, "my own Louise! I have come to bid you good bye!"

A slight smile arched the sweet lip of the maiden, as she rose and went to the casement. She laid her pale, cold cheek tenderly on the arm of her lover, listened to his passionate farewell, and received in silence his parting kiss and blessing.

"He is gone!" she murmured, as he turned reluctantly away, "and now for my preparations for the morrow:—dear, dear Victor! and can he think I would part with him thus? he does not know Louise."

Long before sunrise, the sleepless Leonor rose from her pillow, and hastily dressing went to her brother's apartment. She knocked; no answer was returned, and softly opening the door, she stole, with a noiseless step, to his bedside. How beautiful is the slumber of the innocent and young! His head was pillowed on his arm, while its brown curls, moist with the balmy dews of sleep, clung in graceful disorder to the fair and blue-veined temples. A tear was on his glowing cheek; but a smile, lovely as the light, and full of angelic tenderness, played round the gently-parted lips. With a gaze of unutterable affection, Leonor leaned over the slumbering boy, and kissed away the tear. Then kneeling by his side, she prayed for a few moments, silently, but with fervor, for that beloved being, from whom she was so soon to part, perhaps for ever. She rose relieved, awoke the sleeper, and left him to complete her preparations for his departure.

The moment of separation arrived. It was one of agony to both; but it was soon over, for there was no time for delay. A lingering kiss—a scarcely audible farewell—another last embrace! and Leonor was left alone with her sorrow, while her brother hastened to his already assembled comrades.

One alone was missing. It was the widow's son. His name was called, but no one answered the summons. It was repeated.

"His substitute is here!" replied a low, sweet voice;

and a youth unknown to all, with downcast eyes and faltering step, suddenly took his station in the ranks. The tremulous tones were scarcely audible, yet Victor St. Cloud startled at the sound, and turned, with a bewildered gaze, towards the speaker. Those gentle accents strangely harmonized with the dear image, in the contemplation of which, he had just been absorbed; but the raven curl, the rosy cheek, and military attire of the young recruit were discord to the music, and the lover resumed his reverie. He saw again his own Louise, as she lay, motionless, in his last embrace: again her delicate eyelids closed beneath his kiss, the silken lashes drooped on her pale, soft cheek, and her fair hair, floated like a veil around the slight and youthful form! As the vision melted away, a sad, but indefinable foreboding stole suddenly to his heart. Once again—but once was that beautiful image to be realized, and then to fade forever in darkness as in death! But Victor saw not this, and he struggled, with manly resolution, against his unwonted presentiments of evil. They were soon forgotten in the novel excitement of a soldier's life.

The little troop commenced its march towards the frontiers, where Dumourier, the Republican General, with his brave Carmagnoles, was steadily opposing the progress of the Prussians and the French Royalists, under the Duke of Brunswick. Two days after they joined the main army, an engagement, near Valmy, took place between the hostile forces. In that contest, short and undecided, as it was, the youthful Leon, though he fought with instinctive courage, experienced all the horror and disgust, with which a first scene of bloodshed must ever inspire a mind like his,—naturally gentle, refined and sensitive, and hitherto devoted to peaceful and intellectual pursuits.

One fatal incident, in particular, impressed him with an abhorrence of the fearful trade of war, which not all his after efforts could control.

Towards the close of the battle, he found himself near Victor St. Cloud, the gay and gallant Victor, who had fought like an inspired hero through the day. He was, at that moment, engaged in a single and desperate combat, with a Prussian of athletic frame, who, by some accident, had disarmed, and brought him to the ground. Undaunted by his own defenceless condition and the raised and threatening sword of his powerful foe, who haughtily bade him surrender, Victor sprang to his feet; but ere he could close with his enemy, a youth, whose constant presence at his side, during the day, had before surprised him, suddenly rushed between him and the Prussian, and received, in his breast, the sword intended for Victor, sank at his feet, with the red life-stream gushing fast from the wound. It was the same mysterious and beautiful being, who had appeared so suddenly among the ranks, on the morning of their march; and who, since then, had won the love and interest of all, by his patience, sweetness, and almost unearthly loveliness of feature and expression. Astonished at the young stranger's unaccountable devotion to himself, and maddened by the fatal result, St. Cloud sprang forward to avenge him. His fury lent him a supernatural strength; he wrenched the sword, yet warm

with the blood of that innocent victim, from the hand of the foe, and laid him lifeless at his feet,—then, raising in his arms, with mournful solitude, the seemingly breathless form of the boy, he hastened from the field. "Victor!" murmured a faint, sweet voice, he stopped abruptly. It was like the voice of Louise, yet surely it issued from the pale lips, that rested on his shoulders. "Victor!" it whispered again! Sickening with a sudden and vague, but dreadful apprehension, he sank on one knee to the ground, resting the stranger's head upon the other. "Dear Victor!" He could bear no more! He wildly dashed off the military cap, that shaded the pale features of the youth, with it fell that dark hair, which had so effectually disguised those features, and the fair tresses of Louise de l'Orme floated like light to the ground! Speechless with agony and horror, the lover bent over the devoted girl, who now lay motionless in his arms; and long and wildly did he gaze upon the face, beautiful even in death! Once, only once, the white lids moved, the soft, blue eyes looked up to his, with a dim smile of touching and mournful tenderness; then they closed for ever! Victor knew that she was dead!

For some moments he did not move; he scarcely breathed; by degrees, his face grew calm, almost rigid in its expression; his lips slowly and sternly compressed, as if closing over some desperate mental resolve. Whatever this determination may have been, he sealed it with a long, long kiss upon the forehead of his lost Louise, and rising calmly, transferred her to the arms of Leon, who had been a deeply interested witness of the scene. Victor did not speak; but as he resigned his precious burden, he pointed to the battle-field, with a wild and meaning smile, and dashed once more into the thickest of the fray.

It was night. The soldiers slumbered in their tents. The battle was over; but its dreadful sounds and sights still haunted the fevered imagination of Leon. If he closed his eyes to sleep, the wan face of the murdered Louise rose before them, and he was fain to re-open and fix them on some real and less awful object, in order to displace the unearthly vision; but he could not dispel the fearful images, which crowded upon his mind, and gradually, as his memory brooded, with an intense and uncontrollable power, over the scenes he had witnessed, as they became, more and more, terribly distinct, more painfully minute, his brain grew wild, his senses wavered, and starting from the ground, he glided out of the tent, unconscious of any definite purpose, save a vague and desperate resolution to fly from the spot; whither he knew not, cared not. On he sped, as if pursued by a demon, his light step unheard, his fitting form unheeded, by the drowsy sentinel. As he passed the bodies of the slain, lying ghastly in the moonlight, the sight only served to redouble his speed, and he flew like a spirit, winged with fear, instinctively taking the road, by which he had marched, with his comrades, a few days before. We will leave the poor, crazed boy in his flight, and return to his sister.

On the afternoon of the sixth day succeeding the departure of Leon, from the village, as Leonor stood at the door of their cottage, absorbed in mournful thoughts

of the absent one, her wandering glance was suddenly arrested by the figure of a soldier, running swiftly towards her. Long before he reached her, she recognized her brother, and with a cry of pleasure and surprise, hastened to meet him. Panting, breathless, almost fainting, he sank into her outstretched arms, and there the strength, which had seemed, until then, to have been upborne by some supernatural agency, suddenly failed; he was utterly exhausted from fatigue and want of food, and it was with much difficulty, that he was enabled, by his sister's assistance to reach the cottage.

Leonor was alarmed by the extreme paleness of his face, his wild, haggard expression, and still more, by his incoherent and extravagant demonstrations of rapture at being once more with her, who was his all on earth. Gradually, however, she soothed him into calmness, and persuaded him to account for his unexpected return. He told her, shuddering with renewed horror, as he did so, of the sad and agonizing scenes, which he had been compelled to see and share, and of their overwhelming effect on his excited imagination. He had fled from the tent, he said, in a state bordering upon frenzy, and as he passed the dead bodies, that strewed the battle-field, a wild fancy took possession of his heated brain; they seemed to rise up and pursue him as he flew, with their white faces and blood-stained garments, gleaming strangely in the moonlight! From that horrible moment, all consciousness had forsaken him, and he knew nothing more till he found himself in the arms of his beloved sister.

Leonor listened and wept with affectionate sympathy; but the sufferer needed food and sleep; the former was soon supplied, and after bathing his fevered brow and soothing him with her gentle caresses, she persuaded him to retire for the night. Restless, herself, she wandered from room to room, and at last, unable to control her anxiety, stole to her brother's apartment. He slept; alas! how different now his slumber from that, which she had watched over on the morning of his departure! Then he lay, blooming and beautiful, in the rosy rest of health and youth and innocence! Now, weak and worn with physical and mental exhaustion, the glow had left his cheek, the sunny smile his lips! His eyes were half unclosed, as if his rest were troubled with unwholesome dreams. His lips quivered with a convulsive effort to speak; "Ah! save me, save me, Leonor!" he cried.

"Yes, yes! I will save thee, dearest!" said the pitying girl, fondly believing that the voice he loved would soothe him even in sleep. She was right. His head sank back upon the pillow, his eyes closed, his slumber gradually grew deeper and more tranquil. Leonor bent over him, for a while, then turned to leave the room. The moon shone unclouded, and as she passed the open window, she was startled by the appearance of several men, who were evidently approaching the cottage. She caught the gleam of armor and her heart misgave her. "They are soldiers, they have come for Leon!" she said to herself.

Alas! it was too true, and ere they reached the gate, she had heard enough to confirm her wildest fears.

From their conversation she learned, that as soon as the fugitive was missed from the camp, they had been sent in pursuit. The words, which followed, struck on her senses with the force of a thunder-bolt.

"Poor boy!" said one, "he will pay dearly for his desertion! shot probably—some I know have been guillotined. It is a hard fate for one so young and gentle!"

"Bah!" replied another in a brutal tone, "I have no pity to waste on cowards."

With wonderful presence of mind, Leonor repressed the shriek, which had nearly burst from her lips. She withdrew hastily from the casement. She gazed around in wild despair. Was there no means of escape for the fair and innocent being, who lay before her, unconscious of his danger! Suddenly a ray of moonlight fell upon his uniform, lying in a chair by the bedside; as suddenly flashed a wild thought through the mind of that heroic girl! With a trembling hand she grasped the clothes, gave a last, fond look at the slumberer, and hurried from the room. She hastened to equip herself in the military garb; but ere she had completed her disguise, she heard an impatient knock at the door of the cottage, and the next moment, the sound of a heavy tramp in the room below. Dreading lest the noise had awakened Leon, she finished her task, and stole once more, with a throbbing heart to the open door of his chamber. He still slept calmly. She descended and stood before the soldiers.

"Is it I you seek?" she said.

"Ah, ha! my bird! Have we caught you at last!" The rough soldier seized her arm, as he spoke, as if fearful she would again escape.

"You may well call him a bird," said his comrade, gazing, compassionately, on the delicate frame of the pretended boy, "for his voice is as sweet as a nightingale's. But let us be off! we have no time to lose."

And Leonor, rejoicing in the success of her stratagem, suffered herself to be led unhesitatingly away.

The morning sun rose brightly over the tents of Dumourier's army; but it smiled on a scene of still and awful solemnity. In an open space without the camp, a file of soldiers were drawn up in a line. They were armed with muskets, and remained motionless and grave as if awaiting their own doom of death. Facing them, and about ten yards distant, was a youth bare-headed and disarmed. The reader will readily recognize the victim. It was Leonor Duhesme. Firm in her heroic self-devotion, and exalted above all fear, by lofty and generous enthusiasm, she stood, like a beautiful statue, with a face as pale as death, while her rich dark eyes, flashing with excitement, were fixed, in a steady unswerving gaze on the weapons of the band before her, loaded as she deemed with her doom! But it was not so to be. Several officers, deeply interested by the youth, beauty and innocence of the prisoner, had petitioned for a reprieve in his favor, and Dumourier, himself, was so touched by his unresisting, yet fearless submission to the sentence, that he was easily prevailed upon to remit it. Some punishment, however, was deemed necessary, as a warning, and it was accordingly decided, that he should remain ignorant of his pardon until the last moment.

In order, that he might realize, in imagination, at least, all the horrors of his doom, by hearing the discharge, which he believed would seal it, the muskets of the soldiers were loaded with blank cartridges. In the midst of the death-like silence, which prevailed for a few moments before the signal to fire was made, a faint voice, as of one exhausted, came from afar and a pale and panting figure was seen speeding, as if for life towards the spot. The next instant, the word of command was given! The soldiers levelled their muskets, fired, and Leonor stood unharmed and wondering at her safety!

Alas! the fatal report had reached another's ear less able to endure it. Leon had heard it, the gentle and tender Leon, for the toil-worn stranger was he! Already enfeebled by illness, anxiety and fatigue, the sound struck to his heart, with a blow, as sure and deadly in its effect, as if it had been itself the winged bullet of destruction! He staggered and fell to the ground! They raised him—he was dead.

Original.

A S O N G.

At last that lone, sweet star has woke,
And from the western sky,
Beams through thy vine-wreathed lattice, love,
With soft and radiant eye.
And on the cool and balmy air
The robin's evening song,
The same we used to love to hear,
Floats mellowly along.
That lone, sweet star, the robin's song,
Now greeting eye and ear—
Oh, are they not the signals, love,
That now should bring thee here?
Here, where among the leafy boughs,
The winds in whispers low,
Weave the same strange, mysterious lay,
They wove so long ago.
A year of absence, grief and care,
Has left unchilled this heart,
Since here we met our troth to pledge,
To weep and then to part.
No longer linger—moments seem,
Like weary hours to me,
While, dearest, thou delay'st to meet
Me 'neath our trysting tree.
No longer linger—was't not here,
Our young heart's vows were breathed?
And with those vows, so trusting pure,
What holy hopes were wreathed.
Then come! when first we met the same
Sweet robin's evening song,
Wafted upon the balmy breeze,
Stole mellowly along.
And the same bright and lonely star
Is looking from above,
Which softly gazed on us when first
We breathed our vows of love.

CAROLINE ORNE.

Original.

THE COVENANTER.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

"Then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet in some deep dell
By rocks o'er canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice. He, by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning, ope'd the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake. Over their souls
His accents soothing came—as to her young
The heath fowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms."

GRAHAM.

READER, art thou one of those who, in the solitude of the forest, or by the banks of some murmuring stream, lovest to wander, communing with thy own heart. If so, thou knowest how sweet it is to gaze upon the tall trees waving their fantastic arms in the winds of heaven, the fragrant flowrets blushing in their rainbow-colored blossoms, while overall spreads the canopy of ethereal beauty, with the evening clouds rich in the sunset of glory. Since my boyhood, these scenes have ever been the loadstar of my heart—the sunniest spots in the desert of existence. It was in such a mood, and in one of these lovely evenings, I had been tempted to stroll into the bosom of a deep forest, the skirts of which were laved by a considerable streamlet which descended, from a chain of hills, in the opposing distance, whose tops were each encircled by a diadem of the sun's departing beams. A summer shower had added to the fullness of its waters, and the wild-flowers, which gemmed its banks, were rife with their balmy fragrance. It was a scene calculated to inspire the heart with the deepest gratitude to the Creator, and wean the mind from earth to Heaven. While thus lost in a revery of holy communion, a sudden splash in the water recalled me to consciousness, and looking up the stream, I beheld the figure of a man busily engaged in the act of landing a tenant of the waters, which he had been fortunate enough to capture. He was an old man, who had, apparently, numbered some seventy winters. His form was tall, but considerably bent by the weight of years, his features were strongly marked, his eyes dark as the gloss on the raven's wing, and shrouded by eyebrows of white, shaggy hair, his forehead was lofty and capacious, while, in long, waving folds, fell the wintry tresses adown his back; his costume was of that character which belonged to the Scottish peasantry at the latter end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century, but perhaps a little more bordering upon the dress of those persecuted men—the Covenanters, who fought the good fight for their faith, and who, in despite of kings, prelates, and foreign hirelings, stood unblanched with fear, or trembling, on their native mountains, and shrunk not to shed their blood rather than bend to foreign oppression, and resign the creed of their fathers and their God. From the exertion and excitement of the sport, the blood had mounted to his cheek, and his eye was lighted up with a brilliancy that showed the soul within, yet bade defiance to the mouldering temple of the man. I accosted

him with the usual salutations, and congratulated him upon his success. His answer was brief, and by no means complaisant. When he had finished it, he cast his eyes most keenly upon me, lifted his lowland bonnet from his brow, looked up to Heaven and muttering a short and inaudible ejaculation, in silence again pursued his occupation. My curiosity was excited. I saw that he was no ordinary person, and I resolved to draw him into conversation. My next remark, therefore, was upon the beauty of the evening, comparing the sinking of the sun behind the mountains, like a good man departing to eternal rest. To this, the old man quickly replied, "*You are right, young man, for in the morning he will again arise in glory, like to the righteous, when this earth shall sink from its foundation, and the heavens be shrivelled like to a scroll. Oh, would that hour were come, then shall the just receive a crown of imperishable glory, and the sinner cry for mercy, but in vain—long-severed friends shall meet no more to be sundered, and thou, Jessie, my murdered one, be again in my arms.*" The old man, as he gave vent to these expressions, looked like one of the inspired prophets of old—his whole frame was agitated to a frightful degree—his voice grew tremulous, while the big tears dropped from his flashing eyeballs, like storm-drops from a cloud, the precursors of a coming tempest. I offered to share in his sorrow, but my sympathy was repelled by a bitter glance of indignation, while he sullenly replied, "*I want consolation from no one. There, alone, do I hope to find it,*" pointing to Heaven; "*but with my fellow creatures never. They came like the wolf in the night time to my fold—like the whirlwind to my garden of beauty. I found death where I had left life—blight where I had left blossom. I walked in the morning of my manhood, and with the shadows of the evening, I was a houseless, hopeless, wifeless, stricken man,*" and here the speaker sank upon the streamlet's margin, and wept like a very child. There is, in the bosom of every individual, if that bosom partakes of human affection, a throb of pity, a kindling of the fire of our best feelings, a spontaneous gushing of the soul, a merging of all our thoughts, passions and actions, in one just and generous sympathy at the sight of tears. How feels the mother's heart to see the roses of her babe blanched by the dews of sinless sorrow! Do not such tears fall like drops of molten lead on the heart of that mother? What are the tears of boyhood but heralds of the coming tempest, that shall shatter his bark of manhood? Look on him now—joyous in heart, light as a bird "in the leafy month of June"—his hopes are as a little fairy skiff, gallantly gliding o'er some sunny lake, when lo! a breeze comes from the mountains on its wings of wildness, and in its pride of beauty and happiness, the little skiff lies a wreck on the waters of its home—then fall the tears of the archin, but they are dried as speedily as the dew on a summer daisy, by the sunny smiles and kisses of a mother's love. See that boy now, on the march of manhood's fame—glory has wreathed his brow with her gaudy chaplet, and love scatters roses in his path—the world, to him is one endless sunshine—but look! dark streaks arise in the hori-

zon—suddenly the hurtling thunder of adversity is heard; louder and nearer comes the tempest. Where there was glory, there is nothing now but gloom. Why looks the eye of the bold one now so dim? Where is the smile that was wont to play around that mouth, whose words were treasured as pearls of oriental price, by the enthusiastic yet fickle throng? Are those drops the dews of the wearied frame? No! What, tears? Yes, mortal, they are the tears of the proud one. Conquest has forsaken his once bold banner, its flaunting folds now flap listlessly in the breeze, and the idol of a nation once, is now the object of its scorn. Is there none to soothe the sorrowful in heart? Yes! there is one—the plighted maiden of his love, true in her virgin purity, spotless in her vestal vow, she clings to him with that holiest of all affections, a woman's love. She clasps him to her bosom—her rose-dyed lips kiss from his face the tears of sorrow, and in that moment of rapture—pain, grief, and ingratitude, are forgotten; but to behold the tears of age—to see an old and lonesome man, who seems as he were a tenant of the tomb, hovering on its verge, and weeping in humanity for those who have yet to pace mortality's dark pilgrimage. Alas, it is a melancholy aspect at which the heart invariably melts, and our holiest sympathies are enlisted; but I am digressing from my subject. The stranger, from the flood of grief to which he had given vent, now seemed to recover, and motioning me to approach him, he at once commenced his narrative.

THE COVENANTER'S STORY.

"The morning of my life was as bright as the sunbeam of the heavens, and my heart beat as happily as that of the linnet in his furze bower on the heather hill. Hope played before me, as gaily as a child, in the smile of its mother, while I dreamed not of the tempest that was soon to lay me low as the ripe ear of corn that falls before the sickle of the reaper. See ye yonder shieling, a shepherd's cot, on the verge of the mountain, just where the bonnie star of twilight is casting its blue locks of light. There was the home of my happiness, the scene of my desolation, and now the shelter of this widowed form. It was on an evening like this when I departed for the glen of Gavannach, to join in the worship of my fathers, for, by the edict of a priest-ridden monarch, were the children "of poor Scotland" forbidden to praise their God, save after the fashion of prelacy and pride. Thus fettered and denounced, the sons of the covenant were forced to seek the hill-side and the forest, the moor or the mountain, or the bed of the roaring cataract for their house of devotion. Well, night had cast its mantle over the wood land, and bidding adieu to my dark-eyed Jessie—the wife of my early love—for then we were but young in years, and fond in affection, for the second summer had but covered the earth with its rokelay of leaf and blossom, and she was as a full blown rose with her fair-haired bairnie as its bud, cheering and lighting the hearth-stone of my shieling. I had found her in the valley of adversity—the grim king of terror had bereft her of her parents, and like a little bird whom the fowler has robbed of its mother, she was left to pine and wither on her native hill. True in heart, pure in her actions, and

firm in the creed of the Godly cause, I had bound myself to her in the bands of wedlock, and life flowed on in unsullied purity, while its banks were gemmed with the flowers of domestic bliss. One night—oh, God! can I never forget it, we had knelt in our humble home, our prayers had ascended to the throne of Heaven—and blessing my smiling infant, and kissing the blushing lips of my Jessie, I committed them to the care of Him who knows no wrong, and whose acts are ever wise and righteous. From that home I departed on my errand of praise and prayer. Nature seemed to smile upon my purpose—the grey-eyed gloamin melted into the mellow lustre of the moon, while star by star lit its lamp at the altar of glory, the bloom of the wild-flowers came in fragrance around me, while the vesper hymn of the lark, as he sunk to his heath-purple dwelling, sang peace and happiness to my soul. For five miles, thus in the lonely beauty of evening, had I traversed mountain and moor, 'till, on the summit of Gavannach, I beheld the figure of a man. I paused in terror and uncertainty, thinking that it might prove to be a scout of the bloody Dundee, but a small lambent light which arose from the glen—our signal of peace—depicted to me the garb and manner of the sentinel to be that of a follower of the righteous cause. A short but rugged path speedily brought me to the glen, and there, under the canopy of the star-studded heavens, was assembled a band of the children of Scotland, to partake, in peace and purity, of the simple worship of their native land. It was a spot of surpassing beauty—high, on either side, rose precipitous rocks dotted with the grey moss of the wilderness, where the rowan tree and whin bush—the gorze and the ivy had fixed their roots and intermingled their branches thickly in a thousand hues and forms. At the head of the glen, a mountain streamlet came leaping and dashing down a ravine in a thousand forms, while the spray arising from it, glanced like wreaths of powdered gold and vermilion in the rays of the '*bonnie ledy moon*,' then threading its way through a sward or meadow of the freshest green, passed through an opening of rifted rock at the bottom of the glen.

"There, in the still hour of night, stood the minister of God, his white locks waving in the night breeze while before him were to be seen in various attitudes the grey haired father and the youthful son, the lover and the maiden, and the modest mother with the babe of beauty at her bosom. There stood the old veteran whose wrinkled forehead told of toil and travel, who from the home of his age had fled to the moor and the mountain, and exchanged the ploughshare for the brand, determined to maintain with his life, the legacy of his father's faith. Faintly upon the wings of the evening hymn of praise ascended to the throne of heaven. My bosom was attuned to the scene and the world was forgotten in that hour of rapture. Then came the mother forward with her new born babe and placing it in the arms of its father, from the mountain streamlet did the prophet of the flock bedew its brow and sanctify it in the name of the Redeemer, next came a youthful pair to receive the warrant of the good man, to live in the links of wedded love. The ceremony was simple and soon completed,

when again the hymn of praise resounded. Suddenly the report of a musket was heard. The stern eyed and iron visaged warriors laid their hands upon their swords. The women and the children clung in terror to their parents, when the sentinel, pale and bloody, staggered into the midst of the group and falling with the exclamation, 'Save yourselves we are discovered!' the next moment was a corpse. Terror for a moment seized the throng, but resolution backed by the thought of injury and revenge quickly recalled them to their wonted energy, while at the same moment a troop of dismounted dragoons sword in hand penetrated to their rocky fastness, and indiscriminately attacked the unoffending and almost helpless worshippers. Nerved by despair they, in return, retaliated upon the troopers, and after an obstinate, although almost bloodless struggle, finally succeeded in ejecting them from their mountain temple. But no time was to be lost, they knew that the demon of slaughter was abroad and there to remain longer, was to incur inevitable destruction. Each, therefore, departed in quest of safety, and I, with an anxious heart, sought my solitary shieling on the mountain. As I approached it, no cheering light glimmered in the lattice, no curling smoke twined its spiral wreath into the starry heavens, while my dog came towards me, not as he was wont with his sharp bark and joyous bound, but trembling and breathless he stole crouchingly to my feet—as I stooped to extend to him the hand of kindness, I felt that his dark shaggy coat was wet and clammy. Shuddering, I withdrew it, and holding my palm so that the light of the moon reflected upon it, I beheld, oh, God! the dark deep hue of blood, my heart sickened, the earth and the heavens seemed to meet in one flashing flame before me, and the next moment I sank senseless upon the heath.

"When I recovered, the silver beams of light were streaking the gloomy curtains of the east, my faithful dog was still crouching beside me, and the lark trilling his matin hymn at the portals of the morning. I bounded to my feet and the next moment I was at the threshold of my home, but what was that home? A heap of blackened ashes! The murderers had come upon the mother and the babe, the torch had done its work of destruction. I called loudly for my wife and child, but the moors and the mountains only echoed back my cries. I rushed into the garden, the pride of her hands, my foot stumbled upon a heap of something bloody. I gazed wildly upon it, my eye balls felt as molten lead in their sockets. I looked again. God of the righteous! It was my Jessie, my wife, and her infant, cold and lifeless in the stiffness of death. Clasped firmly to her bosom lay her babe, while the mark of the murderous weapon betokened that the same blow had transfigured them both. I stood motionless, age took the place of my manhood. I was a nerveless, helpless man, and I cried in the bitterness of my agony to my creator, to join me to my lost ones, but in vain. My cries had, however, attracted the attention of the destroyers, for a figure stood before me, habited as one of the troopers who had disturbed our mountain sanctuary. '*What seek ye here?*' asked the minion of oppression. My answer was '*My*

wife and child!" he pointed to them with his unsheathed and yet bloody sword, accompanied by a loud laugh of exultation. Revenge and despair in one moment took possession of my soul. The strength of a tiger was in my sinews. I rushed upon the villain and with a maniac's strength grappled in strong and fearful combat; powerful as he was, I succeeded in hurling him to the earth, and the next moment his weapon was reeking in the blood of his heart. 'Life for life!' I wildly exclaimed. The sacrifice was accomplished, my strength forsook me, and I knew not, saw not what passed until months of sickness and delirium had wasted me to the shadow of my kind. At length when I recovered, I found that the war of persecution was ended, and the covenant of God established throughout the land, but my heart was withered, the blight of sorrow was upon me. No home, no face could bring comfort, and in the solitude of soul, I resolved again to inhabit my *Mountain Shieling*.

"Its construction was speedily accomplished, and there in the lonesomeness of nature I seek to sojourn in this land of mortality, 'till it pleases my Creator to take me to 'where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest.'"

Germantown, Pa., July 1840.

Original.

THE OCEAN SEA.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

"Though the seas threaten, they are merciful."—*Tempest*.

THE wilderness of waters! and the sails
Are rounding 'neath the canopy of clouds—
And all are list'ning as the night-wind wails
In its wild music through the shrieking shrouds!
The foam comes dashing on the straining mast,
And the wet, dancing sea-bird screams along the blast!

The ship is on the billow—and the wings
Of all the winds leap onward—and dim forms
Are bending fearful through the mist, which flings
A darkness o'er the skies—the place of storms!
The moon is buried—and the stars are gone—
And through the lashing surf our gallant bark ploughs on!

Oh! there's a grandeur in the wave at night,
That makes us still with wonder—when it sweeps
Along the ship's side in the stormy might
Of its wild rushing through the boundless deeps;
We shout amid the tempest—and can hear
An answering death-chorus in the troubled ear!

Then bones which long have slumber'd, rise once more
To whiten with the foam—and sink again
To sleep amid the chant of ocean roar,
In the cold chaos where they long have lain—
To sleep—till the last ringing trump shall blow,
And the world burst from its dark sepulchre below!

On—on—our bark goes bravely—and the night
Makes the flood brighten as we thunder on—
And see! as the surge lifts us, where a light
O'er the far waste shoots upward, and is gone!
Another flash! the mad'ning waves leap high,
And Ocean's arch is our horizon, and our sky!

At length morn bursts upon the eastern sea,
Outstretched in its immensity. The sun,
In march of light, comes up in glory—free
The breezes wanton by—and day's begun;
The well known beacon points our rocky shore—
'Tis home! the anchor plunges—and the dream is o'er!

Original.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
A day for solemn thought;
A day in which my lonely heart
Is with sad memory fraught;
Of all I loved and cherished
In birth-days long ago;
Before the golden web of life
Was darkly stain'd with woe.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
It cometh in the spring;
When bride-like earth is deck'd with flowers,
And merry wild birds sing.
But life's sweet early spring-time
Returneth never more;
Its flowers are withered in my path,
Its melodies are o'er.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
Oh! how unlike the time,
When on my ear my mother's voice
Fell, like a silver chime,
In Love's own gentle cadence—
Alas! affection's lute
Hath shatter'd chords and broken strings;
Its thrilling tones are mute.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
When I was but a child;
The future lay before me, fill'd
With visions warm and wild;
And womanhood, I fancied
An enviable state;
Nor dreamed that coming years would prove
A spirit-bowing weight.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
With joy I hail it now;
Although Time's footsteps as he goes,
Are left upon my brow;
Like a messenger, it cometh
With greetings from afar;
As I draw nearer to the place
Where my best treasures are,

Wysox, June, 1840.

Original.

A LEGEND OF THE PASSAIC.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES OF GOVERNOR'S ISLAND."

"Lead us not into temptation."

As they entered the precincts of the mansion, Dr. Ford almost repented his expedition. Owing probably to the heat of the weather, the door—an unusual circumstance—stood open. In a large room which was opposite the front door, and which was illumined by the bright western sky, sat Mr. Grafton. He arose hastily as if to repel the intruders upon his privacy. Finding it too late, he greeted them coldly, but politely.

Reclining upon the arm of a sofa, her head resting upon her hand, in silent sadness, apparently unheeding their entrance, was Mrs. Grafton. At the other end of the sofa, her two little boys were whispering together over a slate upon which they were drawing. The lecturer, nothing daunted by his freezing reception, immediately entered upon business.

"I intend delivering, to-morrow, a lecture upon temperance," he said, "and have called to invite the presence of yourself and family."

"Do you come here to insult me?" cried Mr. Grafton, with a voice of thunder. "Tell me!—who sent you unbidden into my retirement? Away!" he added, seeing they moved not, and stamping with violence. "Leave this house instantly!"

"Oh, no! no!" shrieked the lady, starting up. "We will go! we will go! shall we not, dear husband?" and she turned to him with passionate eagerness.

"Poor creature!" thought Dr. Ford—"how she longs for an opportunity of escaping!"

"Quit my sight! Why do you linger, when I bid you go?" exclaimed Mr. Grafton, in the greatest excitement.

"They meant it not—they are good men, come to save us!" his wife cried, wildly. "Blessings on them! They have pledges—have you not? They save whole families! Give me the pledges—quick, oh, quick!" The truth was now open to the doctor's eyes. Mr. Grafton was intemperate!—hence all his morose and violent conduct. Hastily and wildly the lady seized the pledges—she rushed to the desk. "Come, Arthur! husband!—come, my boys, and sign this magic paper!"

Her little Henry wrote his name with an uncertain, childish scrawl; while his tiny brother's hand was guided by his mother on her knees beside him. Then taking the pen, she raised her eyes to heaven, and signed her name. Arising, she approached her husband—he had sunk into a chair, and through the hand which covered his face, bitter tears were gushing. At this sad sight his wife staggered back upon the sofa, and, burying her head among the cushions, sobbed with such hopeless anguish as drew tears from the eyes of those wondering men who gazed upon her. At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Ford entered, followed by Mrs. Stanton.

"I have come to know the meaning of all this!" said the aunt, a tall, stern looking woman—"I wish to

ascertain the truth of those strange stories I have been so much astonished to hear. You, Mr. Grafton, will have to render an account of all your tyrannical conduct!"

"Madam!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Grafton, arising.

"And you, my niece," she said—"I am relieved to find you alive. I will protect you from that wretched man!"

"Protect me!" said her niece, gazing bewildered upon her.

"Yes, dear injured child of my long-lamented sister—you shall be at liberty to go where it may please you. You shall not be dragged back a prisoner, as, I am told, you were last week!"

"Oh, horror! Has it come to this?" exclaimed her niece. "Is my husband thus openly disgraced? Have I indeed injured the good name of the most noble man on earth?"

She rushed to her husband, and throwing herself upon the ground, leaned her head on his knees and wept aloud. She was apparently unheeded. He had turned away from all while Mrs. Stanton was speaking; and now, with eyes fixed on the sunset clouds gleaming through the window near him, he strove to elevate his thoughts from the trials of earth, to that bright heaven above. The village party remained in trembling silence, frightened at the storm they had so recklessly conjured.

"Is it possible you love that wicked man still?" exclaimed her indignant aunt.

"Love him! Ay, with my whole heart, notwithstanding I have wrecked his peace. Oh, aunt! aunt! speak not against him, for he is the truest, most exalted being!"

"What! will you still cling to him when he uses you so cruelly?"

"Dearest aunt! how wretchedly you are deceived," said the sorrowing lady, looking mournfully up, and shaking back her ringlets, which, melted with tears, were matted upon her pallid cheek. "But I can be no longer silent! Aunt, listen! hear the truth!"

"Magdalene!" cried her husband, turning in alarm.

"Yes, go on!" said her aunt—"expose the monster."

"Nay, husband, I will speak—I will repel this foul calumny. What is my shame, when your good name suffers wrong?"

"Magdalene! I entreat, I supplicate for silence!" exclaimed Mr. Grafton, seizing her arm.

"'Twere baseness to hesitate!" exclaimed the excited wife. "Gentlemen!—aunt!—and you, lady, whose bread it is, to dive into your neighbors' sorrows—to tear away the flesh just healing o'er their wounds—hear the wretched truth, and let your village dames gloat over the story:—Magdalene Grafton, the proud, the beautiful, the talented, is a victim to intemperance!"

A shudder ran around the room. They gazed with deep emotion upon that erring but lovely one, whose eyes were flashing, and her whole countenance darkly bright with passionate feeling.

* Concluded from page 136.

"Tell it around—let all the world know," she continued rapidly, "that for years, her good and tender husband has devoted himself to the task of shielding his guilty wife from detection! His home forsaken—all intercourse with his kind surrendered—he watched over her with untiring kindness—and yet such hold had the tempter taken, not even deep shame, nor heartfelt contrition could amend her! Yes, that day when your curious eyes espied us upon the lawn, I had, by bribing my infant boy, obtained the fatal draught, by a well-taught falsehood, at a neighboring cottage! I would have rushed abroad in my insanity, when my watchful guardian espied me, and brought me back. Oh, Arthur!"

Stretching her arms towards her husband, with a long, shivering sigh, she fell back upon the sofa, in a deep swoon. Her aunt, who had caught her, with the assistance of the sorrowing Mrs. Ford, carried her to her room. The swoon over, an anodyne was administered, and the faulty Magdalene sank into a slumber. Mrs. Ford seated herself at the side of the bed, while the aunt and the old domestic stood gazing upon her.

"Why was this never told me, Hannah?" inquired Mrs. Stanton of the domestic, in a low tone.

"Alas, lady, we loved her too well to expose her errors. When she was *herself*, no one could be more humbly penitent, or kinder, than she was. Although her husband cannot trust or respect her, he is still attached to the mother of his boys, and nothing can equal the devotion, the self-sacrifice, he has exhibited, to guard her from shame or keep her from temptation."

"How grew this desperate vice upon her?"

"By *small degrees*, madam. After the birth of her first child, she became very weak, and was advised to take stimulating draughts. When once accustomed to their strengthening but momentary effects, she could not abandon them."

"Most dangerous custom to tamper thus with such sure poison!"

"We removed to a Southern State. There the fatal cup was ever pressed upon her; for the blessed temperance men have not yet succeeded as they have here. With a taste formed in her sick room, she could not resist. It grew upon her. Her troubled husband travelled with her to Europe. But there it was worse, for in one country in which we resided, all, men and women, are ever sipping their wine at dinner, their hot drink for supper. So well inclined, my mistress began to lose all command over herself, and soon became the jest of her servants and her guests. Who that then saw the remorse, the shame that wrung her soul in her waking hours, would dream she could sin again?"

"Knew she not the magic power of this Satanic cup, that she dared trifle thus with it at first?" asked the stern lady.

"She knew it, but trusted to her own firmness to resist at pleasure."

Mrs. Stanton shrugged her shoulders—" 'Tis the old story!" she said. "But they who rely upon that hope, might as well speak to the ocean as did king Harold."

"Restless and unhappy, Mrs. Grafton begged to be brought home. It was to shield her, my master declined the invitation to your house, and brought her here. In this obscure abode, he hoped she could not obtain the dreadful draught. To make this more certain, and to conceal her frailty, he repelled all who came to the house, with a harshness foreign to his nature."

"Wretched woman! How could she thus wreck the peace of all who loved her! What a miserable existence will her husband and children be forced to drag out!"

"Dear madam!" said the old nurse—"She will recover from it in time."

"Never!" exclaimed Magdalene's stern aunt.—"Those who have once indulged in this fatal vice, rarely recover. Her life will be a torment to herself and all around her. She has nothing now to do, but die!"

"Die!" cried Magdalene, unexpectedly rising upon her arm and looking mournfully up. "Oh, no! that were too blest a fate for one so erring as myself. 'The clod of the valley' would be as 'sweet unto me' as to unhappy Job. Past years of repentance and mourning, and a future of prayer and self-denial, will, I trust, win my savior's intercession. Oh, how willingly would I shelter myself from the world's scorn in the tomb. 'The grave is ready for me,' but it is a fate too happy. I do not merit to retreat from the storm thus. No, I must brave the contempt of the living—my story must be told—that all by this example of domestic peace and honor destroyed, may shun the tempter, ere he has fastened his pangs too deep. I would be the Helot, held up to the scorn of all!"

"Dear madam!" said her pitying nurse. "Do not speak thus—take a little rest."

"Rest! Alas, I murdered rest long ago! No, good Hannah—my time, my talents, must all in future be devoted to the rescue of those who are in danger of falling as I have. The lesson I have now received, by the open shame brought upon myself and my good and loving husband, I trust has so schooled my heart, that all danger is over. If a future life of virtue, and entire self-sacrifice for my husband's happiness, can ensure his felicity, and atone for the past, we may yet see pleasant hours. Ah, wretched me!" she cried, sinking back upon her pillow—"How dare I promise again, when the resolves of former days have so often been broken!"

"Dearest lady!" said Mrs. Ford, kneeling beside her and taking her hand.—"Fallen as we are, we may not place confidence in ourselves if we seek for no other help than our own frail resolutions. Look higher! There is one who will assist our virtuous efforts, if we ask him. May I pray for his help?"

"Will you pray for me!" cried Magdalene, pressing Mrs. Ford's hand to her lips. "Oh, good lady! How shall I thank you! Ask him to pardon me—to aid me. He bade the heavy laden come to him, and oh, he knows how heavily this weight of shame and sin has pressed upon me!"

There was silence in the room while the gentle voice of Mrs. Ford arose "in a solemn, breathing strain" to one, who only waits our supplication to shower down his

blessings. When "of hope and strength brought low," turning with distrust from aught the world can bring of relief, we kneel to him who is "ready to save," how kindly does he raise the penitent to his bosom! The heart of Magdalene was borne upon those hallowed words and laid at her savior's feet. Promises of forgiveness and future aid in her virtuous resolves, came down upon her soul; and soothed and fortified, she arose from her bed, after many weeks of illness, an altered woman. Distrusting herself, and relying upon "the all-healing Son," that blighting stain darkened her soul no more—

Did he reject thee, then,
While the sharp scorn of men
On thy once bright and stately head was cast?
No, from the Savior's mien
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at last.

E. R. S.

Original.

SICK-BED MUSINGS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I WILL not talk of dying—there is one
Who bends above me with so sad a brow,
Who clasps my fingers tremblingly in his
And meets my look with sad and troubled eye,
As if to chide me for a cruel thought
When'er I speak as with a doubt of life.
Thus I will turn my weary head away,
And, as he thinks me lost in needful sleep,
Will dwell upon that dark and fearful dream,
Whose waking will be up before my God.
For now, when sorrow preys upon my frame,
And dissolution may be very near,
It is a time for solemn thoughts of death.

Is there but *one* to hover round my bed?
But one to mark the changing of my cheek,
And count the pulse my heart is telling forth?
Where is the mother, whose fond bosom once
Was made a pillow for my aching head?
Where is the sire, who bore me in his arms,
While my young sisters smoothed my couch of pain?
Away—away, full many a weary mile
Of plain and mountain bars them from my side.
Where wait my friends? Alas, the human heart
Is rank with selfishness. No kindly eye
To cheer or pity, seeks my couch of pain.
Yes—one is standing firmly at his post,
Supplying sister, father, mother, friend,
Prompt to the call of that most solemn vow,
Which link'd our destinies, and made us one.
Thanks be to God! I am not quite alone.

The solitude in which we two are wrapped,
Is well, perchance—for would this forehead feel
The cool refreshing of a mother's tears.
Were friends or kindred crowding to my couch,

The earth might be too lovely; and the gems
Which I have garnered in my early youth,
Might flash their brilliancy 'tween me and Heaven;
The flowers that I have held too near my heart,
'Till they were withered by its over heat,
Might send a fragrance from their dying breath,
And bind me even to their faded charms.
But all are crushed and broken. One by one
Of the bright links that bound me to my kind,
Grew dim by distance, or were torn by death.
While some—oh, bitterness! were rudely rent,
And sundering tore the heart-strings they entwined.
Half the bright chain which bound me to the earth,
Is stripped, by fate of gildings, buds, and flowers,
And hangs a weight upon my burthen'd heart.

But hush thy murmurings, oh, complaining soul!
And purify thy thoughts to meet thy God,
Or gather up thy jewels for new life.
The casket may be worn—the gems all strewn;
But go, collect the mind's forsaken wreath,
And turn from searching the dark human heart,
Where thou hast garnered all thy hopes too long,
And seek for knowledge in her sparkling well.
The flowers are delicate—the fruit is ripe—
The trees are green as in thy infant years—
The sky is full of stars for thee to read—
The air comes laden from the fount of truth,
And whispers knowledge in the rustling trees.
The ocean heaves with every rolling wave
A subject for thy searching powers to scan—
The mountain teems with science, and the dew
Which gems the petal of each modest flower,
Contains a mystery for thee to know.
The flower, itself, on every stainless leaf,
Bears gentle tracing of Jehovah's hand,
And breathes a music from its inner cup,
Which, if thy ear is tuned to know the sound,
Will draw thee sweetly up to Nature's God.

Nor droop nor murmur, oh, my weary soul,
While so much knowledge wooes thee on to life—
While sky and earth are full of stores for thought,
And God has promised mercy after death.
Say, wilt thou faint thus early in thy noon
And useless mourn for ever o'er the past,
Neglecting all to count thy faded joys?
Why must thou think for ever but to *feel*,
And feel for ever but to vainly think
Of that which has been, not to be again.
The year has seasons, so has human life—
Then take the fruit as it shall find its prime,
Nor weep, forgetful, o'er the faded flowers
That bloomed and drooped along thy early path.
Perhaps as flowers that meet with culture here,
Then die and blossom each succeeding spring,
Thou, when transplanted to thy promised home
Wilt taste the essence of thy early youth,
And win new glory by thy culture here.
Then hush, my soul, content thyself to live,
Or, be prepared to fold thy wings and wait,

Original.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

BY SEBA SMITH.

"Old men shall shake their heads and say,
 Sad was the hour and terrible,
 When Lovewell brave 'gainst Paugus went
 With fifty men from Dunstable."
Old New England Ballad.

LET us turn for a moment from the airy creations of fancy and imagination, which grace so large a portion of these pages, to the contemplation of a sober historical incident. I do not believe, Mr. Editor, that your twenty thousand fair readers, will grudgingly descend from the regions of romance and poetry to review with me a stern passage in real life. The earlier history of our country abounds in incidents of romantic and thrilling interest, which are scarcely surpassed in the brilliant regions of fiction, and which, though floating in loose and ill-digested masses in pamphlets, public addresses, and old records, will one day become embodied in a history of uncommon value and unrivalled interest. The long and bloody catalogue of Indian hostilities which have marked every section of our territory, from the time the English settlements were commenced at Jamestown and Plymouth down to the present day, presents scenes of heroic daring, toilsome endurance, poignant suffering, and sanguinary conflict, which may challenge the world for parallels.

Lovewell's Fight, of which we propose to give a brief account at this time, occurred one hundred and fifteen years ago; May 8, old style, 1725. The scene of the action was in the present town of Fryeburg, in the State of Maine, about fifty miles inland from Portland, and thirty or forty from the White Mountains of New Hampshire. That part of the country at that time was one deep and wide wilderness. There were a few scattered settlements along the coast of Maine, south of the Kennebec; but at the time of Lovewell's fight, it is said there was no white inhabitant residing within fifty miles of his battle ground. For many years the white inhabitants had suffered exceedingly from the incursions of the savages. The Penobscots, the Norridgewocks, the Androscoggins, and the Pequawkets had committed the most cruel and bloody excesses year after year upon the defenceless inhabitants of Maine and the frontier settlements of New Hampshire. Incited by the French settlers in Canada as well as their own warlike and bloodthirsty natures, they had broken up settlement after settlement, murdering most of the inhabitants and carrying off the rest into tedious and almost hopeless captivity. These outrages roused the government of Massachusetts, who at this time held jurisdiction over the territory both of New Hampshire and Maine, to more vigorous measures for the protection of the inhabitants. Men and money were liberally furnished for this purpose, and to give a stronger stimulus to the exertion of the volunteer companies, a hundred pounds sterling was offered for every Indian scalp that should be brought in. A volunteer company of brave, daring and determined spirits, was organized in the town of Dunstable, New Hamp-

shire, under the command of Captain John Lovewell, in the spring of 1725. In their first excursion they found a wigwam containing one Indian and a boy. They killed and scalped the Indian and carried the boy captive to Boston, where they received not only the reward offered by law, but a handsome present besides. On their second excursion they discovered a party of ten Indians asleep around a fire in the night. They killed every one, and with the ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles they entered Dover, N. H. in triumph on the twenty-fourth of February. They then proceeded to Boston and received a thousand pounds out of the public treasury. Stimulated by success, Lovewell now conceived the bold design of marching a hundred miles in the wilderness and attacking the Piquawket tribe at their principal village on the Saco, where now stands the pleasant village of Fryeburg. His company seconded him with zeal, and all things were soon in readiness for the important and daring campaign. In this enterprise of so much hazard and solemnity, they were accompanied both by a surgeon and chaplain. The chaplain's name was Jonathan Frye, a young gentleman of liberal education, who had been graduated at Harvard College two years before, and was much beloved for his amiable qualities, and for his pious devotions for the company during the battle, and while dying of his own wounds. The other officers under Captain Lovewell were Lieutenant Farwell, Lieutenant Wyman, and Ensign Robbins. But few of the names in this brave band have been preserved to us. The primitive muse however, from which we have already quoted at the head of this article, has handed down one other name to us in a marked and particular manner, mainly, it would seem, on account of his domestic relations. The strain is as follows:—

"With Lovewell brave John Harwood came;
 From wife and babes 'twas hard to part;
 Young Harwood took her by the hand,
 And bound the weeper to his heart.

"Repress that tear, my Mary, dear,
 Said Harwood to his loving wife;
 It tries me hard to leave thee here
 And seek in distant woods the strife.

"When gone, my Mary, think of me,
 And pray to God that I may be,
 Such as one ought that lives for thee
 And come at last in victory.

"Thus left young Harwood babe and wife,
 With accents mild she bade adieu;
 It grieved those lovers much to part,
 So fond and fair, so kind and true.

The whole company numbered forty-six, including surgeon and chaplain, and all things being in readiness, they marched from Dunstable on the 16th of April into the deep wilderness. After they had made some progress in their march, two of the company became lame and returned; and when they had reached within about twenty-five or thirty miles of Pequawket, another fell sick and was unable to proceed. Here they stopped and went to work and built a small stockade fort, both for the accommodation of their sick company, whom they must now leave behind, and for a place of retreat, of which they might avail themselves should circumstances require it. Here they deposited a good portion

of their provisions, and in a most noble, heroic and benevolent spirit they left their surgeon to accompany the sick man, although going right into battle themselves. They also left eight of their soldiers for a guard. Thus reduced to thirty-four in number, this forlorn hope again set forward in search of their ferocious and blood-thirsty foe. When they approached near the Saco river they came to a pond, and encamped for the night. Early next morning, which was the eighth of May, (or nineteenth, N. S.) and the day which was to decide the fate of their daring enterprise, while they were at their morning devotions, they heard the report of a gun, and on looking round beheld an Indian about a mile distant on a point of land running into the pond. Suspecting that they had been discovered, and that the Indian had been placed there to decoy them, they concluded the hour of conflict was at hand, and prepared for action. They divested themselves of their packs, which they piled together and left without a guard, and supposing a body of the enemy to be in the woods between them and the point of land where the straggling Indian stood, they marched forward with loaded muskets towards the point. Their conjecture, however, was erroneous, and was the means of leading them into a position of extreme peril attended with the most severe and melancholy consequences. While on their march through the woods they encountered a single Indian, who proved to be the same one they had seen on the point. Some of the party fired upon him without effect. The Indian returned their fire, and wounded Captain Lovewell and one of his men with small shot, his charge having been prepared for shooting ducks on the pond. A second fire brought the Indian lifeless to the ground. History and song both agree in giving the honor of this first victory to Lieutenant Wyman. Our ancient and unknown bard gives the record thus :

"Seth Wyman, who in Woburn lived,
(A marksman he, of courage true,)
Shot the first Indian, whom they saw
Sheer through his heart the bullet flew.

"The savage had been seeking game,
Two guns and eke a knife he bore,
And two black ducks were in his hand,
He shriek'd, and fell to rise no more.

Having taken the scalp of this Indian, and finding no more of the enemy in that direction, they turned back to the spot where they had left their packs. In the meantime a party of Pequawket hunters and warriors, headed by their chief, Paugus, returning from a scouting tour down the Saco, had fallen upon the trail of Lovewell's march, which they followed 'till they came to the packs. These they counted, and inferring from the number that the force of the enemy was much inferior to their own, they placed themselves in ambush and waited to attack them on their return. When Lovewell's party came up to the spot where they had left their packs they found they had been removed. In the moment of consternation, when they were casting round to see if they had missed the spot, or if their packs were any where in sight, the savages rose and rushed towards them, rending the air with their shrill and horrid war-whoop. Again the old ballad helps us on with our description.

"Anon there eighty Indians rose,
Who hid themselves in ambush dread;
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed
The famous Paugus at their head.

"Good heavens! they dance the Powow dance;
What horrid yells the forest fill!
The grim bear crouches in his den,
The eagle seeks the distant hill.

A severe and hot battle now commenced. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. A well-directed fire was opened on both sides with great spirit and deadly effect. Captain Lovewell and eight of his men soon fell dead on the battle-field, and Lieutenant Farwell and two others were wounded.

"John Lovewell, captain of the band,
His sword he waved, that glittered bright,
For the last time he cheered his men,
And led them onward to the fight.

"Fight on, fight on, brave Lovewell said,
Fight on while heaven shall give you breath;
An Indian ball then pierced him through,
And Lovewell closed his eyes in death.

The Indians also suffered severely from the galling fire of Lovewell's gallant band, and many of them fell to rise no more. But being much superior in numbers they now endeavored to surround the remnant that remained of their foe, which the little band perceiving they retreated to a more favorable position by the side of the pond. Here they had the pond on their rear, on their right was a deep brook, on their left a rocky point, while their front was partly covered by a deep bog and partly exposed to the approach of the enemy. Here the forlorn hope took their ground and renewed the battle. The enemy pressed hotly upon them and galled them in front and flank, and had the Indians understood well how to use the advantages they possessed, not one white man would have escaped to tell the melancholy story of their misfortunes. Captain Lovewell being dead and Lieutenant Farwell wounded, the command devolved on Lieutenant Wyman, under whose direction the retreat had been effected, and whose judicious management helped to keep his little band in resolute countenance through the remainder of the day. The firing was kept up on both sides without much cessation 'till near night. The Indians several times invited them to surrender, but they preferred death to captivity and resolved to fight to the last. One of Lovewell's men by the name of Chamberlain was personally acquainted with Paugus and some of his tribe, having in times of peace been with them on hunting excursions. Chamberlain and Paugus hailed each other several times during the battle and threatened each other with death. At last Chamberlain, who carried a long heavy fowling piece, was as good as his word and brought Paugus to the ground. Our favorite bard has not forgotten to record this passage of the action.

"'Twas Paugus led the Pequaw't tribe;
As runs the fox, would Paugus run;
As howls the wild wolf would he howl,
A large bear-skin had Paugus on.

"But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,
Met Paugus by the water side,
And shot him dead upon that day.

The fate of the young and accomplished chaplain seems to have excited peculiar sympathy. He fought

by the side of his companions with great determination and courage 'till about the middle of the afternoon, when he received a mortal wound that disabled him from further action. Still he exerted himself to cheer and encourage the little band, and several times prayed aloud with much fervor for their preservation and success. He had a tender conversation with Lieutenant Farwell: told him he was mortally wounded, and desired him, should he escape, to convey his dying blessing to his parents and comfort them in their affliction. The closing scene of this interview is touchingly described in the fine old ballad from which we have already so largely drawn.

"Lieutenant Farwell took his hand,
His arm around his neck he threw,
And said, brave Chaplain I could wish
That heaven had made me die for you.

"The Chaplain on kind Farwell's breast
All languishing and bloody fell,
Nor afterward said more, but this,
I love thee, soldier, fare thee well.

Harwood was not permitted to return to "wife and babes," whose sad and tender parting has already been described.

"John Harwood died, all bathed in blood,
When he had fought 'till set of day;
And many more, we may not name,
Fell in that bloody battle fray.

By the skillful and unceasing firing of Lovewell's men, the Indian forces were gradually thinned off during the day; their war-cries became fainter and fainter, and just before night they yielded the field, carrying off their killed and wounded, and as evidence of their weakness and brokenness of spirit they left the dead bodies of Lovewell and his men unscalped. It was afterwards ascertained that forty-five of the Indians were killed during the engagement, and many more wounded. The little heroic band came off with victory at last; but what a victory!

"Ah, many a wife shall rend her hair,
And many a child cry 'woe is me,'
When messengers the news shall bear
Of Lovewell's dear bought victory.

The remnant of the company at the close of the day, collecting themselves together, found there were nine only who had escaped unhurt. Eleven of the wounded were able to march, but the Chaplain, and Lieutenant Farwell, Ensign Robbins and one other had not strength to leave the battle-ground. There was no alternative, and painful as it was, these must be left to die alone in the woods. They thought it probable the Indians would return again in force the next day, and Ensign Robbins desired them to lay his gun by him charged, that in case he should live 'till they returned he might be able to kill one more. After the rising of the moon the little band, with the consent of their dying companions, left the battle field, and made the best of their way towards the fort where the surgeon and guard had been left, hoping to recruit and return with fresh hands to look after the dead and dying. But when they reached the fort, to their great surprise they found it deserted. It turned out that one of the company in the first onset of the battle, seeing Lovewell and eight of the men fall,

supposed that all was over, and fled to the fort with the news that the company was cut down, and "he alone had escaped" to bring the sad tidings. Upon which the inmates of the fort speedily set out upon their homeward march. The returning company found some provisions at the fort, which saved them from famine, and after thus being recruited they pursued their slow and painful march in separate detachments according as they were able to move, and with the exception of some of the wounded who died on the way, reached at last the frontier settlements and their homes.

This bold and severe battle had such an effect upon the Indian tribes, that they did not renew their hostilities in that quarter for many years afterwards. The centennial return of this hard-fought day was celebrated, May 19, 1825, on the battle ground, by the inhabitants of Fryeburg and the adjacent country, and an elegant address was delivered on the occasion by Charles S. Davies, Esq. of Portland.

It is one of those events in the earlier history of our country fraught with too much interest to be forgotten. The name of the lamented Frye lives in the name of the town which white men have built up on the fair domain of Paugus, and the unfortunate Lovewell has bequeathed his cognomen to the little lake whose waters were stained with his blood. We take leave of the subject in the full belief that the prophetic language of our bard will be true prophecy for many a century to come.

"With footsteps slow shall travellers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid,
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight."

Original.

THE HONEY-LOCUST AND THE MORNING-GLORY.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

LIKE to each other in celestial meaning
As well as spiritual, thou HONEY-LOCUST,
And thou frail MORNING-GLORY dost declare
Perfection in the highest, in the lowest,
Adoration. These by correspondence;
And see how eloquently they discourse,
Acting by sacred influx! The convolvulus
Adores and thus unfolds its perfect beauty
In the cool shade of morning,—seraph-like
Shrinking before the effulgent gaze of day.
The Honey-Locust folds its tender leaves
In the cold wind, the opposite of love—
And droops beneath the scorching heat of June.
It cannot brook the negligence of love
Nor its excess.

"But why," my friend demands,
"Has the sweet Locust thorns; its sister none?"
This is the reason. The bright morning flower
Is more interior in its correspondence;
And though more delicate, it speaks of those
Sweet spirits who are freed at last from sin:
The other has the offensive thorn remaining,
Showing the natural evil not extinct.

Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC., ETC.

THIS morning, when the passengers went upon the guard to perform their customary ablutions in the tin-basins, they were agreeably surprised, after sailing for so many days between level banks covered with gloomy forests, to behold towering around them, lofty hills wooded to their summits, and cliffs—not of earth, like the Mississippi bluffs—but of solid rock, broken into a thousand fantastic shapes and over-hanging the water in innumerable romantic attitudes. We have been running all day through an interesting region. The river is sensibly decreased in width, and agreeably varied in its features. The signs of population are more frequent—farms are better cleared and cultivated, and hills divested of trees, are shining with fields, which cover their sides, give an old air to the country. To-day I discovered the first natural *lawn* on the river banks since I left Baton Rouge. The shores of the Mississippi between Natches and Cape Girardeau, even on the best cultivated farms, patches of short grass, but all an unsightly ploughed surface, or else grey with decayed vegetable matter. A plot of grass is a great relief to the river voyager's eye, and he bails it with delight.—The grass that we now see is not green, however, except in some sunny spot, beside a stream. All nature wears the livery of winter without his snows. A grey, sombre coloring is spread over field and forest. How sudden is the change we have experienced! Eight days ago we left the woods clothed in foliage, and here, not a leaf is visible; the ragged and melancholy trees, monuments of winter's long and severe reign, in this northern climate. In one week we have changed the mild air, vegetation and beauty of June, (to speak to a northerner's ideas,) for the bleak winds, the inhospitable fields, and deformity of December. A more sudden change could not be effected without a perceptible effect upon the constitution. The increase of the cold, from day to day, was marked by additional garments and the other usual signs of change of latitude. The ladies who at first walked the guards without hats or shawls, began to call first for one and then the other. The deck at length became uncomfortable, and finally after passing New Madrid they deserted the guards altogether, and gathered around the fire, which was made in the ladies' cabin the fourth day from New Orleans and in the gentlemen's the fifth. The gentlemen began to give note of a change in the atmosphere, by substituting thick coats for bombazine, and woolen pantaloons for white drilling ones, which some of them had worn during the first four days. The card players sought to get their table within the precincts of the stove. The passengers tell me they have felt the change of climate very sensibly, and for myself I do not feel more annoyed at it than a Mississippian, at a cold, chilly day in the last of April, after one of those balmy, and sunny days, which make his own clime above any other in the Mississippi valley.

We passed late this evening the landing place "of

Kaskaskia," one of the oldest towns in Illinois, sixty-five miles from St. Louis. The original settlers were French, and the society which is among the best in the west, is composed of many old French families. The majority of the citizens are Roman Catholics. They have there the oldest Church (Edifice) in the western country. The town is pleasant and wears an old, quiet look. I am told it is a delightful summer residence. It is situated a mile back from the river on a plain with a range of hills partially cultivated, beyond. There is a road from the landing place to the town, that passes through a wood which nearly hides the village, from the trenches on the river; nevertheless, I obtained glimpses of it through vistas in the forest as we passed. The scenery around Kaskaskia is very beautiful. Between the mouth of the river and Kaskaskia are three or four Embryo towns, but none of any great importance, except Chester, pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, and a place of some business. These towns are merely marts for the produce of the surrounding farms, and their principal and, indeed, only trade, consists in freighting flatboats and steamboats in the fall and winter with thousands of bushels of grain.

The farms, back from the river, are very rich and highly cultivated. The mere river traveller can form no idea of the farming prosperity of Illinois, (for that is the side of the river best cultivated.) The lands on the river, are either abrupt hills, or low meadow land of recent formation, and however such may add to the picturesqueness or sublimity of the scenery, they can give no correct idea of the agricultural wealth of the country. As I am only a river traveller, it will not be expected of me to describe Illinois; there is enough around me, if properly managed, to supply my pen with inexhaustible material, without the necessity of making detours into the interior of the State, which I may skirt in my steaming.

St. Geneveive, an agreeable looking place, which we passed this evening, is one of the oldest towns in the West; Vincennes is only a little more ancient. St. Geneveive was originally three miles from the river; at present it is on its banks. Within less than eighty years the Mississippi, by washing away the shore for several miles on this side, has gradually approached the town. As the bank yielded on one side, land made on the other, and now an extensive flat alluvion, broken into islands, covered with cotton trees, stretches away on the opposite shore. It is one of the laws of this river to *make* land opposite every bank which is washing away. So that the current, instead of being often several miles wide, as one would imagine, by this constant approach of one shore as the other recedes, always preserves the same uniform width. The rapidity with which land makes in the Mississippi will be seen from the quick formation of a large island opposite St. Geneveive. Eight years ago, a boat was sunk in deep water, two hundred yards from the shore. The wreck became at once the nucleus of an island. The sand heaped around it, floating logs and trees were lodged against it, and in two years an island of half buried drift-wood, with a wide border or beach of sand, stood permanently above

the surface. The cotton tree shoots, to which such soil seems congenial sprung up the third year. Every succeeding flood covered the island with an additional stratum; and it is now a dense forest of cotton-wood trees, some of them twenty feet high. To an uninformed observer, the isle has the appearance of being coeval with the surrounding shores.

Selma, a small "landing place" on the river, is worthy of notice as being the port of Potosi, fifteen miles back. Herculaneum, five miles above it, was formerly the port, but the encroachment of the river caused Selma to be substituted. There are two or three other places of minor importance between Kaskaskia and St. Louis, but none that deserves a particular description. The scenery, as we approach St. Louis, from which we are now fifty miles distant, becomes more romantic. The character of the scenery for the last one hundred miles it is difficult to describe. It is unlike that upon the Ohio and Hudson, yet sharing the characteristic features of both. We are now passing a cliff one hundred and fifty feet high, which in every thing but height resembles the palisades on the latter, and were I to give the wall of perpendicular cliffs, we have been sailing beneath for the last hour, a name from a drawn resemblance, I should term them the Palisades of the Mississippi. About noon to-day we found ourselves sailing amid an amphitheatre of hills, bounding the horizon on every side through a sort of circular valley, ten miles in width, through which the river flowed, and I was reminded by the view around me of the Ohio in the vicinity of Madisonville. The hills on the Mississippi are not so high or grand as those on the Ohio, but they are much more beautiful; often appearing in the distance, on account of the thinness of the forest trees, with which they are crested, as if fringed. Nothing can be more picturesque than the long ranges of undulating hill-tops, with a regular row of trees fringing their outlines for miles. The hills of the Ohio are rough, wild, and full of savage grandeur: those of the Upper Mississippi appear as if nature had played the gardener on them, as she has done in the prairies. The hills, we have passed to-day, are clothed with verdure and thinly scattered (like an English park) with trees. For leagues they stretch along now on one side, and now on the other side of the river; every hill whose base is washed by the river being most invariably opposed by an interval, sometimes extending four or five miles back before it terminates in the hills of the interior. The river, indeed, between Cape Girardeau and St. Louis, seems to flow through a valley about six miles in width, which valley is confined by the hills, I have mentioned, and which are the commencement of the hilly country proper of Illinois and Missouri. In this valley nature has allowed the river to play, shaping its course at will, now washing the bases of the hills on the left, leaving a level meadow to the right, five or six miles wide, to the opposite high lands, now making a broad sweep to the right, leaving the meadow on the left; thus showing the observer, hill and meadow alternately on both sides.

The hills sometimes approach the river in spears, terminating in perpendicular precipices of lime-stone. By

some operations in Nature, the angular projections of these cliffs are worn and rounded until they often resemble lofty circular towers constructed by human skill. I have seen a succession of these towers, and once to-day we came upon a congregation of these circular bastion-like projections, at such a remarkable point of view, that, if I had been travelling in Germany, I should have set them down in my journal as a "grand, grey old castle seen on the right bank of the river." Some of them are so peculiarly regular in their forms, that it is difficult not to believe them the production of human labor. One of the most striking objects in the scenery is, perhaps, "the Grand Tower," which we passed early this morning. It is an isolated rock, a few yards from a cliff to which it was once attached, about seventy feet high and crested with trees. It is nearly circular, rounded by the causes, (the current in former ages, no doubt,) which have given all the cliffs their peculiar shape. It is accessible only on one side. A captain of a boat is buried on its summit. A year or two ago, the crew of a steamer, which lay in the ice here, drew a cannon to the top on Christmas morning, and fired a round of thirteen guns in honor of the day. The scenery around it is romantic, perhaps altogether the most striking below St. Louis.

As we ascend the river, the banks are more thickly peopled. Men from all nations are settlers here; and I have amused myself this afternoon by designating the country of each settler by the style of his house. The Dutchman will have his stoop, even in a log-house; the Frenchman, his gallery; the Englishman, his portico; the Spaniard, his flat roof; and the Yankee, his formal front door, plain front, and symmetrical windows.

J. H. I.

Original.

'MID THE HILLS.

BENEATH me are the rock-bound streams,

Around me are a hundred hills,

Above, a flood of golden beams,

That all the earth with glory fills.

Birds on their light, unfettered wings,

Are thronging ev'ry bush and dell;

While each, a minstrel, happy, sings,

And all in blissful union dwell.

Eternal One, how great thy love!

Thy power let all the earth proclaim!—

Below, around,—in heav'n above,

Ten thousand transports speak thy name.

Oh, here, 'mid nature's majesty,

Within this wild, primeval dome,

Where *thought* seems echoed back from Thee,

Let breath and pulse Thy presence own.

'Mong rock and stream, from human strife,

Where untaught music deeply thrills;

I'll muse of Thee, great King of Life,

And praise Thee, 'mid Thine ancient hills.

RODNEY L. ADAMS.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

A SONG.

THE WORDS BY T. K. HERVEY—THE MUSIC BY JOHN WILLIS.

SLOW, AND WITH FEELING.

How sweet the rest that la - bor yields The hum - ble and the poor;
Where sits the pa - triarch of the fields, Be - fore his cot - tage door: The

Lark is sing - ing in the sky, The Swal - low in the eaves, And Love is

Colla voce.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes the vocal melody and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'beam-ing in each eye, Beneath the sum-mer leaves!' are written below the vocal staff. The second system continues the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal note and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

SECOND VERSE.

The air amid his fragrant bowers,
 Supplies unpurchased health,
 And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
 More dear to him than wealth;
 Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
 Around his humble cot,
 And happy nights and cheerful days
 Divide his lowly lot.

THIRD VERSE.

And when the village Sabbath Bell
 Rings out upon the gale,
 The father bows his head to tell
 The music of its tale;—
 A fresher verdure seems to fill
 The fair and dewy sod,
 And every infant tongue is still,
 To hear the Word of God!

FOURTH VERSE.

Oh, happy hearts!—to Him who stills
 The ravens when they cry,
 And makes the lily 'neath the hills
 So glorious to the eye—
 The trusting patriarch prays, to bless
 His labor with increase;—
 Such 'ways are ways of pleasantness,'
 And all such 'paths are peace.'

Original.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

How can they call it sad
And lone,—the Poet's lot ?
A spirit is with him every where,
Altho' they see her not.

She walks in white attire,
With a free and buoyant grace,
Her dark curls drooping carelessly,
Around her glowing face.

She guides him where the waves,
Their wondrous music, pour,
From Ocean's ever-throbbing heart,
Upon the echoing shore.

She holds beside his ear
A curved and rose-lipped shell,
Within whose wreathed labyrinth,
Melodious murmurs swell ;
And she tells of an ocean-fay,—
A child with strange, soft eyes,
Who mourns for ever her lost, lost home,
As sad in the shell she lies.

* She leads to the still, deep woods,
Where startled by the breeze,
In those majestic solitudes,
Slow wake the giant trees,
And bids him note how rich
The ground beneath his tread,
With the crackling, slippery, bright-hued leaves,
Which autumn's hand has shed.

She shows the emerald moss,
Where morn-dew lingers yet
In small and sculptured chalices,
For fairy revels set.

At day-dawn on the hills,
They watch the morning bright
Spring from her far-off couch and shake
The dew from locks of light.

At noon they seek the shade,
In still and green retreat,
Where fitful gleams of sunshine glance,
The whispering wave to meet.

She gathers a graceful flower,*
Like a car in shape,—and lo !
A leaf, by her delicate finger pressed,
Two azure doves doth show ;
And she calls on the elfin-queen,
The Venus of fairy land,
To mount the phaeton's tiny seat,
And glide from her outspread hand !
But when with splendor crowned,
Day's glorious angel turns,
With his last loveliest smile to earth,
While Heaven around him burns,

* Venus' car, or Monk's hood.

When ever-shifting clouds,
That throng his radiant way,
Receive the regal wealth he leaves,
And don his rich array,
Oh ! then is the poet's hour,
His golden hour of rest !
Reclining on some sunny slope,
He feels serenely blest :
And the spirit folds her wings,
Beside him on the grass,
And traces for him in the clouds
Fair pictures as they pass !
That gorgeous pageant goes,
And next,—a holier scene !—
Pure Night puts on her jewelry,
And comes—a worshipped queen !
And the spirit's plumes unfurl,
And wave in the starlit air,
And her blue eyes flash thro' the floating curl,
For she sees her heaven-home there !
She warbles a wild, sweet lay,
And the minstrel joys to see,
Thro' the luminous depths of ether blue,
The bloom of an amaranth tree,—
The ripple of rolling waves,
And a fair bird's plume of fire,
And the far, faint smile of angel-eyes,
And the light of a seraph's lyre !
Why should they call it sad
And lone—the poet's lot,
His muse is with him everywhere,
Altho' they know her not.

Original.

SONGS OF THE WIND.—NO. III.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

AFTER a brief silence the harp again
Woke with a gay and a varied strain.

Freely I fly
In the boundless sky,
O'er the sea-foam freely I walk unseen,
And in music I sigh through the forest green ;
Loaded with perfume I slowly go
Where the wild roses blow ;—
Fiercely I bear
Through the freezing air
Wreaths of the drifting snow ;—
Fondly I play with the curls which fall
From the brow of Italy's daughters ;
And o'er the western waters
I speed the light canoe ;—
The monarch's halls
Proudly I wander through,—
I play with the warrior's nodding crest,
Spread out the standard-folds over the fight,
And I rest
In delight
Where the voice of music breathing round
Makes the place holy ground.—
Harp, good night !
I am going the rising sun to greet
In lands of heat ;—
Give out one long, loud swell,
Oh, plaintive harp, then bring
A dying silence on thy trembling string,
Farewell !—

Original.
THOUGHTS.

Oh! would my spirit were a bird,
That it might flee away
From the earthliness that binds it down
To sadness and decay.

I heed no more the jocund strain,
The gleesome laugh of youth;
My spirit yearns for brighter things,
The radiance of truth.

I sadden when I think of life,
Its turmoil, and its care;
And grieve, how doth my spirit grieve?
That I must linger here.

I am weary of the selfish world,
Of all its vaunted ties;
And languish like a prison'd lark,
To soar up to the skies.

I've seen the utter worthlessness,
Of love and all its joy;
And found the dreams that lured me on,
Were but a tinsel'd toy.

Oh! would my soul were as a bird,
In some sweet summer even;
When earth was fairest, I would flee
In rapture up to Heaven.

HENRY B. HIRST.

Philadelphia, June, 1840.

Original.
THE SPIRIT'S PRAYER.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND ON THE
EVE OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

At this hour, when thought and feeling,
Linger fondly round thy shrine;
Words would fain attempt revealing,
What my spirit asks for thine.

'Tis that Peace, e'en now may bless thee,
With her soft, her heav'nly tone,
Love, and Hope, and Joy caress thee,
Claiming thee, as all their own;

That thy spirit's inmost altar,
May be cheer'd by Faith's pure ray,
And its light, nor fade or falter,
'Till 'tis lost in perfect day.

'Tis that thou be true to Heaven,
To thyself—to one, to all;
That while much to thee is given,
Thou may'st bless the All in All.

LITERARY REVIEW.

GREYSLAER; a romance of the Mohawk: Harper & Brothers.—The inflated encomiums lavished upon this work, by the press generally, will, in all probability, lead a vast majority of the reading community to suppose, that it is the greatest production ever issued from the press, either in Europe or America. The unanimity with which praise has been bestowed upon Mr. Charles F. Hoffman's work proves conclusively, that not one out of every hundred of the reviewers ever perused "*Greyslaer*; a romance of the Mohawk," for the purpose of forming an impartial opinion of its merits. One sapient reviewer pronounces it *superior* to any work of Bulwer or James'—another, that the style is *equal* to that of Scott's—while a third, classes the author with Irving and Cooper. We are sorry to find our city editors, so willing to sanction *opinions* so foreign to those, which they would *themselves* have arrived at, had they devoted one hour to the duty of the critic, before promulgating impressions so utterly at variance with common sense and honest intentions. It is not our desire, or if it was, we have not the space to indulge in an elaborate review of "*Greyslaer*; a romance of the Mohawk." We commenced the perusal of it, with high expectations of a rich treat—but, how sadly we were doomed to be disappointed, will be inferred from our remarks above.

THE QUIET HUSBAND: Carey & Hart.—Miss Ellen Pickering, the successful author of the "Fright," "Nan Darrell," etc., has, in the present work, fully equalled her former efforts.—G. & C. Carvill.

MORAL MANAGEMENT OF INFANCY: Carey & Hart.—Many excellent treatises on the moral management of children already exist; yet, few of them are calculated to supply parents with the kind of information, which, in their circumstances, is especially required. Most of the works hitherto published, touch briefly upon the general management of early childhood, merely as preliminary to an exposition of its diseases—and their perusal by non-professional individuals not unfrequently leads to a dangerous tampering with the lives of the young. In the work before us, the subject is admirably treated and we warmly commend it to parents.—G. & C. Carvill.

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF MUNGO PARK: Harper & Brothers. Few subjects have excited a more lively interest among the curious and the learned, than the geographical problem with regard to the termination of the Niger. This question was at length put at rest by the successful expedition of the Landers, but not until after more than half a century of fruitless effort and speculation, during which many valuable lives had been sacrificed in attempting to trace to its outlet the course of this mysterious river. Among those who had generously devoted themselves to this perilous enterprise, none was more distinguished than Mungo Park; whose untimely fate, after having triumphed over the most appalling difficulties, excited the deepest commiseration and regret. Besides a minute and copious narration of the two expeditions of this celebrated traveller, the volume here offered to the public contains a succinct and interesting account of the labors of subsequent adventurers in the same field, bringing down the subject of African discovery to the most recent period.

HISTORY OF THE FINE ARTS: Harper & Brothers.—This work is a continuation of the "Family Library," and embraces a view of the rise, progress and influence of the arts among different nations—ancient and modern—with notices of the character and works of many celebrated artists. The cultivation of the Fine Arts, and a general dissemination of a taste for such liberal pursuits, are of the highest importance in a national point of view, for they have a powerful tendency to elevate the standard of intellect, and consequently morals, and form one of those mighty levers which raise nations as well as individuals to the highest point in the scale of civilization. In every age and in every country the cultivation of the Fine Arts has been invariably attended with a corresponding improvement in the social, moral, and intellectual character of the people; and our country is now, happily, the recipient of all the refinements of antiquity, embellished with the beauties

of modern civilization. When the venerable Bishop Berkely, in view of the rapid settlement of our country, sung,

"Westward the star of *Empire* takes its way,"

he might with propriety have added, that such also was the direction of art, science, and literature, not only as applied to us, but to the people of antiquity. As the sun first shed its beams upon the eastern world, so also did the first ray of intelligence break forth in the east, and with the full splendor of its luminaries, art, science, and literature, coursed westward, infusing life and vigor into society, until Europe and America have become radiant with light. As we are the last and most favored of these recipients, gratitude, self-love, and patriotism should prompt us to give these muses a cordial reception, and foster them with the greatest care 'till they shall erect a superstructure of eternal honor to the American name, more pleasing, more refined, more influential than that of classic Greece. To do this, the popular taste must be favorable, and to create and improve the taste for this object, it is necessary by facts to produce a conviction that to the Fine Arts all civilized nations are greatly indebted for their advancement in political and social greatness.

THEATRICALS.

On the subject of city theatricals, we have nothing very interesting to record this month. The Park re-opens on the tenth instant, with Fanny Elssler, who, having returned from her southern tour of triumph, commences an engagement for three weeks, and then goes to Boston. She will be succeeded by Mr. Power, the truly inimitable Irish actor, and perhaps the most popular of all the European stars that have occasionally illumined our theatrical hemisphere. Mr. Buckstone, an actor of considerable reputation, and one of the most successful of modern dramatists, is also engaged, and will play alternate nights with Power. Mr. and Mrs. Wood are, we understand, under contract with Mr. Simpson, and will appear early in the month of October.

BOWERY.—The aquatic experiment of Mr. Hamblin, we regret to say, has not met with the success to which its merits really entitle it. This comparative failure is to be attributed solely to the very unattractive drama upon which the nautical spectacle was engrafted. Imagine, reader, an audience anxiously anticipating a performance, the sole attraction of the evening, and to arrive at which, it is necessary for them to sit and yawn two full hours, through a dull and uninteresting affair, all talk and no dramatic incident, until, at length, when patience is completely exhausted, and the house has become indifferent to all that was to follow, the great feature of the evening's entertainment is produced. Under such circumstances, some may naturally imagine what the result would be. Instead of the cheers and shouts for which this theatre has long been renowned, and which the novelty and beauty of the exhibition really deserved, the applause seemed more like satisfaction expressed at the termination of an irksome task, than gratification at a pleasant entertainment. After "dragging its slow length along" through fourteen representations, "the Pirate's Signal on the bridge of death" was withdrawn to make way for "a new and original piece," entitled, "The Yankees in China." This, like the preceding piece, proved to be a dead failure. Its plot, if a farrago of absurdities can be so denominated, is founded on the present quarrel between the British and Chinese. The characters, with the exception of a Yankee adventurer, are feebly drawn, and the dialogue scarcely reaches mediocrity. The audience, instead of sitting through two long acts, are compelled to endure four short ones, whilst the *dénouement* is far less effective than that of "the Pirate's Signal." The fertile imagination of the manager, however, never fails him in emergent cases, and we understand he has a new piece nearly ready for representation. If Mr. Hamblin cannot command success, at least, he strives to deserve it.

THEATRICALS IN GENERAL deserve a passing notice.—Fanny Elssler's engagements at Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, have been exceedingly profitable. It is said she has realized, by them, fifteen thousand dollars.

Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff have also been very successful in their eastern tour. They have been playing to crowded houses, at St. John's, in the British province of New Brunswick.

Madame Le Compte, with her *corps de ballet* have also made the same tour and with the like success.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam has returned from a flying visit to the same place with a purse well filled. She has also been playing an engagement at Niblo's Garden with her accustomed success. We understand, she sails for England in the British Queen, but intends returning to America in the course of the next season.

The Seguins, with Latham and Horncastle, are treating the play-goers of Montreal and Quebec, with a touch of their quality.

Philadelphia is to have its share, or rather more than its share of the drama the ensuing season. Not less than five theatres are to be opened there during the next month. How many will continue open, time and circumstances must determine.

CHATHAM.—This theatre is indebted to the enterprise and liberality of its manager for the uncommon success attending its performances. Booth, who, with all his eccentricities, may justly rank amongst the most talented actors of the age, has been playing his round of characters, ably sustained by Mr. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, to crowded houses and delighted audiences.

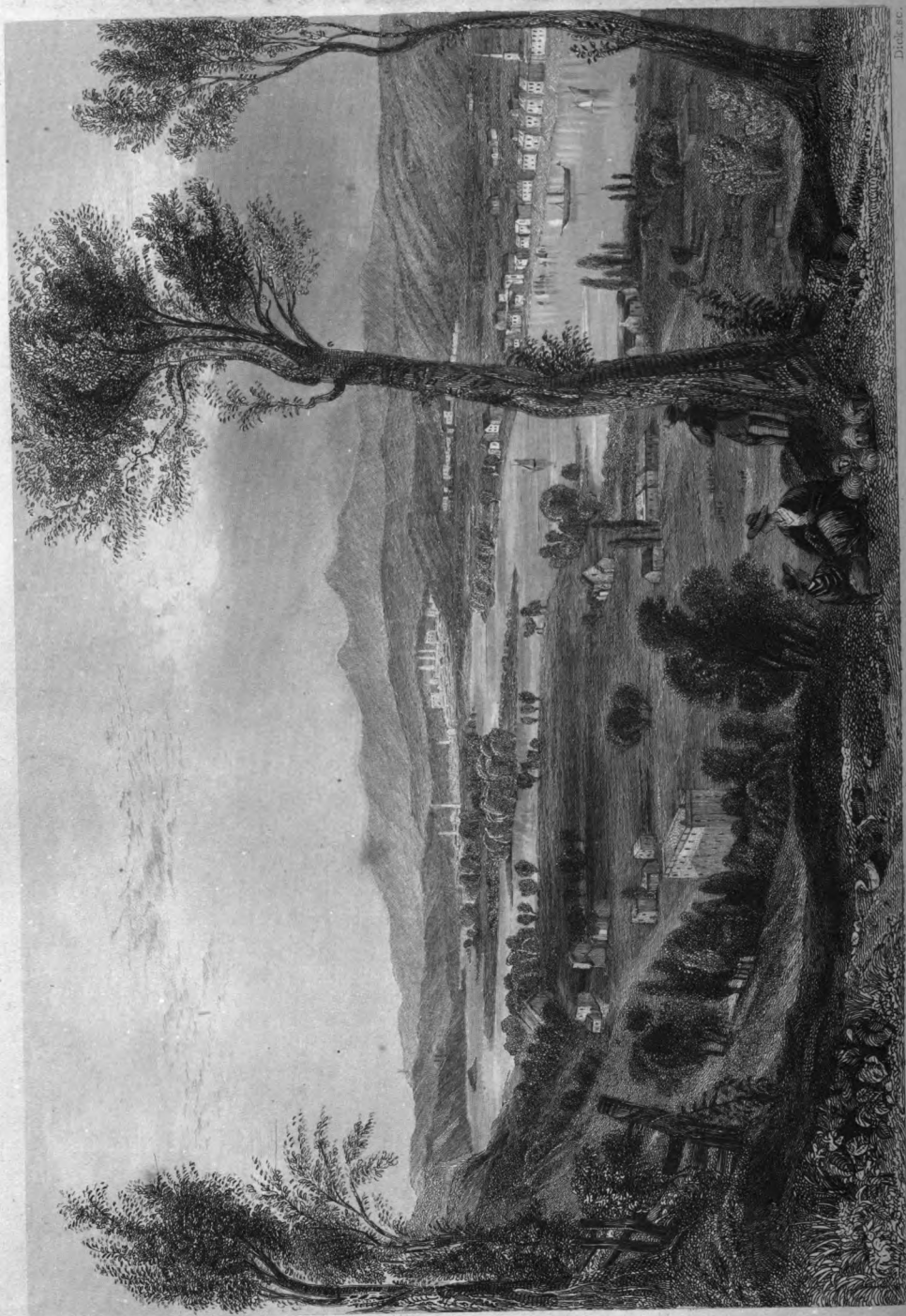
EDITORS' TABLE.

B. B. THATCHER.—It is with feelings of the deepest regret, that we record the death, of our old and esteemed correspondent, B. B. Thatcher. He died at Brooklin, near Boston, on the 14th of July, in the thirty-first year of his age. We copy the following brief notice, from the *Mercantile Journal*, of that city.

"Mr. Thatcher is well known in this country and in Europe, for his scientific and literary attainments—and wherever known, has been respected and loved for his kind disposition and his high moral qualities, as well as for the great variety of knowledge of which he was master—and the announcement of his death will carry sadness to many a heart. He was educated to the profession of the law—but his great aim through life appears to have been to acquire knowledge, and to diffuse it abroad for the purpose of enlightening, elevating, and improving the human race. For several years past he has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits—and if his career, by a wise Providence, had not been abridged, he would have been surpassed by few of his countrymen in rendering true service to his country—and would have acquired a fame to endure for ages. Many of his writings are before the world—they bear the stamp of worth, and have been read with much interest in this country and in Europe—and he has, doubtless, left many important manuscripts, which it is to be hoped, his friends will give the public at some future day.

He was conscious of the approach of death, which at last came upon him suddenly—but he met the grim king of terrors like a Christian philosopher—and his last moments were soothed by the benignant spirit of religion. The death of B. B. Thatcher has left a blank in society that will not be easily filled."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We regret to state that this beautiful retreat is not as liberally supported this season, as the *apparent* enterprise of the proprietor deserves. On the evening of the 4th of July, compared with former occasions, the garden was literally deserted. Mr. Niblo should look well to the respectability of his company, and make every exertion to exclude improper persons from the garden. It is a stain upon his management and a disgrace to the city, that persons of a *questionable character*, should be admitted, and allowed to mingle, indiscriminately, with those who visit his garden for amusement and recreation. Probably a knowledge of this fact—which has become universally known—influence ladies, in a great degree, from resorting, this season, to Niblo's Garden. The Ravens continue their surprising performances on alternate nights, while the Vaudeville company fill up the others.



VIEW FROM MOUNT IDA.
(Near Troy.)





THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1840.

VIEW FROM MOUNT IDA:

ONE hundred and fifty-six miles north of New-York, on the east bank of the Hudson, and about a quarter of a mile from Troy, to a height of nearly four hundred feet, rises this beautiful and romantic mountain. From its summit is to be seen an extent of country embracing all that is picturesque and grand in nature, while scattered athwart the landscape every where are the marks of civilization. At the foot of the mountain you have the elegant and flourishing town of Troy brought so distinctly before the eye, that every street, house and object, are minutely discernible, while the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson, with the flashing Falls of the Cohoes, and Albany in the distance, constitute, as a whole, one of the most perfect and gorgeous landscape that the imagination can conceive. They may talk of the Ida of the ancients, its Cretan labyrinth, its Cybelean temple, and the thousand mythological traditions of the Candian isle, but let the student, whose mind from classical impressions has been taught to invest the Grecian Ida with all the sublimity and grandeur that poetic fiction can conceive, or historical description convey—let but the mighty Hudson and its valley of beauty, from this spot, be spread before his eyes, and in the ecstasy of delight and admiration, he will exclaim:

'Tis fable, all; no spot of Grecian isle,
Glow'd e'er so lovely 'neath rich summer's smile;
Here Beauty, from her urn of rosy birth,
Scatters her treasures in the lap of earth;
Here rolls the Hudson, like a silver sea,
Through woods and vales of ired livery—
Hills fade in distance—hoary peaks arise,
Like Titan giants, to the sapphire skies,
While on their crests a purple halo glows,
Or round their forms, some cloud its mantle throws.
Within his car, adown the crimson West
The God of day in glory sinks to rest,
Then sparkling, peers each little gem of light,
Studding the gloomy veil of silent night,
'Till bursts the moon from out the ebon skies,
And 'neath her smile a world in Freedom lies!

Many are the conjectures respecting the origin of the Hudson; by some it has been supposed, that its valley was, at one time, the bed of a mighty lake, the waters of which communicated with the lakes upon our northern borders, with the Highlands for its confines, and that, at some anterior period, a convulsion of nature, or an incessant working of the waters created an opening, and forced their way to the ocean. Under such a supposition, the country around must have been, at one time, covered with an immense lake, and Mount Ida and the other heights, merely islands in its centre, how awfully sublime must have been that world of waters,

slumbering in its placid beauty beneath a summer sunshine, Mount Ida and her sister mountains rising like Naiads from its bosom, clothed in the umbrageous livery of nature, while the human eye, far as it could carry, beholding nothing but one vast expanse of silver sea—or what must have been equally grand, yet appalling in the extreme, to witness this valley of waters agitated by the fury of the tempest—to see the billows striving, as it were, to split the welkin, and “*Jove's lightnings, the precursors of the sudden thunder-claps,*” cresting them with the light of the elemental anger, and streaking the heavens with their forked fires, while the loud voice of the rattling thunder was heard bursting and booming over the watery plain, and echoed and re-echoed by the deep and hollow recesses of the mountains—Do not the Capitolian Jove, and all the mythological terrors of the ancients sink into insignificance when placed in comparison with this grand and terrific hypothesis of nature? How often do we wonder and also regret that so many Americans should forget the beauties of their own country to travel in foreign ones, in search of scenes which are light as dust when weighed in the balance with those of their own. We do not mean to repudiate from their minds a love of intelligence and travel, but we wish, sincerely, that the scenery, manners and institutions of their own country, were thoroughly seen, investigated and defined, before they attempt to look upon, and canvass those of others. They would be then able to draw the proper line of demarcation of mind, to contrast their own establishments, habits and natural objects, with those of foreign ones, and they would find that much that is spoken of and vaunted about the old world, is “*vox et preterea nihil.*” The remark we have made reminds us of an anecdote, somewhere, we think, related in the works of Sir Walter Scott, and corroborative of our suggestion. The outlines of it may here, perhaps, be not altogether out of place, and convey an useful lesson to those who are bitten with the mania of fashionable travelling. In the latter end of the seventeenth century, two gentlemen journeying in Italy, met together on some mountain, from which the view was considered enchantingly beautiful. They were entire strangers to each other, and while descanting upon the beauties of the landscape, one of them casually remarked that “the view, in his imagination, was only to be equalled by one in Scotland.”

“Indeed!” replied the other, “I am a native of that country, and I cannot recollect at what place, or from what point, there is any sight to compare with this.”

“Yes, but there is,” was the reply, “from the Dammyatt Mountains, near Stirling.”

The Scottish gentleman started with astonishment—then after a pause, exclaimed, “That, sir, is on my estate, and with shame do I own, that I have never placed my foot upon it, but from this hour I bid adieu

to foreign travel, and shall rest not 'till I have looked on what you have described."

The view from that place is truly beautiful. The castle of Stirling crowning a rock somewhat formed as Mount Ida, and rising from a similar plain or carse said once to have been the bed of the Frith of Forth, as the valley of the Hudson must have been, if ever that river was pent up as a lake. The various objects in the scene resemble, in miniature, those of the Hudson valley, the view extending to the capital of Scotland itself, while, on the other points of the compass, it is only bounded by the Ochil and Campsie hills, and the mountain monarch, old Benlomond, but in sublimity of space, in gorgeousness of Nature's apparel, and in every thing that constitutes the grand and beautiful, we must exclaim, that all views that we have seen, read, or heard of, are but as dross to refined gold, when placed in comparison with the *View from Mount Ida*.

R. H.

Original.

LIFT YOUR HEARTS! LIFT YOUR HANDS!

BY RUFUS DAWES.

I.

LIFT your hearts, lift your hands,
Hearts of oak, and hands of iron,
Sons of sires whose battle-brands
Dash'd the sceptre from the Lion!
Ye, whose fathers from the North,
Join'd the chivalry that came
From the South, with ardor forth
On to fame!

II.

Lift your hearts, lift your hands,
Join your hearts and hands for ever,
Sons of gallant men whose bands
Fought for liberty together.
Though Charles' current runs
Colder than Potomac's wave,
Yet the blood of both their sons
Was as brave.

III.

Lift your hearts, lift your hands;
One chance remains to rally
From Niagara's roaring surge,
To the Mississippi valley;—
One chance—and only one,
Ere a despot's chain will bind
The millions yet unborn
Of your kind!

IV.

Lift your hearts—lift your hands!
Link your hearts no more to sever;
Hark to WASHINGTON's commands—
Hand and hand with one endeavor;
And while Bunker-Hill remains,
Or mount Vernon's hallowed heights,
Guard the Union's golden chains
And your rights!

Original.

FIRST LOVE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CANOVA.—CHAPTER I.

THE sun was shining brightly on the morning of a holiday; a happy day for the inhabitants of Pagnano, a small village in the Venetian territory. Though yet early, the artisans and shopkeepers, their labors suspended, were conversing in groups in the streets, or setting off on excursions of pleasure. The peasants were idly gazing about, whistling, or humming cheerful songs. But it was seldom holiday in the studio of Giusappe Bernardi, surnamed Torretti. He had lately removed from Venice, and as he wrought for gold as well as fame, and was advanced in years, he never felt the want of recreation. It was otherwise, however, with the youthful disciple, he had, some time before, at the request of Falier, a Venetian senator, then at his country seat, received into his studio. The old man had promised not only to instruct him in the art of statuary, but likewise in the strict virtues which, as he wisely said, youth is apt to hold too lightly. And strictly as age and experience are wont to guard the unwary against peril, Torretti attended to the conduct and manners of his young pupil; keeping him at work during the day, while the evenings were passed in his own quiet home. "'Tis for thy good, Antonio," he would say, when he fancied the boy repined in secret at his severity, "and this thou will one day acknowledge." His words proved true; from many a snare and sin, in after life, did the wholesome lessons of Torretti preserve his scholar.

Antonio was working at a bass-relief, after one of his master's models. He was a lad who, from appearance, might have been fifteen summers, but rather tall for his years, and slender even to fragility. He had features delicate yet striking; a broad, pale forehead, keen, sparkling eyes, and a small, finely-chiselled mouth, which was even more expressive than mouths usually are. It exhibited the utmost gentleness and modesty, united to enthusiasm and firmness of character.

He finished the bass-relief, to which he was giving the last touch, and called the attention of his master, looking doubtful at him, as if willing to deprecate the censure he might pronounce on the work. Torretti examined it, well pleased, and said with unwonted complacency, "Excellent, my good Antonio; and as to-day is a holiday, you may devise somewhat out of the block of marble you received not long ago. If you succeed, you shall make a present to our noble patron, Signor Falier."

The boy smiled archly, and leaving the studio for a few moments, returned, carrying in his hands a beautiful basket of flowers, sculptured in the marble with astonishing skill. Torretti started with surprise, and asked—"Whose is this work?"

"Mine!" replied Antonio, repressing his triumph. "I have wrought it, dear master, at intervals, and wished to surprise you. I have yet another." And going out, he brought in a second basket—of fruit—

executed with such rare and admirable ingenuity, that the delicate leaves and fruits cheat even the touch by their exquisite smoothness.

Torretti was amazed. "Of your own modelling?" The boy replied in the affirmative, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "You are endowed with genius, my child!" said the old man, after a pause, during which he minutely examined the workmanship of the flowers and fruit. "It is God's gift, and be you thankful for it! To-morrow you shall go to the noble Falier with your present. And remember, in after life, when you enter, as I foresee you will, upon a career of fame—as you have begun with the innocence of flowers—so let the pure wreaths of virtue and piety flourish on your brow, even to your life's end, fresh as when first plucked in the gardens of childhood!"

The good Torretti seldom, unless powerfully excited, indulged in metaphor; his doing so, at present, was proof of the sincerity of his heartfelt praise. Antonio's eyes were suffused; a warm tear fell, bedewing the hand of his master, which he raised respectfully to his lips.

"And now," said the old man, with more of tenderness in his manner than usual, "go, my lad, and walk an hour or two. The pure air and sunshine will revive you; for you have wrought too assiduously;" and here he remarked, for the first time, the boy's excessive paleness.

Antonio needed not a second bidding. His heart was full; he longed to seek out a spot of silence and loneliness, where he might feel his new-born happiness. It was not, indeed, his first dream of fame; often, at his work, he had given himself up to vague visions of the future, when a destiny nobler than the obscure one his birth promised, should dawn upon him, and the name of Antonio Canova be honored among men. But now—now that his first original work—a work on which he had spent so many hours of labor uncheered by the certainty of approbation—had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, had won the praises of the stern, severe Torretti—he felt as if the future was all his own! The first success—how encouraging to youthful enthusiasm! It may be doubted if, in after years, when the monument of Pope Rezzonico, (Clement XIII.) was first displayed to the admiring gaze of the people, when princes and nobles heaped honors on him, and his name rang throughout Europe—his heart swelled with such exultation, as in this moment.

The heavens seemed to him fairer and brighter than ever; the light breeze stirred the foliage with a cheerful whisper; and the wild birds singing their snatches of melody far up in the sky, seemed to him but to echo the universal joy. He bent his course not toward the village, filled with the sounds of mirth; but wandered over the meadows, and soon entered a lovely valley, where the cool air stirred freshly, and a mimic torrent threw itself from the green hill side, and then wandered along as quietly, as if it loved to linger in the embrace of the green turf. Young Canova seated himself by the side of the streamlet, in the shade of an oak whose roots were laved by it, and watched the play of the leaves and the

long shafts as they dipped into the clear water, and rose again, glistening, as if covered with pearls, in the sunshine. How long he lay there, absorbed in his pleasant reveries, he knew not; but the spell that held him was broken by the sound of musical laughter. He looked up! directly above him, on the green bank, stood a group of gay girls, dressed like shepherdesses, with flowers in their hands. He started up; he felt not a little of the bashfulness of boyhood at meeting with such unexpected company.

"Oh, the pretty boy!" cried one of the laughing group, holding out her hands to him, spite of the "Fie, fie, Betta!" of her companions, who were trying to hold her back. "Have you lost any thing in the stream?" she continued, arching the prettiest mouth in the world to prevent herself from bursting into laughter; if not, come up here, and dance with us. Look—I will give you some flowers!"

"I will join you!" cried Antonio, recovering his vivacity; why should he, who had kissed the hand of the noble Signora Falier and other high-born ladies, fear a bevy of village maidens! He sprang up the bank, knelt gracefully down, and the fair hands of the queen of the shepherdesses wreathed her flowers in his brown locks, and he thanked her, and complimented her with a fluency to which the lovely contadina was quite unaccustomed.

She was, in truth, the handsomest of the group, her symmetrical shape, the long dark ringlets floating over her fair shoulders, her bright eyes, and cheeks like the rose, captivated the heart of the young artist, who, in the course of a few minutes, was as unembarrassed in her presence as if they had known each other from infancy.

"Will you tell me your name, fair damsel?" said he.

"Betta Biasi, is my name; may we know yours?"

"With all my heart; mine is Antonio Canova."

"What! you are the lad, then, who works at statuary with Messer Torretti?" And with new wonder the gay maidens crowded about him, asking a thousand questions, to which Antonio was perfectly willing to reply; fascinated, as he was, by the bright eyes of his lovely shepherdess. The sensation was quite new to him; for he had scarcely heard of love. For the rest of the morning he was devoted to her; and when, at length, he bade her adieu, and made bold to ask leave to kiss her hand, and she laughingly put her arms round his neck and kissed his boyish cheek, he trembled with strange emotion. He could have fallen at her feet, and worshipped her as a divinity. Wild thoughts swam in his head as he went homewards; one defined resolution, however, he formed; to wit: that of declaring his passion to his grandfather, Pasino, and asking his consent to his marriage with this fair one so soon as he arrived at suitable years. To Torretti, he dared not speak of his love. Nor, a short time after, when the old man declared his intention of going to Venice, and wished his pupil to accompany him, durst Antonio offer a word of dissent. He parted from the lovely Betta, never to see her again 'till he saw her years afterward at Cressan, flourishing in beauty, but alas! married to another. Yet the vision

which the sight of her had revealed to his spirit, never forsook him! *The Beautiful was born in the imagination of the artist.* As yet, ignorant of the antique, he was thus—thanks to the benignant conjunction of the stars!—brought to a guide less fallacious—to Nature, and taught to look to her for his inspiration. In his first statue, the Eurydice, produced the following year, his noble ideal was shown to the world; and thus was the foundation laid of that glorious reform, Canova was destined to work in his art; of the restoration of simplicity and genuine taste in sculpture, which were then extinct in Italy.

THE DEATH-BED.—CHAPTER II.

It was not yet sunrise on the morning of the thirteenth of October, 1822, when Paolo Zannini, a physician of some repute in Venice, ascended the steps of the house of Antonio Francesconi. Without previous knocking, he opened the door, and went softly up to a chamber, at the entrance of which he was met by his friend, Aglietti, with whom he held a whispered conference of a few moments. "He knows all—and is calm," said Aglietti, in answer to an inquiry of the other; "do not speak to him now." Zannini pressed his friend's hand, without reply, and entering the room, took his place in the silent, mournful circle that surrounded the death-bed of Canova.

The dying sculptor was partially raised, and supported in the arms of his beloved friend, Paravia, who, with tender grief, bathed his cold brow, and by desire, administered to him some restorative drops, to give him strength to receive the blessed sacrament. "*Date pure,*" said Canova, in a faint voice—"date pure, *che mi prolungherò così il piacere di stare con voi.*"* And again, as if conscious that his strength was rapidly failing, he would repeat, "*Buono, buonissimo! ma—è inutile!*"†

The door again opened, and Crico, the ecclesiastic, entered. The circle parted; he approached the bed of the dying, and after the prayers, and a few words addressed to the departing one, he administered the sacrament. Canova could not retain his emotion. Tears flowed down his pale cheeks; and his heart-felt sobs gave evidence of the depth of his religious feeling. Though he looked back upon a life of purity and goodness, yet thus hovering on the verge of the grave, how solemn seemed the coming hour!

The solemnity concluded, and the blessing of the priest bestowed, his strength seemed, for the moment, restored. He spoke affectionately and impressively to the friends around him. He spoke of the beauty and the glory of virtue; of the realities of religion; adverted to his past life with regret for his faults, and thankfulness that he had been preserved from deeper sin, counselling all to live so that they could meet death with joy. "All wept," says Cicognara—"he alone was glad." He gave thanks that he had been sustained, and was filled with pious resignation. "Thou, oh, Lord," were the last rational words he was heard to utter—"Thou, oh, Lord, gavest me the good I have enjoyed in this

world; Thou takest it away; blessed for ever be thy holy name!"

The friends who had loved him through years, remained at his bed-side; but they heard his voice no more. The dying man sank into a lethargy—his eyes now and then partially unclosed, and his lips moved, but his mind evidently wandered. Frequently he murmured, in a low and gentle voice, the words, "*Anima bella e pura!*"

At length Paravia, who sat nearest him, gave an exclamation of alarm; a sudden convulsion passed over his features, but it was gone, ere Zannini reached the bed, and opening his eyes, Canova fixed them with an expression of tenderness on the face of his friend. He made a motion as if wishing to be raised up; and as Paravia obeyed the intimation, the same convulsion, but more slight, passed over his countenance, and again and again he murmured the mysterious words—"Anima bella e pura!" feebly stretching out his hands as if he would extend them toward some invisible object. Was there, indeed, present to the vision of his spirit, some being from a higher sphere, or was it that the "pure and lovely soul" about to quit its clay, was already blest in communion with his Maker!

His friends crowded eagerly about the dying man; it was evident that the moment of dissolution was near; his pulse fluttered—his breathing grew shorter. It was at this awful instant that his countenance was invested with that singular radiance—that expression of more than mortal inspiration, never to pass from the remembrance of those who beheld it. "It was," says the author of "*La Storia di Scultura,*" who was present, "as if all the sublime conceptions of his life were visible in his face in that moment." It was no illusion; no religious respect to the illustrious departing; the bystanders saw and wondered at a glory such as his hand had never wrought, nor his mind ever before conceived! Zannini, in recording this phenomenon, attributes this expression to no supernatural influence; but to the habitual frame of a mind accustomed to indulge in visions of celestial beauty; to seize and embody the sublimest conceptions. The same all-subduing mental habits which prompts the expiring conqueror to murmur words of command, caused the last faltering words of the artist, and filled his countenance with that expression of beatitude and glory, not to be understood save by those who could sympathise with him.

For some minutes this continued; but as the sun darted his first rays into the chamber, the wondrous expression passed away; his head sank slowly to the left; one deep breath parted his lips, and his earthly life was extinguished for ever.

Thus died Canova, whose genius as a sculptor, was the reverse of that of Michael Angelo; for he excelled in ease and simplicity, in soft beauty and bewitching grace. He bore with him, in his death, the love of all who knew him—the grief of Italy—the admiration of the world.

* Give me—that I may thus prolong the pleasure of remaining with you.

† Good—very good—but—it is useless.

It is a shame for a man to desire honor because of his noble progenitors, and not to deserve it by his own virtue.—*Saint Chrysostom.*

Original.

SCENES IN THE WEST.—No. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON," "CAPT. KYD," ETC.

SAINT LOUIS resembles Louisville, perhaps, more than it does any other city in the United States, especially that section of it situated along the river. In the upper and new part of the town, where the private residences are built, and which is destined to be the "court end," it bears a great resemblance to the more fashionable portions of Cincinnati. In going about the city, encountering, at every step, unfinished dwellings, materials for building, streets grading, squares levelling, avenues macadamising, I find that I have visited Saint Louis ten years too soon. In that time, its beautifully laid out streets will be completed, its squares embellished, and in elegance, refinement and wealth, judging from the present aspect of things, this city will be without a rival in the west. Society, here, is far more southern in its character than that at Cincinnati; there is, indeed, but little similarity between the two places, in this respect. I am constantly reminded of New Orleans in the social character of Saint Louis. In many other respects, it so resembles that city, that it may rationally be denominated Upper Orleans.

I have been visiting some of the public buildings to-day, the most important of which, is the Saint Louis Cathedral, situated in an open, central, and pleasant part of the town. In its exterior, it resembles, at a distance, many of the Presbyterian churches in the Atlantic cities, perhaps Saint Paul's in New-York, as much as any of them. When I saw its lofty spire, on coming up the river, I supposed that it was a Protestant church, and was earnestly looking over the town for the towers of the famed Cathedral—so little was the appearance of this edifice like the Roman churches in general. It is constructed of grey stone, and has the appearance of great solidity. It is a building of great beauty, combining simplicity, strength and elegance. The front is faced with polished, light colored stone, and is supported by four pillars; it is remarkably plain, and in a style approaching the Doric. Along the front are these words in large letters:—

DEO UNI ET TRINO.

To the left of this are graven,

IN HONOREM S. LUDOVICI.

And to the right,

DICATUM, A. D., MDCCCXXXIV.

On the central tablet are the words:—

Ecce Tabernaculum cum Homimbus et habitabit cum eis.

To the right of this:

Ma Maison Tera appelee La Maison de priere.

Each of these are translated on opposite tablets. The whole front is imposing. The tower, rising above, in two stories or cupolas, is finely proportioned, and the spire is extremely light and symmetrical, and terminates in a large gilt cross. At the base of the spire, which is an elongated pyramid, covered with tin, are doors opening on to the summit of the tower, from which there is

an extensive view of the country for many miles around. A young Arkansian who "had made the tour of Europe, or so," accompanied me on my visit to the Cathedral. We found the front door shut as closely as was ever a village church door. At this we were not a little surprised, as Catholic churches are never closed. A person passing, to whom we applied for information, pointed with his finger to an adjacent dwelling, with a double gallery in front, and shut in from the street by a wall. Our informant was too busy in this busy city to expend a single word upon us (for he saw, at a glance, words, on this occasion, "would turn no penny,") we took it for granted, he meant to say, that there we could obtain what we sought. Therefore going around the wall, we came to an iron gate set in it on the eastern side. Touching the gate lightly, it hospitably opened, and we found ourselves in a small yard in front of the dwelling, which we approached by an avenue from the gate. A priest was sitting, with a book in his hand, at one of the upper windows, as we advanced to the house. As I knocked, I obtained, through an open door, a glance into a neat, old fashioned parlor, hung around with portraits of priestly-looking men, monks and bishops. The priest whom we had seen at the window, came down at our knocking, book in hand, and in his black silk student's gown. He was a fine-looking, dark-complexioned man, with a noble countenance, in which benevolence predominated. His address was frank and pleasing, and with a great deal of courtesy he conducted us through a court-yard to the rear of the Cathedral, and opening a door that descended from the outer pavement into the vestry, directed us to cross it, and ascend an opposite flight of stone steps, which would lead us into the body of the church. We found the vestry handsomely finished and adorned with paintings, and passages from scripture. It extended the whole breadth of the church, but the centre was set apart from the remainder, by a double row of massive pillars; in the space between, were several children of both sexes, very orderly seated, not even looking round at our approach, while a priest, in his white robe, on an elevated chair, was explaining to them their duties, as children, to their parents, and as immortal beings, to their Maker. I paused and listened for a few moments, and was struck with the simplicity, yet force of his language, and the mild, parental way in which he addressed them. We entered the Cathedral by a door at the left of the altar, and I immediately advanced to the opposite extremity to obtain a first view of the altar. It struck me as very fine, although neither so gorgeous as that in the Cathedral at New Orleans, nor so rich as that in the church at Baltimore. The altar-piece is a crucifix, and is the finest I have seen in the United States. The furniture of the altar, or sanctuary, was very plain; and there was visible but little attempt at display. I noticed on the left hand of the sanctuary, which is elevated above the rest of the church, and gained by a flight of seven steps, extending nearly the whole breadth of the Cathedral, a large historical painting, the subject of which I have forgotten; beneath it was written, "*Donne par le Roi de France en 1818.*" This church is a

favorite protégé of the Catholic monarchs of Europe. In each side of the principal entrance, are two paintings about eight feet high, one representing the martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew, the other, a very exquisite Madona and child. The walls are neatly painted in frescos, and the ceiling, which is very lofty and slightly arched, is tastefully pannelled and painted white, with carved ornaments in relief. There are ten large windows, five on each side of the Cathedral, to each of which a transparency is accurately fitted. This appeared to me rather a bad substitute for stained glass; the paintings are all very coarse. The first transparency represents the Infant Saviour; the second, the three wise men worshipping; the third, the flight into Egypt; the fourth, the dispute with the Doctors in the Temple; the fifth, the Sermon on the Mount; the sixth, Nichodemus' visit by night to the Saviour; the seventh, the miracle of the loaves; the eighth, the blind healed; the ninth, the transfiguration; the tenth, the descent of the cloven tongues. The whole is intended as a pictorial history of the Saviour's life. They are all wretchedly done, and disfigure the Cathedral they are intended to adorn. Ten lofty and very massive pillars, polished and colored in imitation of marble, with green capitals, support the ceiling. Eight handsome chains of lamps (an unusual article in a Cathedral) are suspended at intervals above the aisles, of which there are five in number, leaving three rows of single, and two rows of double pews. The Catholics, in adding spires to their churches, constructing pews, lighting with lamps, and shutting the Cathedral doors, except on Sabbath and Saint's days, seem to be adapting their church to the habits, customs and institutions of this country. The closer they approximate in externals to the Protestant religion, the more popular their church will become in the United States. This will be the only means of extensively advancing their faith here. The pomp and pageantry, and display of the Roman Church at home, are not suitable in this country. Herein, it appears, the Catholics have already learned that simplicity is power. The Cathedral of Saint Louis, although deserving of all that is said in its praise, and although the first edifice of any kind, west of the Alleghanies, must, I think, yield precedence to that at Baltimore. The Right Reverend Joseph Roatsi, is the Bishop of Saint Louis, and universally beloved. The other church edifices here, are plain brick buildings; one or two of them are surmounted with cupolas. There is one of each of the denominations—Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Unitarian, Episcopal, Baptist, besides an African church. The interiors of most of these churches, are very neat, but all are destitute of any architectural display. I visited the Methodist church one evening, agreeably to an announcement on printed placards posted about the city, that the Reverend Mr. Maffitt was to recite his poem, entitled "Ireland," at that place. Paying fifty cents at the door for admission, I found myself in the presence of quite a large audience, who filled nearly the whole of the lower part of the house; Mr. Maffitt, standing at a desk beneath the pulpit, had just commenced his recitation. The delivery was in his usual manner, and he

was listened to until the close, with flattering attention. The character of the poem I shall not touch upon. I noticed the interior of the church was neat, and that the walls were stained a light yellow. There is not so much sectarian jealousy existing here among the Protestants as in many other places. J. H. I.

Original.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Do you ever, dear Julie, recall the past hours,
When often together we carelessly strayed
Through green winding paths gayly bordered with flowers,
To our nook in the wildwood—that beautiful glade?

There reposing, full many a fair web we wove
Of those radiant threads, bright-eyed Fancy supplies,
Which found by the stream, on the hill, in the grove,
She steals in the hues that are stole from the skies.

While down through the boughs, gleams of sunshine were
shed

O'er flowers, and o'er mosses of liveliest green,
With a smile in your eye, you once sportively said,
"Behold how all round us is sparkling with sheen.

"Would you know what it means? Merry fairies are
throwing

Their thousands of gems o'er the flowers and the grass;
And the cool, rustling sounds, through the boughs that are
flowing,

Is made by their green silken robes as they pass.

"Behold, too, that web of such wonderful lightness,
Spread out on the leaves, wrought with jewels and gold:
'Tis a fairy queen's mantle, which, when in her brightness,
The moon walks the heavens, she'll round her enfold.

"Then throned on some flower, fanned by Zephyr's soft
wings,

With a dignified air she'll survey the gay throng,
As they trace, with light footsteps, their magical rings,
To the silvery tones of some favorite song."

With such, and with many quaint fancies beside,
We were, Time's heavy pinions, wont often to plume.
A wild-flower fragrance they flung o'er life's tide,
And a light, when it else might have slumbered in gloom.

Yet, the one golden thread of truth which through all
Those fancy-wrought webs spread a lustre divine—
The one which I still love the best to recall,
Was the thought that thy heart's dearest friendship
was mine.

For the brilliance that flashed from Fancy's bright dream,
Fell cold on the rich chords of feeling which still,
Like the harp that of old, hailed the sun's rising beam,
Would alone, in the light of thy smile, sweetly thrill.
Wolfsboro', N. H.

\$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

MARY DERWENT.*

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR teeming with events not only to the little valley of Wyoming, but to all Colonial America, had passed since the closing of our last chapter. On that year the Revolution which made us a nation broke over the whole country. Wyoming had long been a scene of civil commotion from disputed rights urged by the Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimants for its lands; now these factions were again broken and more thoroughly disunited by the political sides, which each man supposed himself called upon to adopt in the approaching struggle. A few weeks after Tahmeroo's marriage with young Butler, her tribe had removed their encampment to the valley of the Mohawk, where they had remained inactive in the close neighborhood of Sir William Johnson. This gentleman lost no time in securing the co-operation of the Indian tribes, which surrounded him, with the English troops then landing in great bodies from the mother country. Catharine Montour, herself an English aristocrat, became a willing and powerful instrument to the political baronet, and through her vast influence with the savages, the tribes of the Six Nations became auxiliary to the British. As the year advanced hostile preparations were made not only along the Atlantic shores, but in the hamlets and quiet valleys of the interior. The revolutionists of Wyoming were among the first to make defensive preparations; a company was organized from the scattered farm-houses; a fort was built on the Kingston side of the Susquehannah; ammunition was procured, and every log hut along the river took the features of a little fortress, so active were the preparations made for the coming struggle. In this warlike position we find the valley of Wyoming when our narrative again continues.

A long, wooden bridge at this time connects Wilkesbarre with the Kingston side of the Susquehannah: a capacious and most excellent hotel stands on the sweep of the road where it winds over from the former place, and the stage horn may be heard sounding merrily up the valley at almost every hour of the day. But at the time of our story, there was neither bridge nor hotel, unless a low log house, fronted by a magnificent elm, and made of consequence by a log stable, a huge haystack and a shingle roof, might be called such. A public house it certainly was intended to be, for a rudely painted sign hung groaning and creaking among the thick leaves of the elm, and the chickens which congregated about the haystack were always seen to flutter and creep away into hiding-places whenever a traveller was seen to emerge from the shaded road which leads across the Wilkesbarre mountains, a kind of timidity

seldom observed at private houses, except at the approach of a travelling minister or a schoolmaster who boards about. There was little of refinement, but every thing essential to comfort, in the interior of aunt Polly's tavern, for so the log building with the sign was denominated. A kitchen, and a small square room which served the wayfarer as bed-chamber, dining and sitting-room, had the usual furniture of splint chairs, a small looking-glass, surmounted by a tuft of fresh asparagus—a fire-place filled with white-pine tops, and a bed decked with sheets of the whitest homespun, and a coverlet of blue and white yarn, wove in what aunt Polly called orange quarters, and doors and windows.

The night on which our story resumes its thread, a gentleman in the regimentals of a British officer, was impatiently pacing this little room, and more than once he opened the door which led to the kitchen to hurry aunt Polly in her preparations for supper. This restless impatience, in our traveller, put aunt Polly, good, fat old soul, somewhat out of patience. "She was doing as fast as she could," she said, "and she did hate to be driv'"; but at each interruption of her guest, the good lady dipped an unfortunate chicken with more desperate energy into the kettle of hot water which stood on the hearth before her, and tore away the dripping plumage handful after handful, with a zeal that might have satisfied the most hungry traveller that ever claimed hospitality at her door. An iron pot filled with potatoes, and a tea-kettle, hung, like a brace of martyrs, in the blazing fire, and every thing was in fair progress for a comfortable meal, when the young traveller entered the kitchen, as if weary of remaining alone, and began to chat with aunt Polly, while she dissected the unfortunate fowl after it came out clean and featherless from the hot bath with which she had indulged it.

"I see you keep every thing clean and snug as usual, aunt Polly," he said, looking about the room, where, however, might be observed greater marks of confusion than was common with the thrifty old maid.

"Nothing to brag of," replied Polly, shaking her head and looking at the loom which stood in one corner with a coarse linen web half drawn into the harness. A quill-wheel and a ricketty pair of swifts were crowded against the heavy posts, the one unbanded, and the other with a few threads of tow-yarn tangled among the sticks. "I don't know how it is, Captin Butler, but you al'es make me fling every thing to sixes and sevens when you come. Now, I meant to have wove a yard on that are web afore night—anybody else would have took up with a cold bite; but you're awful dainty about victuals, captin, and al'es was."

"Well, never mind that, Polly; you know I am always willing to pay for what I have. But, tell me, is there no news stirring in the valley? I see you have got a fort over the river—who commands there?"

"Who but Edward Clark, your old schoolmate; but I rather think that there won't be much watch kept up there to-night, tho' the Mohawks are skulking in the hills—the captin's got better fish to fry. You havn't forgot how reg'lar he went a sparking to old mother Derwent's, have you?" and aunt Polly busied herself with stirring

* Concluded from page 174.

up the simmering members of the fowl with a large wooden spoon, while her auditor began to pace the floor with a brow that grew darker and a step that became heavier each instant.

The landlady wiped the perspiration from her face, and then looked rather inquisitively at him. "Why what has come over you?" she said; "you look as black as a thunder-cloud all at once."

"To-night—did you say that Edward Clark and Jane Derwent were to be married to-night?"

"Yes—they'll have a wedding on the island to-night or I loose my guess."

"At what hour—do you know the hour?"

"Why, no—I don't 'spose they're particular to a minute."

"So the rebel dog thinks to have Jane Derwent at last, does he!" exclaimed Butler, pausing angrily in his walk and bending his flushed brow on the landlady, then turning away he muttered between his teeth: "By the Lord that made me, I will spoil his happiness this once!" Then after walking moodily a moment, he inquired with abrupt energy, how long the Mohawks had been encamped in the neighborhood.

"About a week, I believe," was aunt Polly's reply. "That handsome little squaw, that come here after you once, was down here last night jist as I was getting into bed, to know if I'd heard any thing about you. She had the cunningest little baby with her, almost as white as I am, with curly brown hair and the beautifulest eyes—I declare it did my heart good only jist to look at it: and somehow, I kinder suspected—"

"Well, never mind—but, tell me, is the white queen with the tribe?"

"Well, now, how should I know, captin? I should not have known that they were there at all, if it had'n't been for that purty squaw. Nobody else dreams of their being so near; I guess ther'd be a racket kicked up if they did. Edward Clark wouldn't dare to leave the fort if 'twas, to get married, if he knew what a swarm of redskins 'lay about him. I hope they don't mean to do any mischief, captin, do they?"

Butler paid no attention to her question, nor even smiled at the ludicrous comparison of his own beautiful child with the fat, unwieldy person and crimson face of his good-hearted entertainer. He took out his watch, and hastily replacing it, muttered in an under tone, and left the house, regardless of the supper which he had been so impatient for a few minutes before.

"I wish to gracious John was here, for I rather guess my hay will suffer if the captin feeds his own horse," said the old woman, as the door closed; "the feller thinks no more of a peck of oats than if it was cut straw. I wish he'd make haste tho', the victuals is purty near done, and I begin to feel kinder hungry myself. Oh, I'd a'most forgotten—these English all want tea," and opening a rude closet, she took out a small tin cannister containing the unpopular herb, and filling the little round top, she smoothed it off with her finger, and "put the tea to drawing," then spread a snowy tablecloth in the best room, she placed thereon the nicely cooked fowl, the smoking potatoes, a plate of bread and

a ball of most exquisite butter, and gave the finishing touch to her table by a saucer of preserved crab-apples and wild plums placed on each corner. After all was ready, she placed herself by a little waiter scarcely larger than a good sized snuffer-tray, and as she placed and re-placed the milk-cup and sugar-bowl, muttered her impatience for the return of her guest.

"I wonder what on arth keeps him so—I could a foddered my whole stock afore this. Walter Butler didn't use to be so long tending his horse afore he eat himself. Dear me, the gravy is getting cold and thick about the chicken—the tea 'll be drawn to death! I do wish—oh, here he comes!"

The old woman brightened up as she heard footsteps coming through the kitchen, and snatching up the tea-pot, she began to pour out the half cold beverage into the little earthen cups which she only brought out to regale the tory guests who graced her house.

"Do come along, captin—your supper is gitting stun cold," she said, without raising her eyes from the tea-cups. "Come, set to, now—I've been awaiting this ever so long."

"I hope that I have made no mistake, my good woman," answered a strange voice from the door in reply to her hospitable invitation; "I supposed this to be a public house."

Aunt Polly set down the tea-pot, and her hands dropped to her lap, for to her astonishment a tall military man stood in the door-way, arrayed in regimentals as her younger guest had been; but he was evidently of higher rank and of far more dignified and lofty carriage. His cap was in his hand, and a few grey hairs silvered the dark locks about his high forehead. The expression of his face was that of sternness and decision; yet there was a softness in his smile as he observed the astonished landlady, which made it almost winning; he advanced into the room with a courteous ease, which aunt Polly could feel much better than she could understand.

"I hope that I am not mistaken—at least, you will not refuse me a portion of this tempting dish?" he said, laying his cap and riding-whip on the bed.

By this time, aunt Polly had recovered her speech. "There is no mistake in the affair," she said; "so set by, and help yourself to such as there is. I've kept tavern here these ten years. Don't stand to be axed, if you want supper—it's all ready, and I began to think that I had cooked it for nothing. You take tea I 'spose from the looks of your training coat."

The stranger seated himself at the table, and took the proffered cup. "You have prepared for other guests?" he observed, as she arose to get another cup and saucer from the closet.

"Yes—Captin Butler will be in purty soon, I guess; but there's no calculating when."

The stranger looked up with a degree of interest when the name was pronounced. "Is it of Captain Walter Butler you speak?" he inquired.

"Yes, his name's Walter, and an awful smart feller he is too, I tell you. Do you know him, if I may be so bold?"

"Can you tell me what business brought him to the

valley?" inquired the stranger, without heeding her question.

Aunt Polly broke into a deep, hearty laugh—one of those mellow, comfortable cachinations, which only very fat people can indulge in to perfection.

"Business—Why I rather guess the same that al'es brings him here when the Mohawks 'camp in the hills. Why, bless you, the captin's as good as married to one of the handsomest little squaws that you ever sot eyes on; some say that he is married in rale downright earnest; but I don't believe all I hear—it's been a kind of an Indian scrape—a jumping over the broomstick, I 'spose."

A hearty frown shot over the forehead of the stranger, and he fixed his eyes sternly on the loquacious old maid for a moment. Then he said with perfect composure: "There probably is some mistake—village rumors are seldom to be depended upon. But, did I understand you rightly, is the Mohawk chief in your direct neighborhood?"

"I don't know any thing about it, only what the young squaw told me last night; she said I must tell the captin that they were in the old camp ground; but she was mightily afeard that I should tell it to anybody else."

The traveller took a paper from his pocket on which was a chart, rudely drawn with a pen; after examining it a moment, he resumed his meal, though more than once he laid down his fork and remained for several minutes together lost in deep thought. When the supper was over, he laid a piece of gold on the table, and went out as abruptly as he entered, and in a little time aunt Polly heard the tramp of his horse as he rode in a brisk pace up the river road.

"Well if this don't beat all creation," said the old maid, laying the guinea in her palm, and examining it on both sides with delighted curiosity; "I wonder who on earth he can be!" And then she put the cold supper on the hearth, that it might be in readiness for Butler when he returned; but she saw no more of him that night.

Again the green hollow which has been described as the Mohawks usual camping ground on the banks of the Susquehannah, was thronged with savage forms and illuminated with watch-fires. The lodge which Catharine Montour had previously occupied was enwoven with fresh boughs, and while the fires gleamed brightly in the gathering darkness, and red warriors moved about the enclosure, with faces of sombre and savage meaning, a steady light twinkled through the crevices of the ill-fitted door, and the interior was silent as if unoccupied; yet within was the Mohawk chief, his white queen and Tahmeroo, the wife of Walter Butler. The stately form of the chief was still majestic and unchanged, but his iron brow was knit gloomily over his fierce eyes, and now and then his hand stole round the hilt of his scalping-knife with a fierce, eager gripe, as if he burned to begin the work of blood, to which he had partially pledged his tribe. He was in a most savage mood that night, for one of his young men had been brought in a corpse from the woods, and his death was imputed to the whites who then held possession of the fort below.

Catharine Montour sat apart with her eyes fixed in

painful apprehension on the wrathful face of the chief. There was nothing of the fierce courage in her demeanor that had formerly characterized it; a most astonishing change had been gradually wrought in her mind and person, since the day that witnessed her interview with the Missionary. The healthful roundness of her person had fallen away, and her features were sharpened and of a cold paleness. They seemed as if chiseled from marble. Her cheeks were hollow, and her high forehead was changed in its lofty and daring expression, a calm tranquillity had settled mildly upon it, and her eyes, formerly fierce and keen almost as a wild eagle's, were full of resigned and gentle sadness, at that moment disturbed by apprehension and fear, but by no sterner emotion.

Never in the days of her loftiest pride had Catharine Montour appeared so touchingly lovely, so gentle and so woman-like, as on that evening. She had been pleading for her people with the fierce chief—pleading that vengeance should not be sought on the inhabitants of the neighboring valley in retribution for the death of one single man. But the Mohawk had taken other counselors to his bosom within the year. Since the fierceness of Catharine's character had passed away, her influence over him had decreased, while that of Butler, his white son-in-law, was more thoroughly established, whenever he paid one of his hasty visits to the tribe. When almost as stern and unyielding as himself, Catharine might command, now she could but supplicate. The higher and better portion of her nature was as a sealed book to the rude savage; he could understand and respect strong physical courage, but of the intellectual being, of the hidden springs which form the fearful machinery of a cultivated mind, he had never dreamed. When moral goodness began to predominate in Catharine's character, he mistook its meek and gentle manifestations for cowardice, she became to him almost an object of contempt. There was no longer any power in her patient perseverance and persuasive voice to win his nature to mercy, and the daring spirit which had formerly awed and controlled his, had departed for ever beneath the gradual deepening of repentance in her heart.

Tahmeroo had joined earnestly with her mother's pleading; but he answered only with abrupt monosyllables, and even while their voices were in his ear, his sinewy fingers worked eagerly about the haft of his knife, conveying an answer more appalling than the fiercest words would have been. There had been silence for some time. Catharine Montour sat with her hand shading her troubled brow, pondering on some means of preventing the bloodshed which she had too much cause to apprehend, and sorely repenting that she had instigated the Indians to take up arms in the dispute waged between England and her colonies. Tahmeroo stole away to the couch and laid her cheek against that of a beautiful infant that lay sleeping among its rich furs. She took up its little hand and placed it in her bosom, and nestled it closer and closer to her heart, as she thought of the mother and infants who her stern father had already murdered, and whose scalps hung with their long and sunny hair streaming over the door of the lodge. "Oh, if his father was but here," she murmured, pres-

sing her lips down on the rosy mouth of the child, while tears started to her eyes, brought there by the thoughts of his long absence—"he can do any thing with the tribe." As she spoke, the door was flung open, and her husband stood before her. Tahmeroo sprang joyfully to his bosom and kissed his cheek and lips and brow, in all the abandonment of a happy and most affectionate heart; nor did she mark the stern and malignant expression of the face she had been covering with kisses, 'till he hastily released himself from her arms, and without returning her greeting advanced to the chief, to whom he whispered for the space of a moment. A fiendish light broke to the Mohawk's eye, and with a deep, guttural humph, he arose, and taking his tomahawk and rifle from a corner of the lodge, went out. Butler was about to follow, but Tahmeroo again stood before him with the sleeping child in her arms.

"You will not go away yet?" she said. "You have not looked upon our boy. See—he is smiling on you!" The beautiful child awoke at the moment, and a smile, indeed, dimpled his rosy mouth, though he clung to his mother's bosom and kept his eyes fixed half in fear on the parent, whose face was yet unfamiliar to him.

"Take the brat away," exclaimed the unfeeling man, rudely pushing both his wife and child aside; "I have other matters to think of!"

The Indian blood flashed up to Tahmeroo's cheek, her eye kindled, and her form was drawn to its proudest height as she stood back, with the child pressed to her bosom, that her husband might pass out.

Catharine had started to her feet when the Mohawk went out, and now stood pale as death, with her eyes fixed on the yet damp scalps which he had fastened upon her lodge, so much agitated by her apprehensions, that the rudeness offered to her daughter had escaped her notice; but as Butler was hurrying through the doorway, she stepped forward and grasped his arm with an energy, that caused him to turn with something like an oath, at what he supposed to be the importunity of his wife. Catharine took no heed of his impatience. "Butler," she said, "I fear there will be more bloodshed, for sweet mercy's sake appease the chief; you can; oh, do not lose the opportunity. I think it would kill us all were another scalp to be brought in, reeking with—" She broke off suddenly, and shrunk back with a sick shudder, for a gust of wind swept the long hair which streamed from a female scalp over the door, directly across her face. Butler took advantage of her state to make his escape.

"Have no fear, madam," he said, freeing his arm from her grasp, and brushing the scalp carelessly back with his hand, as he went out, "you shall have no cause. I must hasten to the council."

Catharine Montour comprehended him, but too heart-sick for reply, she drew back to her daughter's couch, and sat down faint and quite overcome. There had been something horrible in the feeling of that long, black hair, as it swept over her face; her nerves still quivered even with the thought of it.

"Mother," said Tahmeroo, rising from among the furs

where she had cast herself, and winding her arms around Catharine—"oh, mother, comfort me—do comfort me, or my heart will break!"

Catharine pressed her lips upon the forehead of the young mother, and murmured, "Bless you, my dear one—bless you. What troubles you, my child?" She looked fondly and affectionately on the grieved face which lay upon her bosom as she spoke, and her heart was pained when she saw how disappointments, regrets and checked tenderness had worn on its former rich beauty. The wrong heart had spread a sadness over those features, as the crushed bosom of a flower imparts a bruised appearance to all its surrounding leaves.

Tahmeroo burst into a passion of tears at her mother's question. "Did you not see him, mother?—how he pushed his own sweet babe back upon my bosom as if it had been a wild animal—did you not see him thrust me on one side—me and the boy without a kiss or one kind word for either? Oh, mother, my heart is growing hard. I fear that I shall cease to love him."

Catharine laid her hand on the throbbing forehead of her daughter, and remained in a solemn and serious thought. At length she spoke in a voice deep and impressive as the tones of a good man's prayer. "No, my child, I did not see this rudeness, for my thoughts were on other things—but listen to me, Tahmeroo: since the day that you were first laid in my bosom, like a young bird in the nest of its mother, my heart has hovered over yours, even as that mother-bird over its youngling. I have watched every new faculty as it sprung up and blossomed in your mind. I have striven to guide each strong passion as it dawned in your heart; your nature has been to me as a blooming garden, which I could enter and cultivate and beautify, when disgusted with the weedy and poisonous growth of human nature as I have found it in the world; as I have found it in my own heart; but there is one thing which I have not done. I have laid no strong foundation of religion and principle for my flowery superstructure. In my own heart, I had become an unbeliever in the faith of my fathers. I acknowledged no God, and resolutely turned my thoughts from a future. My spirit had erected to itself one idol—an idol which it was sin to love, and double sin to worship as I worshipped. I will not show to you, my child, the progress of a life, the whole wretched destiny of which was regulated by one sin; I will not show to you the working of that sin; it is the curse of evil that its consequences never cease, that thought is interlinked with thought, event with event, and that the effects of one wrong act creep like serpents through the whole chain of a human life, soiling the memory of the perpetrator even in the grave.

"My own destiny would be a fearful illustration of this truth—might be the salvation of many in its moral, but when did example save? When did the fall of one human being prevent the fall of another? Why should I expose my own frailties in hopes to preserve you, my child, from similar wrong? What you have just said, startles and pains me; I know your nature, and know that you will never cease to love the man whom you have married; indifferent you will never be—a sense of

wrong indignation, if indulged in, may make the love of your heart a pain—may sap away the good within you, and engender bitterness which poisons the joy of affection. Tahmeroo, struggle against this feeling; you little dream of the terrible misery which it will bring to you. Bear every thing, abuse, insult, neglect—every thing, but cast not yourself loose from your only hope. Your safety lies in the love you bear your husband. In your own heart is the strength you must look for, not in his. If he wrongs you, forget it if you can—excuse it if you cannot forget. Think not of your own rights, but be humble: pride has nothing to do with affection. I could say much more, for my heart is full of anxiety and sorrow. I know not why, but my spirit droops as if it felt that your head was on my bosom, and your arms about me for the last time for ever. Weep on, my child, I love to see you shed such tears, for there is no passion in them. I cannot tell you how dearly I love and have ever loved you, for deep feeling has no words; but we shall part soon, there is that in my heart which tells me so—the grave will come between us, and you will be alone with no stronger guide than your own warm impulses. Kiss me once more and listen. Should we be parted by death, or should Butler claim my promise to send you to England, go first to the Missionary, and convey to him the little ebony box at the head of your couch, tell him of all that I have said to you, and ask him to become a protector and friend to Catharine Gordon's child, even as he has been to her. Tell him, that since the night of her daughter's marriage, he has been known to her—that the voice of his prayer that night awoke memories which will never sleep again—awoke answering prayer in a bosom which had almost forgotten its faith. He will love you, my child, and when I am gone, you will find a safer and better protector in him than I have been to you—he will teach you how to regulate your too enthusiastic feelings. Promise that you will seek this good man when I am taken away—do you promise, Tahmeroo?"

"I will promise any thing—every thing, mother; but do not talk so sadly—your voice seems as mournful as the night wind among the pines."

Tahmeroo said no more, for her heart was full; but she laid her cheek against her mother's and remained in her embrace silent and sorrowful.

For more than half an hour they sat together, the mother and daughter, and then, as their thoughts began to revert to surrounding objects, the entire stillness reigning throughout the forest seemed to arouse them both with the same thought.

"Mother, how is this, there is no sound abroad?" said Tahmeroo, starting from her mother's arms and looking apprehensively in her face, while she drew her child nearer to her, as if some harm were about to befall him.

Catharine started up and went out into the enclosure. In a few minutes she returned, as pale as a corpse, but with something of former energy in her manner.

"There is treachery intended the whites in the fort," she said, "not an Indian is in the camp or near the council fires. We must prevent this bloodshed, Tahme-

roo—take up your child and come with me. We may reach the valley in time to give warning. Come!"

Tahmeroo snatched her child from among the furs, and the two started through the forest together.

CHAPTER VII.

The traveller whom we left riding from Aunt Polly's tavern, kept the river road 'till he came in sight of Monockonok Island. Here he left the highway, and turning his horse into a footpath rode down to the brink of the Susquehannah, where he drew up, at a loss how to proceed. He was an officer of high rank in the British army, a friend of Sir William Johnson's, and for a long time a resident of the same valley with that gentleman. He had diverged from the regular route of his travel, in order to form a plan of military co-operation with the Mohawk chief, whose encampment lay among the opposite hills, but he had not taken into consideration the breadth and depth of the Susquehannah, in his estimate of its localities, and now stood on the majestic stream without boat or raft to convey him across, and with no hopes of procuring either, for the only dwelling in sight was mother Derwent's house on the distant island, whence a light of uncommon brilliancy twinkled down upon the waters. The officer turned his horse, and was about to retrace the road back to Wilkesbarre, when the dash of oars and the sound of merry voices echoed up the river, and in a few moments a boat filled with young men and two or three girls from the village, came close to the bank where he stood waiting their approach, with his bridle slipped on his arm, and a travelling-alook slung hastily over his uniform. He was obliged to leave his horse behind, but the young men readily engaged to set him over to the opposite shore. Though ignorant of the close neighborhood of the Mohawks, they marvelled much what business could have brought him among the hills at that hour of the night. The boat landed him at the foot of the precipice, which we have already so often described, and then started for Monockonok Island, its inmates all in high spirits from anticipation of the wedding which they had come up from the fort and from Wilkesbarre to join.

"You had better go back with us, sir," said a laughing, rosy-cheeked girl to the stranger, as the boat started from the bank; "We shall have a capital frolic, better than ten apple bees, I can tell you. Granny Derwent has been baking pumpkin-pies and frying dough-nuts this ever so long. John, put back—I dare say the gentleman will go," persisted the forward girl, catching hold of her brother's oar and striving to turn the boat again. But the traveller thanked her, and slightly waving his hand disappeared in the foot path which led around the precipice.

He had scarcely reached the summit, and penetrated into the forest, when the tramp of many feet came with a hushed and stealthy sound up from the path he was pursuing. He stepped behind the trunk of a pine, that he might not be observed by the approaching party. Scarcely had he concealed himself, when a band of Indians, headed by a tall chief and a man in British uniform, filed slowly one after another, along the path

toward the river. It was a dark night, so dark that the face of one man could scarcely be distinguished from that of another; but the glitter of a captain's epaulettes shone in the faint starlight, and a voice made the traveller start as if a ball had struck him, when the leaders passed by. It was the voice of Walter Butler, his own son, speaking in a low, stern tone to the warrior by his side.

"First let us go over and secure the boats," it said. "When we have the churlish prisoners on the island, we can send a force down to take the fort, and settle with this wedding-party at our leisure. But remember your promise—not a scalp must be left in its place—and the bride and the bride's groom, they must be given over to my vengeance. They have wronged me, and my father knows how sweet is the blood of an enemy."

"The white girl and the tall man shall be given to my son's hatchet. May their death cries be very loud that his heart may be happy!" replied the chief.

While the stranger stood confounded at what he had heard, the party verged off into another path, which led more circuitously to the foot of the precipice. The elder Butler was not a man to act rashly under any circumstances. He remained behind the pine, astonished and pained it is true, but nevertheless deliberating calmly on the course which he ought to adopt, 'till the party had wholly disappeared. Then he retraced the foot path with the resolution of going boldly among the Indians, of confronting his son, and of exerting his influence, as an officer and an ally with the chief, to prevent the bloodshed which he had so much cause to apprehend. But when he reached the place where he had landed, no vestige of the party remained. He looked around, to the right and to the left, with a feeling of almost superstitious astonishment; so large a party could not have passed through the tangled forest without betraying its course by the sound; he knew of no path, save the one laid down in the rude chart which had been furnished him, and the sudden disappearance of so large a body of men seemed almost superhuman. The lights twinkled cheerfully on Monockonok Island, and the hum of merry voices came faintly over the waters. The elder Butler was a brave and a stern man; but there was something that made his heart recoil with horror in the thought that massacre and murder were about to be perpetrated on that beautiful and quiet island, and that he had no power to stay the bloodshed. While his eyes were fixed on the little cove where Mary Derwent always moored her canoe, the motion of some object moving within the shadow of the island, drew his attention, and a moment had scarcely elapsed, when two boats shot out from the cove, towing in their wake a shoal of the light canoes which had conveyed the weddingers to the island. They steered toward the opposite side of the precipice, and our traveller hastened up the path and down through the brush-wood to the point they were making for, in hopes of intercepting the rowers; but much time was lost in the rugged descent, and when he had reached the spot where he had seen them land, the boats were indeed there, but the forest around was still as death—no human being was in sight.

It was of but little use, that he now had command of a boat, and could give the alarm to the happy beings revealing within ear shot. They were probably unarmed, and without means of defence, if apprised of their danger, yet he cut one of the cables loose from the rope in which the canoes were knotted, and bound together, around a young tree, and was about to spring into a canoe and make for the island, when he was startled by footsteps and the quick heavy breathing of persons in his close neighborhood. He peered among the thick trees and the rocks that towered around him, but could discern no one, though the sound of murmuring voices came distinctly to his ear. "Thank God!" said a clear, female voice, in accents of deep feeling, "thank God the horrid work was not commenced here; let us hasten to the fort!"

"No, mother, no," replied a voice of sweeter melody, "if there is wrong intended there, it will be done on that island. If my husband has a part in this, the fair girl whom I have seen gliding among the trees yonder, day after day, waiting his coming when I too have been waiting as anxiously as she, that girl is the cause; she must have angered him in some way. Do you see the lights yonder, and hear the music? That beautiful girl is to be married to-night, mother. Can you think why Butler should seek vengeance on her? Oh, you do not know all! You have not heard him whisper her name in his sleep, sometimes mingling it with endearments and again with curses. You have not felt his heart beating beneath your arm, and known that it was for another; but why do we stand here? I do not wish her death. Let us go and give them warning; is there no boat—nothing that will take us over?"

"Alas, no; I did not suppose they would attack the island 'till now; what can we do?"

"Take the babe, mother, and help me to pull off my robe; I can swim."

"Father of Heaven! no; the distance is beyond your strength—the water is very deep," exclaimed the first voice in alarm.

"Mother, he shall not kill that beautiful girl on her wedding-night. I am very strong. I can swim to that island. See, now the lights stream upon the water; it does not look so dangerous. Let me try!"

"Is there no other way?" exclaimed the answering voice. "I cannot consent to this risk of death?"

As the last sentence was pronounced, the stranger stepped out from behind a rock against which he had been leaning.

"Ladies," he said, moving forward, for he too stood in the shadow; "I know what you apprehend. There is harm intended the people on that island. Step into this canoe, I pray you, and show me the nearest way to the house—we may yet be in time. Hark!"

A loud, deep howl, like the braying of a pack of hounds, sounded afar off in the forest from the direction of the fort. The traveller tore the canoe from its fastening, and sprang in, followed by Catharine Montour and her daughter; as she leaped forward, the heroic woman grasped the cables of the remaining boats and canoes and, kept her hold resolutely, though almost drag-

ged into the water as they veered and swayed round with the current. Once the whole coil of ropes had nearly broke from her hand, but Tahmeroo laid her child at the stranger's feet and came to her mother's assistance.

"It was bravely thought of!" exclaimed the officer, when he saw what they were doing; "they must search for other boats, and this will give us time. Ha! they have begun their work. See!"

As he spoke, a volume of dusky light surged heavily up from the river's bank far below them, and then a spire of flame shot fiercely upward, quivering and flashing and flinging off smoke and embers, 'till the forest trees and the still waters gleamed red and dusky for miles about the burning fort. The poetry of Catharine Montour's nature was aroused by the fierce solemnity of the scene.

"See!" she cried, starting to her feet in the canoe, and pointing down the river, where the fire reflected itself like a vast banner of scarlet, torn and mangled and weltering in the waters. "See! the very river seems a-flame—the woods and the mountains, all are kindling with light. Can a day of judgment be more terrible than that?"

She stood upright as she spoke, grasping the cables with one hand, and with the other pointing down the stream. Her crimson robe floated out on the wind, and the jewelled serpent about her brow gleamed like a living thing in the red light which lay full upon her. As she spoke, her extended arm was grasped 'till the gemmed bracelet sunk into the flesh, and a face pale and convulsed, was bent to hers.

"Woman—Catharine—Lady Gordon! speak to me." The words died on the officer's lips, and he remained with his grasp still fixed on her arm, and his eyes bent on her face, but speechless as marble.

A beautiful and thrilling expression of joy shot over Catharine Montour's face; her heart leaped to the sound of her own name, and she started as if to fling herself upon his bosom. The impulse was but momentary; her hand did not even lose its hold on the cables, and while his eyes were yet fixed on her face, it became calm and tranquil as a child's. She released her arm gently from his grasp and sat down.

"Grenville Murray," she said in a clear, steady voice; "for more than twenty years we have been dead to each other, we are so now. Let us not waste time here—there are human lives at stake."

The words were yet on her lips when a bullet whistled from the shore, and cut away the ruby crest of the serpent which lay upon her temple. She fell forward at Murray's feet, stunned, but not otherwise injured. A moment, and she lifted her head.

"The cables—I have lost my hold. Where are the cables?" she muttered, drawing her hand over her eyes, and striving to sit upright.

"They are safe, mother," said Tahmeroo; "I caught them as they fell from your hand."

"Bless you, my brave girl! Grenville Murray, why are we here? There is death all around us! On, on!"

Murray, or, to use his American title, Colonel Butler,

had regained his self-command; he took up the oar which he had dropped on recognising his companion, and urged the canoe forward with a steadiness that belied his pale face and trembling hands. Bullet after bullet cut along their track before they reached the island; but the burning fort gave less of light, and the aim of their pursuers became uncertain. They reached the little cove and sprang on shore. But they had scarcely touched the greensward, when the flames again arose from the burning pile in a bright, lurid column of fire, revealing the opposite shore and the forest far beyond, as if a volcano had burst among the mountains.

"Mother, look yonder!" said Tahmeroo, in a voice of terror, which arose little above a husky whisper, and she pointed to the opposite precipice, which, from its projection, lay in the full glare of the burning fort. A swarm of red warriors were gathered upon the frowning peaks and lay crouching along the brink of the river, like a nest of demons, basking in the fire-light; and there, on the very shelf where Tahmeroo had so often awaited for her husband, she saw him standing with his arms in his hands, stamping with rage at the delay occasioned by the canoes which she had helped to secure.

"We have landed on the wrong side of the island," said Catharine Montour, after a hasty glance at the precipice. "Tahmeroo, remain with this gentleman and warn the people at the house, while I take the boats to the opposite side—there will be no escape within the range of their rifles."

"Catharine, this must not be," said Murray, evidently forgetting their relative positions in the deep interest of the moment. "How are you to escape the rifle-balls which that fiendish host will level at you? I will take the boats round while you and this young woman put the people up yonder, on their defence."

The familiar name which Colonel Butler had unconsciously used, melted like dew over the heart of the woman he addressed; but she struggled against the feelings which almost made a child of her, even in that hour of danger. The thoughts of other years were swelling in her bosom, but there was calmness and decision in her voice as she answered him.

"The danger would be alike to either," she said,—"nor could one person row the canoe and secure the others at the same time. I will go with you. My child, hasten to the house and warn them of their danger—keep within the bushes as you pass: send them down to the shore in small numbers; and, mark me, avoid bustle or appearance of alarm. Come yourself with the boy, with the first party—do you understand—and have you courage to go alone?"

The unhappy young woman stood with her face turned toward the precipice, and tears rolled down her cheek and dropped on her child which lay clasped on her bosom, as her mother spoke. "Yes, mother, I understand, and will save that poor girl—tho' it kill me I will save her. I know the path, I have trodden it before," she replied, in a sorrowful and abstracted voice. A low howl, like the prolonged cry of a wild animal, started her. She looked wildly on her mother: "They have found some means of crossing," she said—"they

will murder us; but I will do as you bid me—farewell!" She clasped her child more closely to her bosom, and dashed into the path with the bound of a wild deer.

"We left no canoes behind," said Catharine Montour, turning wildly to her companion. "That cry! In—in!" she added more vehemently as she sprang back to the canoe. "They are upon the water; let them fire upon us if they will. Give me an oar, I can use one hand—Father of Heaven! did you hear that shout?"

Murray saw that no time was to be lost, for at the moment he remembered that *two* boats had towed canoes from the island before Catharine came up; he sprang to her side and steered round the island as rapidly as her impatient spirit could demand, though his superior coolness kept them from danger which she would have braved. By rowing close within the shadow of the island, he escaped observation from the Indians; and those two persons who had been a destiny each to the other, sat alone, side by side, without speaking a word and scarcely a thought of themselves. The lives of more than fifty persons lay in their power, and they felt it; but a deeper thought was in the bosom of both. Catharine's was full of the daughter whose fate she had helped to seal. Murray thought of the son who had become an alien from his house, and whom he was about to save from the sin of treachery and murder; neither was yet aware that his son was the husband of her daughter.

While the events which we have described transpired, Mary Derwent and her sister, Jane, were together in the little bed-room which they had occupied since their childhood. The room was neatly arranged. Mother Derwent's best blue worsted quilt, with the corners neatly tucked in at the foot-posts, covered the high bed, and the white linen pillows lay like snow-heaps upon it. The old lady's best patch-work cushion was placed in the arm-chair which stood in a corner, and a garland of Princes' pine hung around the little looking-glass, before which Jane Derwent stood, "with a blush on her cheek and a smile in her eye," arranging the folds of her white muslin bridal-dress over a form of most beautiful symmetry.

"Mary, shall I tie this on the side or behind?" inquired the blooming girl, holding up a sash of the most delicate blossom color. Mary lifted her face from the wreath of wild-roses which she was forming for her sister's hair, and smiled as she answered; but it was a smile of soft and gentle sadness; it was patient, and sweet as the breath of a flower.

"Let me tie it for you," she said, laying the dewy wreath on the pillow, and removing a handful of roses from her lap to a basket which stood on the rude window seat. "There, now sit down while I twist the wreath among your curls."

Jane crouched gracefully at her sister's feet, while she performed her task. When she felt that the last dewy blossom was entwined on her temple, the bride raised her beautiful face to her sister's with an expression of touching love. "Oh, Mary, should I have been so happy as I am now, if it had not been for you? How glad

I am that you persuaded me to tell Edward about that bad man."

Mary did not answer in words, but her eyes filled with pleasant tears; she bent down and laid her cheek against that of the bride, and they clung together in an embrace full of love and sisterly affection; then the door opened, and Edward Clark led his betrothed to the outer room. Mary followed, and sadly, but with a sweet tranquillity in her heart, she saw her sister married to the man whom alone she had ever loved.

The Moravian Missionary had finished his benediction, and the crowd of guests which filled the room and stood out upon the green-sward, were struggling forward with merry words and happy faces, each eager to get a first kiss from the bride, when a strange light broke upon them from the door and the open windows. The maple trees and the grassy slope which fell to the river, was illuminated with a yellowish and dusky gleam, and the waters beyond were tinged as with a gorgeous sunset. Edward Clark started from the side of his newly made wife, and dashed through the crowd out upon the grass-plot. He returned in a moment with a face as pale as death, and rushing into the door-way, he flung his hand aloft and shouted:

"Neighbors, to your boats! the fort is on fire!"

Instantly there was a rush for the cove where the canoes had been moored. Not one was there; but in the centre of the stream lay a boat in which were two persons. One stood up, and in the fire-light her dress was discernible.

"It is the Mohawk white queen—the savages are upon us," muttered a score of stern voices. A rifle shot came sharply from the precipice as they spoke.

"Neighbors," cried the clear, bold voice of Edward Clark, as the bullet hissed along the waters; "Neighbors, our boats are stolen. Yonder precipice is alive with Mohawk Indians. We are without arms, but let us protect our women with the strength which God has given us—with our dead bodies if it must be!"

As the body of men returned to the house, each provided himself with a club from the thickets, and thus feebly armed, prepared himself to protect the females, who rushed from the house to meet them, weeping and wringing their hands in mortal fear. The men formed themselves into a firm phalanx in front of the room, and the women crouched together in the farthest end; some quaking with terror, others standing up with a firm courage breaking over their pale faces, ready to second the means which their husbands and brothers might adopt for defence.

"You will not let them murder us?" gasped the pale bride, clinging to her newly made husband, as Mother Derwent placed an old musket in his hand. The young man strained her to his bosom, pressed a fervent kiss upon her cold lips, and strove to tear himself from her arms; but she clung the more wildly to him in her terror, and he could not free himself.

"Jane," said a low, calm voice from the inner room; "come and let us pray together. The great God of heaven and earth is above us—He is powerful to save!"

Jane unwound her arms from her husband's neck, and

tottered away to the foot of the bed where her sister was kneeling. There she buried her face in her hands and remained motionless; and none would have believed her alive, save that a slight shudder ran through her frame whenever a rifle-shot was heard from the river. There were a few moments of intense stillness; then a loud, fierce howl rose up from the opposite shore, and several rifles were discharged in quick succession. A paler hue fell on every stern face in that little phalanx; but they were men of iron, and stood ready for the death, pale but resolute. The door was barricaded, and Edward Clark stationed himself at the window with his musket, and kept his eye steadily fixed on the path which led to the cove. But with all their precaution, one means of entrance had been forgotten. The window of Mary Derwent's bed-room remained open; and the basket of roses lay in it, shedding perfume abroad, sweetly as if human blood were not about to drench them.

The hush of expectation holding back the pulsations of so many brave hearts, caused the timid bride, paralyzed as she was with fear, to raise her face. Her eyes fell on the window—a scream broke from her pale lips, and she grasped her sister's shoulder convulsively, while she pointed with her right-hand to a young Indian woman who stood looking upon them, with an infant clasped to her bosom, and one hand resting on the window-sill. When she saw herself observed, Tahmeroo beckoned with her finger; but Jane only shrieked the more wildly, and again buried her face in the bed clothes. Mary arose from her knees and walked firmly to the window, for she recognized Tahmeroo. A few eager whispers passed between them, and then Mary went into the next room. There was a stir—sobs and cries of eager joy—and then that group of terrified women rushed into the bed-room. Tahmeroo had torn away the sash and had leaped in, and now with her infant held to her bosom with one arm, was forcing the bewildered bride through the opening with the other. When her charge was on the outer side, the young Indian cleared the window with the bound of an antelope, and dragged her on.

"Let the fair girl keep a good heart, her husband shall follow," whispered the Indian, urging her companion to swifter speed; "if we have a few moments more all will be saved."

The words were scarcely uttered, when a sharp, blood-thirsty yell broke up from the cove: there was a rush of feet, followed by another and another cry—the war-whoop of the Mohawks.

"The boats are waiting—be quick! More can be done yet," cried Catharine Montour, as she rushed up from the river toward the house. "He is there and a pale faced girl, with a hunch-back, depend on her!"

Oh, it was a horrid fight—that which raged around Mother Derwent's dwelling the next moment. A swarm of fiends seemed to have encompassed it, with shouts and yells and fierce blood-thirsty howling. The whiz of arrows—the crash of descending tomahawks, and the sharp rifle-shot, mingled horrible with the groans, the cries and oaths of the murderers and the murdered. The floor of that log house was heaped with the dying and the dead; yet the fight raged on with a fiercer and

more blood-thirsty violence, 'till the savages prowled among the slain like a host of incarnate fiends, slaking their vengeance on the wounded and the dead for want of other victims. Through all this carnage, the Moravian Missionary passed unscathed. Many a fiery eye glared upon him; many a hatchet flashed over his head; but none descended. The Indians revered him, for he had been trusted by their queen and their chief. Another tall and lordly man there was, who rushed to the midst of the savages, and strove in vain to put an end to the massacre. They turned in fury upon him, though he wore the uniform of the British, their friends. He snatched arms from a dead Mohawk, and defended himself bravely against fearful odds. Savage after savage rushed upon him, and he was nearly borne to the ground when Catharine Montour sprang in the midst with the bound of a wounded lioness, and flinging her arms about him shouted—

"Back, fiends! back, I say! He is our brother!"

The arm of the Mohawk chief was lifted, and his knife fell; for he knew the face of the stranger. Catharine Montour's arms tightened spasmodically around the form of the officer, and her head fell upon his bosom. The chief snatched his knife from her side, and again dealt a furious blow; but it met no opposition—Murray had cleared the door with one leap, and, as the dwelling burst into flames behind him, he rushed toward the spring with his bleeding burthen, nor slackened his speed 'till her arms relaxed their clasp, and her face fell forward on his breast. He felt the warm blood-drops ebbing from her lips upon his bosom, and pressed her closer to him, but with a shudder, as if they had been dropping upon his bare heart.

Meantime, Tahmeroo urged her companion forward with an impulse, sharpened each moment by the sounds of conflict which followed them. Half mad with contending feeling, the poor bride struggled in her conductor's hold, and would have rushed back in search of her husband, could she have freed herself. But the young Indian kept a firm grasp on her arm, and dragged her resolutely toward the boats, regardless of her entreaties. They were too late; the last canoe had put off, and no one but Mary Derwent was left upon the shore. Others had rushed in before her, 'till but one vacant place remained; she had forced her old grandmother into that, and stood upon the brink, helpless and alone. Jane sprang to her sister's arms, and began to plead in a voice of almost insane agony.

"Oh, Mary, let us go back and try to find him," she said; "we may as well all die together—for they *will* murder us."

Tahmeroo parted them abruptly, and forced her child into Mary's arms; then springing into the water, she waded to a log which lay bedded among the rushes, and rolled it out into the current. She had scarcely done so, when a party of Indians came in sight, and, with a fierce whoop, rushed toward the sisters. Tahmeroo sprang back upon the bank, and, snatching her child, pointed to the log.

"See, it floats! Fling yourself upon it—I will keep them away!"

She did not wait to see her directions obeyed, but

walked firmly toward the savages. In the darkness, they supposed it to be only the chief's daughter whom they had seen, and as soon as she was known, they darted off in search of other prey. Again, two men approached, fighting with desperate fury. As Tahmeroo looked, one fell to the ground, and his vanquisher rushed by her toward the shore. She recognized him.

"The white girl and her sister are safe," she said; "see her dress on the water—follow, the Indians have left canoes in the little cove!"

"God bless you!" exclaimed Edward Clark, as he turned and dashed through the thickets across the island. Tahmeroo walked forward, and bent over the man whom she had seen fall. It was her husband.

"I saved his *wife*," she murmured, as she lifted the senseless man's head to her bosom; "and now my boy has no father!"

The morning broke, with a quiet, holy light, through the thicket of crab-apple, and wild cherry-trees, which overlaced the spring in the centre of the island; and there upon the blooming turf beneath, lay the form of Catharine Montour. Her eyes were closed, and the black shadow of death lay about them. The feathers which composed her coronet, were crushed in a gorgeous mass beneath her pale temple, and her forehead was contracted with a slight frown, as if the serpent coiled around it, were girding her brow too tightly. Ever and anon her pale hands clutched themselves deep into the moss, and her limbs writhed in the agony of her death-struggle. The pale, haggard face of Grenville Murray bent over her, as it had done the whole night; and Varnham, the Moravian Missionary, sat a little way off. There was a solemn and awful sorrow in his silence; yet something of cold sternness was there. He could not look on that pale, haughty man bending over his wife—coming between him and her death-bed, as it were, without some thought of the evil that had been done him.

On the swell of the bank, a short distance from the spring, crouched another miserable group. Tahmeroo sat upon the ground with the pallid head of her husband resting on her lap; and her infant lay partly upon the grass, with its beautiful face nestled close to the pale cheek of the father. It was a touching contrast—the soft, rosy bloom and curly hair of the child, with the pallid head, and the face of touching misery that drooped over it.

The expression of pain gradually cleared from Catharine Montour's face, and at last her eyes unclosed and turned upon Murray. He grasped her cold hand and bent his face 'till it almost touched her forehead.

"Lady Gordon, speak to me! In the name of God, I pray you speak, before it is too late. Say that I am forgiven!"

There was a depth of agony in the wretched man's voice that might have won forgiveness from the dead. Catharine Montour strove to speak, her lips moved, and her eyes filled with a solemn, earnest expression. Murray fell back and groaned aloud; he knew that she would go into eternity and leave a doubt upon his soul.

"Catharine," said a low, broken voice, and a face

full of the most touching anguish, bent over the dying woman. "Catharine, look upon me once more—and, oh, give me some sign that you die in hope—that you trust in our blessed Lord, the Saviour."

The hand which Varnham held was growing cold; but it moved with a faint clasp, and the eyes which had opened again to Murray's groan of agony, turned with a confident and gentle expression upon the Missionary's. A soft and almost holy smile, like that which slumbers about the sweet lips of an infant, fell upon the dying woman's face, and a pleasant murmur dwelt upon her lips when she died.

"Great God, I thank thee!" burst from the Missionary; his face fell forward upon the bosom of the corpse, and he wept aloud, as one who had found the great wish of a life-time.

After a time boats came from the village, where two or three Tory families had escaped the massacre. They dug Catharine Montour's grave within the shadow of the thicket. They laid her in the cold, damp earth with unuttered prayers and awful reverence. The sods with which they heaped the grave were green, and the night dew was still upon them. When all had left the grave, Grenville Murray tore a tuft of wild-flowers from the newly-piled sods, and thrusting it in his bosom, walked hastily to the spot where his son was lying, gave one fixed look on his deathly face, and then bent down and placed his hand over the heart.

"He is not dead, my poor girl," he said, looking kindly on Tahmeroo and her child. "There is a small tavern below, we will take him there and he may recover."

Tahmeroo looked up with a bewildered expression, then her lips parted, and she snatched the babe to her bosom, and covered it with tears and passionate caresses. Murray lifted his son from the ground, and bore him to a boat. Tahmeroo followed, and her right to do so was unquestioned, for much had been told Murray by the dying lips of Catharine Montour.

We have two pictures to lay before the reader, and then our long, and we fear, tedious story, has an end: both existed ten years after the massacre on Monockonok Island. The one was an ancient stone church, covered with ivy, and located in a small green valley in our fatherland: a gorgeous coffin had just been placed in its vault, and two persons, a gentleman of thirty-two or three, but appearing much older, and a lady of most surpassing beauty, both in deep mourning, lingered near the church after the long train of villagers had dispersed.

"Why should you reproach yourself so bitterly, Walter?" said the lady, soothingly. "Have you not been a most dutiful son during the last ten years of his life—have you not deeply repented of the sins of other years?"

Walter Butler, or Walter Murray, as he was then known, laid his hand on his wife's, and looked sorrowfully and tenderly in her face. "Tahmeroo," he said; "I have striven, God is my judge, how sincerely—to atone to you and to my father, who lies dead in yonder vault, for the sins of my youth; but you do not know

the pang it brings, to feel that one you have pained is beyond the reach of your repentance, the heart grows faint with a wish to humble itself once again to the dead."

"Self-reproach is indeed dreadful," said Tahmeroo, thoughtfully; "but see, our boy is coming!"

A beautiful lad, also in mourning, came toward them with a letter in his hand. Walter Murray took it and broke the seal.

"It is from Mr. Varnham—he wishes us to reside constantly at the parsonage," said he, thoughtfully, refolding the letter.

"And you will go now," said his wife, anxiously. "The good old gentleman is so lonely—do let us go!"

"Yes, we will go," replied Walter; and taking his son's hand, they left the church-yard.

Our other picture was a low red farm-house, in the valley of Wyoming: fields of corn and grain, and a few acres of green wood-land surrounded it. Well-filled barns, lofty hay-stacks, and sleek cattle, gave an air of comfort, if not of wealth, to the whole. Glimpses of the Susquehanna could be seen from the front door—and Wilkesbarre, with its single spire and cluster of houses, broke up from the foot of a green mountain in the distance. It was a summer's day; the door which led from the kitchen into the garden, was open. Two fine boys, who had been sent to weed the vegetables, were racing through a patch of cabbages, and pelting each other with green apples and handfuls of chickweed. A handsome, cheerful woman, was working over butter in the porch; and just within the door, sat a stout, healthy man, fitting a hoe-handle.

"Father! father! cried the boys, racing in from the garden; "we've weeded the beet-beds—now wont you tell us about the Ingen fight?"

"Go to your aunt Mary," replied Edward Clark, screwing the handle into the eye of his hoe; "she can tell it a great deal better than I can."

"Aunt Mary, will you?" pleaded the elder boy, going up to a fair, blue-eyed woman, with a hunch-back, who sat nursing a sickly infant by the window, and placing his arms coaxingly about her neck.

"Not now, dear," said Mary Derwent, kissing the bold, open brow of the suppliant; "see, poor little sister is almost asleep. Run back to your work, and when she is in the cradle I will come and help you."

"But will you tell about the massacre?"

"Yes, love."

"About the Mohawk and the white queen—and how you and mother sailed down the river on a log, 'till father came and took you off—will you tell us the whole story from beginning to end?"

"Yes, yes—now run to your work."

New-York, July, 1837.

It is evident that nature has made man susceptible of experience, and consequently more and more perfectible; it is absurd, then, to wish to arrest him in his course, in spite of the eternal law which impels him forward.—*Du Marsais.*

Original.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

THE MYSTERY.

It was now long past midnight, and—though the storm, which had so fiercely raved through the dim gorge of the Ashuelot, had spent its fury hours ago—the clouds yet hung heavy and low in grey and ghost-like wreaths along the mountain sides; the stars were all unseen in their high-places; the moon, hid in her vacant interlunar cave, offered no gracious rays to the belated traveller. The lights, however, of the Hawknest, glimmering through its narrow casement, poured their long lines of yellow lustre into the bosom of the darkness, while, from within, the loud laugh of the revellers proclaimed that sleep, that night, held no uninterrupted sway over the inmates of the wayside tavern. The scene in the small bar-room, was much the same as it has been described at a period some hours earlier on the same dismal night. The landlord, his avarice contending with his natural love of rest, scarce half awake, sat nodding in the bar; eight or nine men, in various postures of uneasy sleep, cumbered the unswept floor, wrapped up in blanket coats and buffalo robes; while five or six, their fellows, sat round a dirty pine table, playing at cards with a pack, the figures on which were all but invisible through the deep coat of filth and grease that covered them—and occasionally calling for some compound of the various fiery mixtures, which had already half-besotted their dull intellects. Such was the scene, and such the occupation of the casual inmates who that night filled the Hawknest tavern; when, suddenly, in the midst of a profound silence, which had endured for many minutes, unbroken, except by the fluttering sound of the cards, thrown heedlessly upon the board, the hiccough of the waking—or the heavy snore of the sleeping—drunkard!—suddenly there was heard a crash—a thundering crash, that made the walls of the low cottage reel, and the glasses positively jingle on the table—a crash, that simultaneously aroused all hands—some from their heavy slumbers, others from their engrossing game, to sudden terror and amazement! It seemed as if some ponderous weight had fallen on the floor of the room overhead. With anxious eager eyes they gazed into each other's faces, speechlessly waiting for some repetition of the sound! "What's that in the devil's name?" asked one, pot valor mingling strangely with amazement in his blank features—"What's in the chamber overhead?"

"Nothing," replied the landlord, who appeared the most thoroughly dismayed of all the company—"there's nothing in it now, nor hasn't been these ten years!"

"The chimney's fallen, then—that's it, boys! that's it, I'll be sworn, so you hadn't need look scart! The chimney's been shook by the wind, Jackson, and so it's jest now fell, and frightened all of us most out of our wits."

This explanation, plausible as it seemed at first sight, was eagerly admitted by the party, anxious to adopt any

* Continued from page 187.

reasoning that might efface their fast-growing superstition—but as the speaker ceased—while two or three of the boldest were in the act of moving toward the door as if to ascertain the truth of his suggestion, a strange, wild, wailing sound was heard, as it were, of the west wind rising after a lull. There was, however, in its tone, something more thrilling and less earthly than ever was marked in the cadences of the most furious gale that swept over earth or ocean. Wilder it waxed and wilder—louder and louder every instant, till it was no less difficult to catch the import of words spoken in that sheltered bar-room, than it had been upon a frigate's fore-castle.

"God—what a hurricane!" cried one, and rushed to the door which opened directly on the road; but, as it yielded to his touch, no furious gust broke in—the air without was calm and motionless—not a twig quivered on the lofty elm, not a cloud stirred from its stance along the rocky flanks of the ravine, not a breath stirred the pendulous vane upon the gable—still that shrill, tremulous, rocking sound rang through the chambers of the tavern; and in an instant, every inmate of its walls, women, and men, and children, half dressed, and pale, and trembling—as if ague-stricken—rushed down the creaking stairs, seeking for safety in companionship, and ere five minutes had elapsed, all were collected on the little space of greensward that sloped toward the east from the road downward to the river. Still the wild sound wailed on—and more than one of the stout woodsmen, their minds already half familiarized to that which had appalled them at the first, more from its suddenness than from any other cause, were rallying their scattered senses—when the tones rose yet shriller and more piercing, and changed, as it were, by magic, into a burst of the most fiendish and unnatural laughter; while two or three of the upper casements flew violently open, as if forced from within by some power which they could not resist. Upon the instant, actuated by some strange impulse which he could not himself have well explained, he who had been, from the first, the boldest of the party, levelled his rifle at the central window, and drew the trigger without uttering a word—the powder flashed in the pan, vivid and keen the stream of living flame burst from the muzzle, but the report, if such there were, was drowned in a yell that pealed from the same window, so horribly sustained, so long, so agonized, that the blood curdled in the stout hearts, while several of the women swooned outright, or fell into hysterics; and the continued outcries of the terrified children lasted long after the sounds, which had excited them, subsided into total silence—for with that awful and heart-rending shriek, the terrible disturbance ended. Some time elapsed without the utterance of a word—the distant lightning flickered across the dark horizon—the bat came flitting on his leathern wings around the eaves and angles of the low inn—the whip-poor-will was heard chanting his oft-repeated melancholy chant down in the thickets by the waterside, and the far rushing of the turbulent Ashuelot rose with a soothing murmur upon the silent night. By slow degrees the pallid and awe-stricken group recovered from their deep dismay—Dirk Ericson, the woodsman,

who had discharged his rifle as fearlessly against the powers of air as though it had been against the breast of mortal foe—Dirk was a sturdy borderer from the frontiers of New-York, who had learned soldiership and woodcraft under the kindred guidance of Mad Anthony—Dirk Ericson was the first to enter the walls of the haunted dwelling, for such all now believed, closely escorted, however, by two sturdy brothers, Asa and Enoch Allen, sons of the soil, and natives of the wild gorge, through which they had so often chased the red-deer, or trapped the savage catamount. They entered, slowly, indeed, and guardedly—and with the muzzles of their true rifles lowered, and their knives loosened in the sheath as if to meet the onset of beings like themselves—but well nigh fearlessly—for their's were mountain-bred, tough hearts, which—the first sudden start passed over—feared neither man nor devil. They entered, but no sign or sight was there that showed of peril—the lights stood there unsmoked, capped with large fiery fun-gusses, but burning quietly away—the glasses were untouched upon the board as when the revellers left them—the blankets of the sleepers lay undisturbed upon the dusty boards.

"Nothing here, boys," cried the undaunted Dirk. "Let's see if the devil's up stairs yet! I a'n't afear'd on him, boys, no how!" and snatching up a light, he rushed with a quick step, as though half doubtful of his own resolution, up the frail, clattering staircase. There, the large open space immediately above the bar-room, from which the other chambers opened, was, indeed, absolutely empty—there was no particle of furniture which could have fallen! no! not a billet of a wood, nor a stray brick! nor, in short, any symptom of the by-gone disturbance, except a few chips of plaster, which had been broken from the wall by Dirk's unerring bullet, and now lay scattered on the floor. They searched the house from the garret to the cellar, and found no living thing, and heard no sound, but of their own making. They joined the group upon the green, and as they told of their fruitless search, the courage of all present rose! And soon it was agreed, that no one had been in the least degree alarmed; and it was almost doubted by some among the number, whether there had, indeed, been any sounds, but what might be accounted for on natural causes. While they were yet in anxious conversation, another sound came from a distance on their ears, but this time, it was one to which all there were well accustomed—the hard tramp of a horse, apparently at a full gallop down the pass from the northward.

"Here comes a late traveller," cried mine host. "Bustle, lads, bustle—best not be caught out herea-ways, like a lot of scart chickens—jump, there, you Peleg Young, and fetch the lanthorn."

Some of the party, as he spoke, turned inward, and betook themselves to a renewal of their potations as to some solace for the troubles they had undergone; while others, Ericson and his confederate hunters among the number, lingered to greet or gaze at the new comer. Nearer and nearer came the hard clanging tramp—and now Dirk shook his head.

"There is no bridle on that beast," he said—"least-

wise if there be bridle, there a'n't no hand to steer it. Hark! how wildlike it clatters down yon stony pitch—now it has started off the road upon the turf—and now—it's a shodden hoof, too—see how it strike the fire on the hill-side! There a'n't no rider there, or else my name's not Dirk."

Even as he spoke—bridled and saddled, but with his bridle flying loose, embossed with foam, reeking with sweat, and splashed with soil and clay of every hue and texture, a noble horse dashed at full speed into the very centre of the group, and stopping short with a couple of small, sudden plunges, and a wild whinny, stood perfectly quiet, and suffered Dirk to catch him by the bridle without any attempt at flight or resistance.

"Why, it's the traveller's horse," he cried, almost upon the instant—"the stranger gentleman's—that stopped in jest to supper, and rode on with black Cornelius Heyer. Here's a queer go, now! something's gone wrong, I reckon—show a light here!"

"The horse has come down, Dirk, in the rough road; and the traveller's pitched off, I guess; we'll have him here to-rights," said Asa Allen.

"You're out this time, boy," answered the woodman; "this beast harnt been down this night, any ways," as he examined his knees by the light of the winking lanthorn, "and the stranger warn't the last to pitch off, if he had. That chap was an old Dragoon, and a Virginian too, I reckon. This bridle's broke, too—and see here, this long, thick wheal upon his flank—the traveller hadn't no whip with him—and the blow what made this, was struck from behind, by a man on foot—see, it slants downward, forward and downward, tapering off to the front end! There's been foul play here, anywise! Take hold of his head, Asa—and give me the light, you Peleg, till I look over his accoutrements. Pistols both in the holsters—that looks cur'ous, and—this here cover's been pulled open, though, and in hurry, too, for the loop's broke—both loaded! Ha! here's a drop of blood—jest one drop on the pommel. The traveller's had foul play, boys—he has, no question of it!"

"And what we heerd, was sent to tell us on't!" replied another.

"Past doubt it was," said Dirk, "and we'll hear more of it, if we don't stir ourselves, and search out this unnat'ral murder. The task's fell upon us, boys; and we have got jest to keep mighty straight, and obey orders! Who'll go along with me—you, Asa, and you, Enoch, I count upon—you'll stick to old Dirk's tracks, I know—who else?"

"I will, and I, and I," responded several voices of the rough borderers, who had again assembled at this new cause of excitement, and who were, perhaps, less alarmed at the prospect of a tramp through the woods, and even a skirmish with mortal enemies, than of passing the remainder of the night in that haunted homestead. Rifles were hunted up and loaded; pouches and horns and wood-knives slung or belted; horses were saddled; and in less than half an hour, eight hardy woodmen were in their stirrups, ready to follow old Dirk Ericson wherever he might guide them.

"Well, Dirk, what's the fix now? how'll we set to, to find him?"

"Why, he set out from here, you see, with black Cornelius," answered the veteran, "and no one else has travelled up since they two quit, so we can take their track to where they parted; and so see, if it be, as Cornelius quit at his own turn; and if he did, two on us can jest ride up and see if he's in bed, and tell him how it's chanced; and the rest on us follow up the stranger's track to where the mischief has fell out. We'll hunt it out, I reckon—leastwise, if I lose the trail on't, there must be e'en a most plaguy snarl in't."

No more was said—the plan was evidently good—two or three lanthorns were provided; and having ascertained the tracks of the two horses—the noble charger of the stranger, and the mean gasson of the farmer—easily visible in the deep mud which lay in every hollow of the route, the little band got under way in silence. Their progress was, of course, slow and guarded, for it was absolutely necessary to pause from time to time, and survey the ground; so to make sure that they had not o'errun the scent—but still at every halt, their caution was rewarded, for, in each muddy spot, the double trail was clearly visible. They reached the well known turning, and, much to the relief of all concerned, in the night search, the farmer's hoof-track diverged from that of his companion, wheeling directly homeward; they could see even where the horses of the two had pawed and poached the ground, while they had held brief parley ere they parted.

"Now, then," said Dirk, "so far, our course is clear! but now comes all the snarl on't. Well, we must see to't how we can best. Asa and Enoch, hear to me, boys—follow up Heyer's track clear to the end on't—and take note of every stop and turn on't; and if he has gone home, creep up quite quiet to the windows, and see if he's in bed, or how. But don't you rouse him, no how—and when he's fairly lodged, the one on you set right down where you can watch the door, and let the tother come down to the road by the back track, past Lupton's branch, and so keep up the main road till he overtakes us. Take a light with you, boys, and keep a bright look out! The rest come on with me."

So perfect was the confidence of the whole party, in the old hunter's deep sagacity, that not a question was asked, much less an opinion given in opposition to his orders. Away rode the detachment, and on moved the main body—their work becoming, at every step, more difficult and intricate, since, having now no clue, at all, they were compelled to ascertain the trail, foot by foot. Much time had been spent, therefore, before they reached the second turning of the road close to the bridge, under which Lupton's branch fell into the main river. Here, as we know already, the hapless rider had qitted the true path; and here our company, for the first time, overshot the scent—for, nothing doubting that the trail lay right onward the road, from the fork upward to the bridge, being so hard, and of a soil so rocky as to give no note of any footmarks—they galloped forward to the next muddy bottom, when, pausing to look for the guiding track, they found, at once, that it had not passed further.

"Here's the snarl, boys! here's the snarl," shouted Dirk. "Down, every one on you; we must e'en hunt it

out by inches. You, Andry Hewson, hold all the horses—Spencer and Young get forrard with the lights, and hold them low down to the airth, I tell you!"

His orders were obeyed implicitly; and in a short time the result was the discovery of the horse-track turning away on the other side of the bridge, into the blind and unused bye-path.

"There's devilry in this," muttered the crafty veteran. "Dark as it was, there still was light enough to show the main track—and neither horse nor man would turn off into this devil's hole, unless they had been told to. It's no use mounting, boys, I tell you—the trouble's been hard by here, now I tell you!"

They made the trail good to the branch, the last tracks being of the hind feet on the very marge of the turbulent stream—they crossed it, but no foot-print had deranged one pebble on the verge! "Try back, once more," cried Dirk, "try back—this is the very spot!" and in a few more moments the sod spurned up, where the startled charger had wheeled round in terror as his master fell, revealed another secret of the dark mystery. Every stone was now turned, every leaf or branch removed that might have been disposed to cover the assassin's tracks, but all in vain! A little dam of stones was now run out into the stream, under old Ericson's direction, so as to turn the waters into a channel somewhat different from their wonted course; a narrow stripe of mud was thus exposed to sight, which had, of late, been covered by the foamy ripples, and there, the very spot whereon the traveller's corpse had fallen, with a large foot-print by the side of it, was rendered clear to every eye! Beyond this, and one splash of blood close to the water's edge, all clue was lost. The morning dawned while they were yet busy with the search, and the broad sun came out, banishing every shadow, and revealing every secret of sweet nature, but no light does his radiance cast on this dread mystery. The woods were searched for miles around—the waters of the wild Ashuelot were dragged for leagues of distance—all to no purpose! No spot of soil had been disturbed—the pools and shallows gave up no dead.

While they were yet employed about the ford, one of the young allies returned with the tidings that Heyer's trail ran straight home—that his horse had been turned out into its wonted pasture—that the door was unlocked, and a light reclining in the chamber, which showed the man calmly burning in his bed in the undisturbed slumbers of apparent innocence.

With this all clue was lost; and, save that night after night the same hellish disturbance resounded through the chambers of the tavern, till the inhabitants, fairly unable to endure the terrors of this nightly uproar, abandoned it to solitude and ruin, the very story of the hapless traveller might well have been forgotten even on the very scene of his murder.

H. W. H.

NOBILITY is not only in dignity and ancient lineage, nor great revenues, lands, or possessions, but in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, which, in man, is very nobility, and this nobility bringeth man to dignity. Honor ought to be given to virtue, and not to riches.—*Anarcharsis*.

Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. V.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

GENTLE READER, since I have presented thee with the freedom of that narrow but well peopled domain, 'yclept "Our Library," it seemeth good unto me to make thee acquainted with some of the inhabitants of the place. Now, seeing that all love to reverence age, let us begin by visiting some of the worthies of past days, and, albeit the fashion of the world changeth even as a garment, and the garb in which the spiritual creatures of the brain are now clothed, differs widely from the fantastic trappings, with which the men of olden time were wont to adorn their intellectual offsprings, yet let us not be frightened from our propriety by a pointed beard, a slushed doublet, or a sugar loaf hat. He was a man, although a king, who desired "old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, and old friends to converse with." There is an indescribable pleasure in throwing back the shelf-worn covers of some antique folio, and plunging into the midst of its rugged sentences, in which are embedded so many gems of thought. Or if one be disposed to indulge an idle disposition, how delightful is it to seize upon some of the gossiping memoirs or diaries of former times, and pry into the domestic life of those, who, clothed in ermined robe or velvet court suit, have "strutted their brief hour upon life's stage."

Happening, the other day, to take up a volume of Evelyn's Diary, (a book in which I love to consume an idle hour,) I opened upon a passage, that cannot fail to interest all who love children. As it is peculiarly quaint and pathetic I shall give it in the author's own words.

"A. D. 1657-8. Jan'y.—After six fits of a quartan ague with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare son Richarde, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, 5 yeares, and 3 dayes old onely, but at that tender age, a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beautie of body a very anrell; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of them, and thereby, glory to God, sense of God, he had learned all his catechisme, who out of the mouth of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises; at 2 and a halfe yeares old, he could perfectly reade any of ye Englishes, Latine, French, or Gotic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the 5th. yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of ye irregular; learned out '*Puerilis*' got by heart almost ye entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne Englishes unto Latine, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, elipsees and many figures and tropes, and made considerable progress in Comenius' Jamia; began himselfe to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greeke. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of playes, which he would also act, and when seeing a Plautius in one's hand, he asked what booke it was,

and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his early, and understood ye historical part of ye Bible, and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeem mankind, and how, comprehending these necessarys himselfe, his god-fathers were discharged of their promise. These and the like illuminations, for exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behavior, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how long a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for Christ had said that man should not live by bread alone but by ye word of God. He would of himselfe select ye most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to reade to his mayde during his sicknesse, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaimed against ye vanities of the world before he had seene any. Often would he desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soone be reconciled! how indifferent, yet how continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, beare with his impertinencies and say he was a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet until he was told how it was made; he brought us all such difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He had learned by heart divers sentences in Latine and Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen or childish in any thing he said or did."

Here follows a more detailed account of his early piety, which is exceedingly touching, and the bereaved parent finishes his melancholy story by saying, "Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go ever mourning to the grave."

Now, gentle reader, the first impulse of every kindly heart on reading the above extract, must be sympathy for the father, who thus poured forth the fulness of his heart in praises of his dead son; and for the lone mother, whose tears, were not the less bitter, because they flowed in silence. For every other grief we wait a day of solace—for every other pang we seek the balm of forgetfulness; but the sorrow for the dead is one we wish not to banish. Cherished in our heart of hearts is the memory of the loved and lost. Enshrined in the sanctuary of our bosoms—the holy of holies—where the world may never enter—is the pure image of the creature who was taken from the earth, ere one stain had fallen on its spirit's plumes. It is a sacred a sanctifying grief. The tears which fall like rain-drops, from eyes, perhaps, unused to weep, seem to freshen the parched soil of the heart, and, while gentle memories spring up, to blossom unto beauty, kindly sympathies, too, strike root and give out their precious odors. We learn to feel for the

woes of others after we have suffered deeply ourselves: we bear each others' burdens in a less selfish spirit, when we have been bowed to the dust beneath our own:—we give the sympathy of the heart instead of the condolence of the lip.

But such are not the only emotions which the short life of the infant Evelyn excites. A painful sense of the injustice and cruelty which he suffered, comes upon us and breaks the spell of pensive thought. Do you start, reader, to hear me speak of *cruelly* exercised towards a child so loved and cherished?—of *injustice* inflicted upon the noble heir of Sayes Court? Read again the melancholy detail of that child's intellectual attainments, and tell me if the father who thus dwells upon his wonderful precocity, is guiltless of all offence against the idol of his heart. Making full allowances for an intellect far surpassing common minds; yet, can we doubt how severe must have been the discipline, how continued the application which imbued a child of five years, with grammatical, logical and mathematical knowledge? Had his wonderful powers been restricted to the efforts of memory, the ebullitions of fancy, the creations of imagination, his acquisitions would have been comparatively easy, and the child might still have enjoyed his season of sunshine. But it was only by forgetting the buoyancy of boyhood, by banishing the healthful sports of childhood, by repressing the frolic mirth of infancy, that Richard Evelyn could become the prodigy which his father so graphically depicts. It is indeed a melancholy picture of a sweet and noble nature destroyed by too early culture. With his gentle temper, his docility, his thirst for knowledge and his wonderful memory, he might have lived to be a burning and a shining light, in a world, then sadly darkened by the conflicting tempests of fanaticism and irreligion. But alas! parental pride forgot, that, priceless as might be the gem, it was enclosed in a casket of common clay. The physical nature of the child was neglected; the delicate vase was so lighted up by the fires of intellect, that its fragility was forgotten, until it fell to pieces, and left, in the darkness of bereavement, those who had delighted to gaze upon its beauty.

There are few things on earth more pitiable than the condition of a precocious child. If (as it often happens) that procity be the effect of delicate health,—if it be but the excitement of a highly nervous temperament, sadly will the parents rue the day when they substituted intellectual pursuits for the gay frolics of infancy. Early childhood is the season for *moral* and *physical*, not for *intellectual* culture. The woods and wilds; the mountain air and the rushing river—these are the schools which should impart the first lessons of wisdom. The wonderful and complicated framework of the physical man, which is the work of the Almighty's hand, was given us to be cared for, as well as the spirit, which is the breath of his nostrils. To the angels alone has he given the invisible essence of being, that they might be his messengers. On man he has bestowed a body and endowed it with a living soul, that he might become an earthly instrument of his glory and his goodness. Yet how often do we forget the double duty which has fallen

to our lot! How rarely do we cultivate in due proportion the powers of mind and body! I know it may be said that there are comparatively few who forget the claims of their physical nature, and the *many* are much more disposed to excess in sensual than in intellectual indulgence. But alas! it is the 'finer spirits' of earth—they who should be 'touched only to fine issues' which are most likely to forget the claims of the body; and it is such spirits which the world cannot, ought not, willingly to resign.

One of the most fatal errors in modern education, is that which dooms a promising child *too early* to the restraints of scholastic discipline. Left to his own impulses, a child, however intellectual, will often seek mere physical enjoyment. The blood which bounds joyously in his young veins calls him to active sports, and the free air is to him, what the stimulus of the wine-cup is to the jaded voluptuary. But if his vanity be fed with the incense of flattery,—if his ambition be roused by that dangerous incentive, emulation,—if his thirst for knowledge be increased by the praises of those whom he loves best, he may easily become, of his own free will, a close and severe student. He may learn to repress the vivacity of youth as a feeling beneath the notice of a scholar. He may learn to believe that every thing not *intellectual* is *base*; and woe to the being whose moral nature is stupefied by giving credence to such a sophism.

Far be it from me to depreciate mental culture. The field which God has spread before us shall we not plough it, ay, and sow it with good seed, and look to reap a plentiful harvest? But I would plead the cause of early childhood. I would pray that the flowers of health and joyousness be not torn from off our little ones, in order to decorate them too soon with the gems of learning. I would make childhood the period when the limbs are to be strengthened by pleasant exercise, the body nerved by active sports, the eyes enlightened by daily intercourse with the wonders of creation, while the brain is allowed to perform its mysterious functions, unclogged and unimpeded. I would make childhood the season of moral culture,—when the weeds which spring up in the human heart are to be cast out, and the precious plants of meekness, humility, faithfulness and piety to be rooted therein. And, think you, gentle reader, that while this work is going on the intellect will be idle? No; the mind ever active and busy, is hoarding up knowledge even as the bee stores up its honey. It may know little of the lore of sages, but it will have treasured up the great truths of nature;—it may not be able to thread the mazes of speculative philosophy but it will have traced out the practical results of patient art. An intelligent child of ten years of age, whose perceptions have been awakened by judicious moral and physical training, who has learned to observe for himself, and not to take things for granted, because he finds them in his school books, will possess a greater amount of really useful knowledge, than he could possibly have acquired if he had spent eight years of that time chained to a desk, and debarred the free use of the energies with which nature had endowed him. Let children be taught

the necessity of study, by becoming acquainted with the privations to which ignorance is exposed—make them in love with knowledge and half the task of mental cultivation is accomplished.

But especially is the forcing system injurious to a highly-gifted child like Richard Evelyn. Who can tell how much of that boy's bodily weakness was occasioned by his mental discipline? Who can trace the mysterious affinity between mind and body so far as to determine what weight the brain will bear before the external evidences of its overthrow are discovered? "So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long," and why? for alas! the proverb holds good now as in the days of the murderous Gloster. Is it not often because we overtax the powers of that delicate organ which seems to be the depository of the vital and intellectual principle? Is it any wonder that a child, whose brain had been pulsating beneath a degree of excitement almost unparalleled,—whose nervous system was necessarily weakened by an activity of mind, almost amounting to morbid restlessness, should have sunk an early victim to disease? Every student knows how prostrating to bodily strength is protracted and unremitting intellectual labor; and if it be so to the adult what must it be to the feeble frame of infancy? That young Evelyn possessed wonderful powers is not to be doubted, but it is very questionable whether, had he lived, his mind, would ever have fulfilled the promise of its early development. The body if its strength be overtaken in early life, will become feeble, rickety and deformed, and I cannot but believe, that the mind may be equally injured by injudicious labor.

The stimulants so usually applied to a precious intellect are as injurious as the tasks laid upon it. Pride and self-conceit have transformed many a promising child unto a most useless and disagreeable member of society. Vanity and ambition have blighted the blossoms of many a gifted intellect, which might have borne good fruit in a healthier atmosphere. The adulation of partial friends has fostered in many a young heart, a morbid sensibility which unfitted it for this working-day world, without qualifying it for the higher regions of imaginative existence. True genius will rise superior to every obstacle, and if the precious gift be enshrined in the child of your affections, gentle reader, be sure that it will display its lustre without your aid. Then, when it begins to illumine, with its own unborrowed light, the mansion where it dwells, is the time for encouragement, assistance and sympathy, for, (strange as it may seem to those who believe bold eccentricity to be an evidence of mental power,) true genius is always diffident. But do not allow the *ignis fatuus* of a brilliant imagination or a saucy wit to lead you astray. Many a child can deal in prompt repartee without possessing a spark of genuine wit, and nothing is more common than a lively fancy in little creatures who afterwards shoot up into very common-place men and women. Above all things, friend reader, if you would make your child useful or distinguished in after life, never allow him to be exhibited in society as a '*precious genius*.'

Although I have not yet attained to the dignity of grey hairs, yet have I lived long enough to behold the

rocket-like flash of several brilliant ‘prodigés’ whose light seemed to expire almost as soon as seen. Others have outlived the period of their precocity only to show that the feeble glimmer of intellect which sparkled like a star in the grey dawn of infancy was easily obscured in the noon-day of adolescence. In some cases quickness of perception has been mistaken for genius, and the child who made shrewd remarks about things which addressed themselves to his external senses, has been found totally unequal to the efforts of pure intellect. Sometimes injudicious culture and flattery have forced the faculties of a really fine mind into an unhealthy growth. The very exuberance of which was a symptom of early decay. Many children have *talent*,—few have *genius*,—fewer still are gifted with *both*. When talent is mistaken for genius, disappointment must be the result:—where genius is fed with the incense of adulation and taught to look with contempt upon the less brilliant attributes of talent, vain glory and eccentricity are apt to be its first fruits. It is only the union of the genius which aspires, and the talent which scorns not to *count the steps of the ascent*, that ever can lead the fortunate possessor to that mountain top whose head is hidden in the clouds.

Have patience with me, gentle reader; I mean to finish my long discourse by a sketch of one, now a tenant of the tombs, whose life furnished a practical proof of the misfortunes which may be the result of a mistaken education. The subject of my tale was the dread of my childish days, for she was continually asking abstruse questions or making disagreeable remarks to young people. She had long past the prime of life when I first beheld her, and I am sure I shall never forget her well preserved satin cloak, nor her auburn crop wig, which upon festal occasions was always garnished with a wreath of white roses. I learned the particulars of her early life from one who had long known her, and almost in the words in which it was told to me do I now record the story of

SERAPHINA; OR, THE WOMAN OF GENIUS.

A rosy cheek, a merry eye, and a saucy tongue, were the chief characteristics of Seraphina Dalton, in early childhood, but being an only daughter and the darling of her father, she was accustomed from infancy to find herself an object of great importance. Her ‘sayings and doings’ always received the most unbounded applause, and were repeated upon all occasions to admiring or complacent visitors, much to the delight, if not to the edification of the young wit; until, at an age when other children are content with cakes and caresses, Seraphina had learned to feed upon flattery and to look upon herself as a most extraordinary genius. Her father, a secluded and eccentric student, fancied she possessed a mind of the very highest order, and after searching the records of ‘female worthies’ to find one who might serve as a model for his daughter, he decided upon making her a second Madame Dacier. He accordingly commenced a system of scholastic discipline, which would have been severe at any age, but was especially so to a child of seven years. All amusements were banished as puerile and useless, while every hour had

its allotment of study. Whatsoever repugnance Seraphina might have felt to such hard tasks, her father’s stern temper forbade all attempt at resistance to his will. Her memory was prodigious, and without troubling herself to *comprehend* what she was called to learn, she never failed to *repeat* it with the utmost precision. Her teachers looked upon her as a model of excellence, because she gave them no trouble and rose rapidly above her duller companions; her parents gloried in the number of prizes she won at school; and a large circle of admiring friends were always at hand to extol the witticisms and repartees of the precious child. Few, even of adult age, could have withstood so many incentives to self-conceit, and Seraphina, was by no means proof against their influence. Excessively vain of her acquirements, she learned to look with contempt upon every body who could not equal her, and nothing could exceed the scorn which she lavished upon the humble but more useful branches of female education. Naturally self-willed and impetuous, her consciousness of superiority, led her to require a total exemption of all pursuits which were not purely intellectual. The kindly sympathies which ought ever to be cultivated with especial care between children of the same family,—the daily sacrifice of petty inclinations,—the simple duties of affection, were all beneath the notice of our precocious genius.

Seraphina loved study, not for its own sake, but for its rewards. She wished to be celebrated, and therefore she was willing to devote herself to toil. She professed the talent to acquire but not the genius to originate new thoughts, and therefore she only pursued the beaten track, while she fancied she was striking out a new path to fame. She learned the technicalities of wisdom, without imbibing its pure spirit,—she could discourse in the language of the ancients, but was utterly blind to the grace of their diction and the beauty of their ideas. There was one kind of study, however, to which, as she verged towards womanhood, she applied herself with undefatigable zeal, and this was the fascinating volume of romance. Scott and Edgeworth had not then arisen to scatter the ‘foul fiends’ that were called into mischievous existence by the spell of the ‘Minerva Press.’ The novels and romances, which formed the delight of the young, when Seraphina could rank herself among them, were pictures of all kinds of life except *real* life. The Lady Amandus, and Lord Mortimer’s, paragons of virtue and propriety, who suffered and sentimentalized though four or five octavo volumes, were little like the habitants of this ‘bank note world;’ while the tone of exaggerated sensibility which pervaded such productions, was ill calculated to fit the youthful mind for its actual duties in after years.

Learned, but not sensible, vain of her requirements, full of an overweening confidence in herself and claiming a degree of superiority which the world never willingly allows even to those who merit it; possessed of strong passions which had been forced into premature development by the warmth of her imagination; and with a heart overflowing with that sickly sensibility which she had derived from her stolen researches into the regions

of fiction, Seraphina at length was ushered into society—a most exquisite specimen of the sentimental pedant. Yet her temper was naturally affectionate, her feelings warm, her attachments durable, and with a judicious education,—an education which should have strengthened her reasoning powers and checked the vagaries of fancy,—with a proper culture of the affections and moral feelings,—Seraphina might have become an ornament to society. But her judgment seemed to have withered away amid the glare of her more brilliant attributes, and good sense was to have been quite forgotten in her catalogue of attainments.

As symmetry of form, harmony of colors, and propriety of expression are all requisite to compose the combination we style Beauty, for there are certain qualities which must be *united* in order to frame a truly great mind. Intellectual Beauty, no less than physical perfection, requires exact proportion, and the mind needs not only many gifts but that those gifts should be properly balanced and adjusted. This—the adjusting and balancing of those attributes—the adding a due preponderance to one and diminishing the useless weight of another,—is the work of education. But the task is too delicate as one to be lightly undertaken and as lightly thrown aside. Seraphina had been educated too much and too little. Too much intellectually, because she had been taught to despise every thing but mental improvement—too little morally and physically, because she had been left in utter ignorance of the duties which appertained to her as a woman. She knew not that a woman is placed in society to please rather than to dazzle, and that to be *agreeable* is her *duty* while to be *admired* is only her *privilege*.

How sadly do they mistake the rights of women, who advocate for them an equality with men in the active duties of life. It is with the internal being,—with the souls of men,—that women have to do. It is not as the free wind, "the chartered libertine," but as the soft-dropping dew that her influence is to be felt. It is by preserving her purity of feeling, her integrity of character, her high-toned impulses that she can win man to virtue, and it is only by feminine gentleness, by tenderness; by the charms of softness and modesty that she can subject him to her power. She, who, in the pride of intellect, lays aside the sweeter characteristics of her sex, and boldly claims a right to mingle in the turmoil of a busy world, to wrestle in the dusty arena of active life, will find, when too late, that she has brought away many an indelible stain of the coarse contact, to which she has been exposed.

Seraphina made the usual mistake into which intellectual women have so often fallen. She sought to be admired for her masculine qualities of mind, and yet hoped to be beloved for her feminine characteristics. But she forgot that while claiming to be classed with the ruder sex in mental attainments she voluntarily stepped from her position among her own. As a woman, a gentle delicate woman, gifted with mental power, she might well have won the love which is woman's life; but the moment she looked with contempt upon her feeble minded fellows, and *claimed* the pre-eminence

which she might silently have secured, she was doomed to disappointment. It is not woman's superiority which men fear when they meet with such persons; but it is the dread they naturally feel lest while the eye is fixed upon the glittering pinnacle of fame, the feet may trample, unheeding, over the flowers of affection and the humble plants of duty. She who is content in her sphere, which, however narrow is always filled with duties, and fulfils her tasks with womanly gentleness, is never shunned because her delicate hand holds the key which can unlock the treasure-house of wisdom. It is only when that 'hand forgets its cunning'—when the wreath of home-flowers is torn from the brow and the rich gem of intellect blazes in solitary, unrelieved splendor in its stead, that men turn with distrust from the gifted woman.

There was too much exaction on the part of Seraphina to ensure success. She always talked as if she expected her words to be copied and printed. There was none of the simplicity of thought and language which belongs to a frank spirit. She never forgot that she had a character to support—that was a *genius*. In the society of her own sex she was cold and supercilious, in that of the other she was pedantic and sententious. The consequence was that both shunned her, and while her romantic fancy was feeding upon visions of future bliss, she was daily strengthening the barrier which separated her from true happiness. Her early habits of industry were laid aside as soon as the purpose for which they were assumed was effected; her fondness for works of fiction increased with her years, and the activity of an over-excited mind now spent itself in the speculative dreams of metaphysics, the wild vagaries of imagination, and the *mediocre* effusions of a poetical fancy. Her poetry was such, to use the satirist's expression, as "neither gods, men, nor booksellers stands can tolerate;" her imagination led her into all kinds of eccentricities of conduct, and her odd philosophical ideas more than once subjected her to the suspicion of holding infidel opinions. Such were the results of an education which made self-love the chief agent, and flattery the chief reward of mental culture.

Could she have been aroused to active exertion, could she have ceased to require the daily aliment of flattery, and shutting herself in her closet have devoted her powers to some useful labor of authorship, her time might not have been so utterly wasted. But the compelled labor of her early years, had given her too strong a love for the indolence which she dignified by the title of literary pursuits. A review, or the last new novel were the severest studies to which she now devoted herself. Her education had been an aimless one, and so seemed to be her life. The daily excitement of flattery, the nightly sedative of the opium-dreams of romance were necessary to her existence.

While the bloom of youth was on her cheek, Seraphina found no lack of admirers, but few had the hardihood to persist in their attentions when they discovered her neglect of the feminine graces and virtues. Her indifference to her personal appearance was enough, of itself, to deter a sensible man from seeking her society, since,

all men feel that though talent is *admirable*, order and neatness are *indispensable*, and the woman who is careless of her dress at twenty will be a disgusting slattern at forty.

Seraphina had reached her thirtieth summer without being able to deceive herself with the fancy that she had ever awakened a disinterested affection, when she met with Charles Willmer. This youth, some years her junior, attracted by her reputation as a woman of genius, and flattered by her attentions, attached himself to her with an ardor that could not fail to make an impression upon the susceptible heart of Seraphina. Her sentiments were all passions, and without pausing to reflect upon the chances of future happiness, she abandoned herself to the enjoyment of her lover's society. But Willmer's character too closely resembled her own. Vain of his talents, ambitious of distinction, jealous of the reputation of others, it was only for a short time that he could bear to shine in the reflected light of her renown. As her affianced lover, he had acquired a station in society to which his own merits would scarcely have entitled him, but he was not prepared to be so entirely obscured, and to be known not as Willmer, the genius, but merely as the husband of a genius. Seraphina had no idea of placing herself in the back ground even for the sake of a lover. Indeed she never thought of it—she did not dream that there could be any necessity for such a course of conduct, and the consequence was daily mortification to the ambitious mind of Willmer and gradual estrangement from his future bride. At length, his wounded vanity led him to an act, despicable in itself and destructive to Seraphina's happiness. The period of the marriage was fixed, when he suddenly sailed for Europe, leaving a letter for her, which simply stated that a regard for her happiness had induced him to take such a step, since he was convinced she was quite unfit for the seclusion of domestic life, and would be miserable if confined to the ordinary routine of duties, which, as a wife, she would be compelled to practice.

Seraphina's health sunk under so unexpected a blow. She discovered, for the first time, that her genius (as she still styled it) had been her bane, and the mortification inflicted on her vanity was scarcely less keen than the pang her affections suffered. Her naturally strong constitution had been slowly undermined by physical neglect, and grief now completed the work. A long and serious illness followed and she was rescued from death only to suffer the protracted miseries of a confirmed valetudinarian. Her temper underwent a still worse change. The ardent enthusiasm which had redeemed so many faults of character was gone for ever. She was still haughty and exacting, but no longer the impassioned and warm-hearted woman. Bitterness and satire now dwelt upon her lips, distrust and suspicion made their home in her heart. Had her sympathies been more cultivated, she might have found solace in the ties which bound her to a large family of brothers and sisters; but such common-place affections were not sufficient to satisfy her heart's unhealthy cravings. She turned in discontent from every thing on earth. Instead of profiting by past errors and learning how much she had over-

rated her capacity, she only wondered at the blindness of those who disputed her claims, and repined at the obscurity to which she was condemned. She had considered the good opinion of her own sex as beneath her notice. She had looked upon family affections as too puerile to fill her expansive heart,—and now when the charms of youth were faded, she found herself destitute of all the props which ought to sustain a woman through a life of loneliness and celibacy. She lived unloved, for her satire was as biting as her wit was keen, and in the autumn of her days, she sunk into the grave, unwept and almost unremembered.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

HERE comes the summer shower!

The earth is dry;
And withered seems each little flower,
And dim its eye.

But see, the threat'ning cloud
Moves slowly on;
Along the sky the heavy vapors crowd—
The light is gone!

Hark to the rising breeze!
Its whispering sound
Louder and louder rushes through the trees
And o'er the ground.

Look how the lightning flings
Swift darts of fire—
How the far storm-clouds, like an eagle's wings,
To Heaven aspire!

Now the deep thunder rolls,
And sweeps the blast!
Hushed be our voices—silent as our souls,
'Till all be past.

Now pours the rapid rain!
A grateful sight!—
Earth and her darling flowers look up again
With new delight.

August, 1840.

THERE seems to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth; the first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors—this is robbery; the second by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.—*Franklin*.

Original.

P R A I S E .

THE world is silly on this subject, or we are; and yet, we would not charge mankind at large with the folly of a few foolish folks, who think there is little wisdom extant but their own, merely because they have treasured a dozen or two of very equivocal axioms, and gotten by heart a score of common-places, called common, because they are uncommonly stale, and still more uncommonly militant with common sense. One of the most popular of these stultifications is the stupidity so long pushed upon the public in the hope of making it believe itself a fool, that *praise spoils people*. It is a gross falsehood! Praise don't spoil. Praise is the life-blood of human excellence. It is the vital principle upon which all that is worth talking about in the world, is preserved. If it were not for the good opinion of our species, what would our species be worth? What but approbation is it that moves us forward? But for that feeling the world would be a wilderness—a void—not worthy the inhabitancy even of the lower order of animated creation; for it must be a *very* degraded class of creation that could act without incentive! Even the ground mole must have motive! We should not think an angle-worm would consent to live without that! The lowest forms of Nature's works have *something* to mark their existence, and something, we take it, to encourage them in preserving it. Would it last long if it were deprived of that encouragement?

Fashionable philosophy will step in undoubtedly, and give a sensible Sunday-school lesson or so on the subject. Instinct and *nature*, (it would be better if they would teach a more English pronunciation of this word in some parts of the country,) are, probably, considered sufficient for all the purposes indicated. We presume they are. We have always been of that opinion, and our only trouble has been, that the moment nature and instinct have been *assisted* by the refinements of society, praise has been discarded as of no account! While Nature works by herself, disembarassed by the self-conceited airs of others, there is no mistake! Her workmen deserve as they receive, the just meed that belongs to them. Who ever undervalued a carnation, or withheld the just meed of admiration from the blushing and blooming fragrance of a rose? Find us the stoic that does not think well of a dahlia, or who denounces the delights of an apple geranium, and we will turn you out a savage. We will show you a heathen that a Sac or an Osage would be ashamed of! We do not believe that a violet would be *willing* to grow—certainly not so prettily as it does grow—if nobody was likely to look at it. The very dandelions grow yellow in sheer jealousy. They are never praised, and the consequence is, that the popular preference for some more flaunting flower, gives them the jaundice! The water lily grows pale upon the same principle. The very sweetest and prettiest of flowers, nobody ever thinks of praising, because it does not grow on aristocratic ground. It "*flourishes humbly*"—it is not a *fashionable flower*, or, in other words, it is not domesticated among the mignonettes and jonquils of those who aspire to *ton* in floral fashion.

The daisy and the butter-cup must not expect distinction. They are not in the loftier walks of life. They are respectably spoken of, and that is all. It would not look well to acknowledge such plebeian acquaintances. The poor *strut* who affects a love of garden flowers in his little piony patch in a village "*city*," would be afraid to praise a humble wild rose, lest he should be suspected of coming from the country! These, rural beauties must

"Blush unseen,"

to the citified booby, at least. The polished rustic, or the clown from the country, who knows just enough of town life to bring his native stupidity into striking contrast with those among whom he moves, and whose innate vulgarity is only useful in giving admirable relief to original boorishness, would no more venture to speak well of a wild honey-suckle, than he would dare to recognize a clodhopper cousin. He would as soon pass salutations with a village barber as we would own to acquaintanceship with a country-bred tulip.

It is not with *such* kinds of tastes that we have to do. This sort of praise it is not our purpose to talk about. The world can get along very well without the good opinion of the fools. Vegetation grows thriftily enough without countenance from asses—Canada thistles flourish best out of their neighborhood, and it is not essential to the prosperity of wild thyme, that a city dandy appreciates its odor. We have known a cowslip to flourish through a whole season, without having a single salt water poodle turn up his nose at it! The laurel blooms just as brightly in the midst of its hill-side solitariness as though it had been blown upon every day of its life by the bergamotted breath of a city exquisite. In one word, these things get along remarkably well without any particular patronage from the poor creatures who seem to think their breath of consequence!

But it must not be supposed that we have forgotten the object with which we set out, because we have seemed to wander from it. However futile may be the praise or the dispraise of the world in matters such as we have discoursed of, and a thousand others that might be mentioned, there is a praise that gives life and health to worldly exertion, and while its bestowment bears its blessings to those on whom it falls, and dispenses strength and vigor and *courage* to virtuous ambition, many of the best and brightest have been blighted by its being withheld!

The icy-hearted varlet who first invented the vile slander upon his race that humanity is hurt by hearing its good deeds kindly spoken of, ought to have frozen to death at Nova Zembla, with the savage sentence between his teeth! Such a fellow would *thaw* at the arctic pole, to be sure, but, at all events, he has no right to live or die or *vegetate*, any where out of the region of perpetual frost.

What *other* incentive ever produced what praise has done in the world? and where that has not been reached soon enough to gladden the heart of the aspirant, has not the hope of overtaking or what to him is the same thing, the consciousness of deserving it, cheered him on in his toils, and enabled him to surmount every discour-

agement? Praise is as essential to effort, as food is to the sustenance of the physical organization. It is alike the stimulant to the school-boy in his fifth form, and to the philosopher about to master a system! With it, a world may be subjected to the dominion of one mind: without it, the world would be a waste. Shall we be told that this is looking sordidly upon human character, and ascribing too much selfishness to human action? That such opinions evince a shallowness of contemplation which does injustice to our nature? We do not think so. It is as it should be; the love of approbation not only leads to virtue, but it is a virtue itself. We have heard homilies on "injudicious praise," 'till we have sickened over the nauseating nonsense. Not that there is no such thing, for it is very often found; but, precisely because we abhor the cold stoicism which would discard some of the best attributes of our nature, since it is possible to abuse them. Such philosophy would banish sunshine, because it sometimes sets forests on fire. Charity, the meekest and loveliest of the virtues, is sometimes "indiscreetly extended;" should Charity, herself, be discarded?

We have heard it asserted that merit best makes its way in the world upon its own unassisted exertion. 'Tis false. Merit sometimes pushes itself ahead *in spite* of neglect; but, neglect never nourishes aught but the noxious. The good is frequently *blighted* by this negative *encouragement*. The vile weeds do, indeed, feel the benefit of neglect, for it enables them to grow up and overtop the true plant! This is a philosophy worthy of its disciples, for its favorers are always found among those who, having no merits of their own, grow green with envy whenever praise is bestowed upon the deserving. You never hear them objecting when it falls upon the unworthy. Their solicitude is confined entirely to the interests of the children of genius. Talent and perseverance are taken in especial charge, and the world warned not to dispense its praise; it is so apt to injure the gifted! Stupidity may be praised with impunity, but approbation is fatal to those who deserve it.

It is not necessary to our purpose, to deny that over-praise is sometimes injurious, and that cases have occurred and may again occur, in which a deleterious influence has been exercised upon an aspiring mind, by too gross a ministration of flattery. Virtue and genius themselves, are not always proof against the promptings of vanity and the undue partiality of friends, any more than they are against the discouragements thrown over them by neglect. Too much nursing may be as hurtful to the patient as too little, but it does not strike us as furnishing argument against nursing him at all. Bleeding may be very good sometimes, even if Sangrado did bleed people to death. All we contend for, is the bestowment of that degree of approbation, without which, merit struggles at disadvantage, and too often struggles in vain. We believe that less injury is inflicted by praise, than by withholding it, and we combat the cold generality so constantly in the mouth of the would-be-wise, that laudatory encouragement is always dangerous. We believe no such thing, and it will take more marble-hearted sophistry than there is extant, to

make us believe it. Praise is one of the noblest and purest incentives to human action, and to withhold its just exercise, is to pay a premium to mediocrity, and is a tacit acknowledgment that excellence is not desirable. Direct censure is abundantly preferable to silent neglect, because it is infinitely less hurtful to its object. The frigid apathy of a friend will wither, while the contumely of an enemy will stimulate. Lord Byron had less reason to deprecate the abuse of the Edinburgh Review, than what he deemed the studied indifference and stately frigidity of Lord Carlisle. In fact, the severity of the sarcasm may have made him what he was in the literary world; while the neglect of his noble relative might have ruined him! But for the biting irony and almost prostrating severity of the Reviewer, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" would have had no existence. The latent energies of the noble poet's mind, may, for aught we know, have remained for ever undeveloped. Sure we are, that the chances would have been very much against their development, if his youthful aspirations for distinction had been as contemptuously neglected as they were rudely and roughly assailed. A man may *resent* an abuse by determining to show his detractor that he is undeservedly censured, but what motive has he for doing better if nobody will take the pains to tell him whether he has done well or ill? How can a man meet silence? How can he combat opinion, or yield to it, before it is expressed. What ground is afforded for improvement, when our friends refuse even to look at our efforts?

How often have we heard the desire of praise condemned as an unworthy feeling! An inordinate love of it, *is so*, we grant, but we repeat the opinion already expressed, that the desire of distinction, and the good opinion which it earns for us, is one of the noblest of our nature, and that without such incentive, the world would have witnessed very few deeds and very few works that would have *deserved* to be praised. Excellence would hardly be attainable, but for the hope it brings with it, that the world will appreciate the exertions which reached it.

What animates the warrior who risks all in the service of his country, in the field? What encourages the statesman through a life of toil? What stimulates even the humble sailor and the soldier, who peril life and limb on land and through the trackless waters that surround it? Praise—the good opinion of those who will look on and admire!

Where was found the stimulant that resulted in the discovery of a new continent? What feeling was uppermost in the mind that produced the *Principia*? What *pay* did Raphael and Rubens work for? Did they toil for the money for which they expected to sell their pictures? Did the *contract price* to Michael Angelo, erect Saint Peter's Church? We wonder whether Sir Christopher Wren was very particular or very solicitous about the pounds sterling, more or less, which his *jobs would come to*? How much money would Lord Nelson have asked, for fighting the battle of Trafalgar? What would have been the Duke of Wellington's charge for his day's work at Waterloo? We

would undervalue no man's love of country, but we no more believe that Nelson and Wellington were prompted purely by patriotism to their high achievements, than we believe the indomitable courage of the private soldier and the common sailor was kept up by the expectation of their paltry pittance of six pence a day. It was a different feeling with them all. It was the ambition of being well spoken of by their superiors. The duke and the corporal—the admiral and the quarter-boy, fought with the same feeling—were urged on by the same motive. The love of fame. The desire of deserving praise.

The notion that chariness of praise best subserves the interest, and best brings out the excellence of the ambitious, is nowhere, perhaps, more strikingly exemplified than on the stage. Ask the actor what he thinks of it. Go to the veteran on the boards—the man of unequivocal position, of settled reputation, and who is not likely to overrate applause, because he gets but little of it. He will tell you that it is as impossible to play before an audience without theatrical cheering as it would be to dance a hornpipe without music. No matter what may be the abilities of the performer; he may stand on the very pinnacle of professional celebrity, he is a clod—a lifeless, soulless statue, without the expected plaudits. So is it with the popular orator. He may be as eloquent as Cicero, and he may possess the consciousness of being equal to any effort, and really have the ability to be so, and yet place that man where his hearers evince no appreciation of his effort, and you shall see him freeze into sympathy with those around him. Even the pulpit requires *some* manifestation of approval, and one reason that we hear so many lifeless sermons is to be found in the fact, that they are preached to silent audiences. There would be indecorum in the noisy applause of the theatre and the secular assemblies, but there must be its equivalent in some shape or other, or the speaker can no more preach than a dumb man. We submit it to the clergyman who has had the misfortune to deliver a discourse to a dull or sleepy congregation, if we are not right. Who ever heard of a man who could preach an eloquent sermon to an inattentive audience? The man who preaches to drowsy hearers must soon preach himself to sleep—if he is a man.

C. F. D.

Original.

T O J A N E ;

WITH A SAPPHIRE ORNAMENT.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I SEND thee Truth's jewel, Jane, shrined in a star :
 Were it blue as thine eyes, and bright as thy smile,
 Of thee and thy bridal 'twere worthier far ;
 Yet dim though it be, thou wilt wear it awhile ?
 Wreath its pale light in thy curls, beside
 Love's own blush-rose on thy cheek, fair bride !
 While they beam and bloom in thy *soul's* pure youth,—
 The blossom of Love, and the star of Truth.

Original.

D R E A M - L A N D .

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

THE ancients believed that dreams were sent to mankind from under a spreading elm-tree in the infernal regions, in the shade of which Somnus and Morpheus usually sat. That all good dreams came through the ivory gate, and all bad dreams, through the gate of brass.

METHOUGHT I stood in a pleasant land,
 By summer's cooling breezes fanned.
 And I sat me down beneath the shade,
 By a lofty elm-tree's branches made.
 Not a sound disturbed the silent air,
 But the sluggish stream that murmured there.
 So quiet, so calm, so gently still,
 That Fancy roved with an unchecked will,
 And here 'mid a grove of shadowy pine,
 To the God of Silence would build a shrine ;
 And there, 'mid the yew-shades, dark and deep,
 An altar should rise to the God of Sleep ;
 And under this spreading elm-tree's shade,
 Offerings to Morpheus should be made.
 But lo ! on the even's soft balmy air,
 The stars came forth in their beauty fair.
 Methought that I heard a rushing sound,—
 I started up, and I looked around,
 When, behold ! through the darken'd air I saw
 A chariot, slowly, towards me draw.
 In that chariot rode a lady bright,
 Whose form was most lovely to the sight.
 Her ebony hair in loose tresses flowed,
 By zephyrs kissed as she onward rode,
 And a 'world of meaning' seemed to lie
 In the depths of her darkly brilliant eye.
 A veil, with bright stars bespangled o'er,
 Gracefully floating, the lady wore,
 Of ebony hue, a star-tipped wand,
 She lightly bore in her snowy hand.
 She gently smiled as she passed me by,
 And gracefully waved her wand on high.
 And tiny figures thus gaily sung,
 As the dew from their fairy wings they flung.

" Hail, hail, to our Queen ! All hail !
 Even's sweet hours
 And the dewy flowers
 Welcome her starry veil.

Hail, hail ! Our beauteous Queen !
 Bright dews we fling
 From each fairy wing
 O'er earth's hills and valleys green.

Hail, hail ! To our bright Queen, hail !
 She waves her wand
 In her gentle hand,
 O'er each mount and hill and vale.

She gives to the trav'ler rest,
 And the lab'rer's feet,
 His home may greet,
 And with sweet repose be blest.

For sorrow she brings a balm,
And the weeping eye
May in slumber lie,
And the troubled heart be calm."

I watched the car as it rolled away,
'Till the music died of that fairy lay.
I turned me back to the old elm-tree,
I saw two figures, who might they be?
The face of the eldest was calm and mild
As the placid face of a sleeping child.
Gravity, mingled with smiling grace,
Was seen in the younger's expressive face.
I listened, and heard the eldest say:
"Hearken, my son, and our Queen obey;
She has brought this mortal beneath our tree,
A lesson to learn from you and me.
O'er her eyes a spell will I throw,
That through our realms she may safely go;
You shall show her such secrets old,
As never before were to mortals told."

He waved his wand above my head,
And darkness over me seemed to spread.
My hand in his the youngest drew,
And my vision again came clear and true.
Thousands of tiny forms seemed there,
Floating about in the ambient air.
"Listen, oh, mortal!" the youngest said,
"And learn on what errand these forms are sped.
Spirits, who watch around the bed
Where childhood pillows its innocent head,
Go bear him visions of sunny hours,
Of bee, and bird, and of fragrant flowers.
Let him chase the butterfly in its flight,
And play by cool waters, sparkling bright.
Haste on your message, the hour grows late,
Pass ye forth by the Ivory Gate."
These messenger spirits of peace and love,
Had the snow-white wings of a gentle dove;
In their soft blue eyes shone a placid light,
As they darted away in joyous flight.

"Spirits, who watch o'er the maiden fair,
Lifting the curls of her glossy hair,
Go, wave your bright wings above her head,
Sweetest of odors around her shed.
Give her bright visions of love and truth,
Such as are meet for her stainless youth.
Let her rove forth in the silent glade,
Where the spreading trees make a cooling shade.
Let her wander with him, her heart holds dear,
Where the running rivulet sparkles clear.
Let them twine a wreath of all fragrant flowers,
Such as are wove by the laughing hours.
Haste on your message, the hour grows late,
Pass ye forth by the Ivory Gate."
Dove-like the wings that these spirits bore,
But a heavenly blue was the hue they wore.

"Spirits, that gently and silently glide
To your stations around the good man's side,
Go, bid him dream of the hearts he has blest,
Of the weary to whom he has given rest.

Let him hear rich blessings asked in prayer,
By the widow and orphan gathered there.
Let the lisping voice of childhood speak,
Let the tear of gratitude gem the cheek
Of the aged man, as he blesses him
Who shone like a light o'er his pathway dim.
Haste on your message, the hour grows late,
Pass ye forth by the Ivory Gate."
Wings like the bird of Paradise bright,
These spirits unfolded in their flight.

"Ye spirits! that watch and ward do keep,
Where the weary Poet may bow to sleep,
Weave ye around him a spell of light,
Glorious visions of beauty bright.
Let him walk unseen amid the crowd,
Speaking his name in praises loud.
Let him see his burning words of power,
Kindling the heart in its darkest hour.
In the noontide of joy, in sorrow's shade,
Familiar as 'household words' be made.
Around his brow the green bay-wreath twine,
Whose leaves shall ne'er lose their glossy shine.
Bid him closely study the human heart,
From the loftiest, down to the lowest part.
Tell him to search with the keenest look,
Through ev'ry leaf of fair Nature's book,
'Till his mind expand, and his soul shall glow,
As torrents of knowledge shall o'er him flow.
Rouse ye his heart, as ye over him float,
'Till it seem to be stirred by a 'trumpet note,'
And he proudly vows to write his name
Highest of all in the scroll of Fame.
Haste on your message, the hour grows late,
Pass ye forth by the Ivory Gate."
The spirits that proudly this message bore,
Wings like the soaring eagle wore.

"Ye spirits! that love to hover nigh,
When the mother closes her watchful eye,
Bid her loving and gentle heart rejoice,
Let her hear the music of childhood's voice,
Let her fair-haired girl, and her dark-eyed boy,
Gather around her with smiles of joy.
Let her prophet-eye fix an eager gaze
On the blissful scenes of coming days,
'Till her cheek shall glow, and her heart shall beat
With the gushing tide of rapture sweet,
And all her trials and anxious care,
Shall vanish away as in empty air.
Haste on your message, the hour grows late,
Pass ye forth by the Ivory Gate."
The beautiful spirits that floated by,
With the wings of Cherubim did fly.

Many a gentle messenger sprite,
Saw I speed forth in their gladsome flight.
Some to the sailor, who firm and brave,
In his gallant ship crossed the ocean wave;
Some to the statesman of noble heart,
Spurning Deceit's darkly subtle part,
Who solely sought for his country's good,
And in armor of truth, undaunted stood.

But of all who were blessed I cannot tell,
 They were only of those who had acted well.
 Some frolic sprites, I could not but spy,
 Who bore the wings of a butterfly.
 These bore visions of playful mirth,
 Loving to tease the children of earth.
 They sought the merry, light-hearted and free,
 Filling their minds with visions of glee.
 All these messengers, early and late,
 Sped them forth through the Ivory Gate.

"Spirits, that darkly and silently creep,
 Where the usurer lies in a troubled sleep,
 Let visions of darkness before him rise,
 Let him hear his victim's moaning cries,
 Let him see the widow and orphan there,
 But not for a blessing, their desperate prayer.
 Let those he has robbed of home and all,
 For a bitter curse on the traitor call.
 Let him see, in the midnight dark and dread,
 The savage robber beside his bed.
 Let sounds of such terror his slumbers shake,
 That his heart shall fail, and his flesh shall quake,
 And he dread, like an evil demon's power,
 The terrible visions of midnight's hour.
 Away on your message, the swift hours pass,
 Speed ye forth by the Gate of Brass."
 These darksome spirits had Harpy's wings,
 And venom'd darts like scorpion's stings.

"Spirits, that round the murderer stand,
 With a brother's blood on his red right hand,
 Make a hateful curse of his dreaded sleep,
 Let all loathesome reptiles around him creep.
 Let the serpent hiss, the adder sting,
 And cluster round him, each noisome thing.
 Let the form of the dead before him rise,
 With *pale*—*pale* face, and reproachful eyes,
 'Till in terror and anguish he groans aloud,
 And envy the dead in his pall and shroud.
 Haste on your message, the swift hours pass,
 Speed ye forth by the Gate of Brass."
 With vulture's wings these spirits flew,
 Ill omen'd and dire, to their message true.

"Spirits, with wings of the blackest dye,
 That ever the slanderer hover nigh,
 Who plays a worse than murderer's part,
 (For, in stabbing fair fame, he stabs the heart.)
 Go, let him feel in a vision dire,
 That his own false tongue is a flame of fire,
 'Till its fierce and scorching blasts reveal
 The pangs he has made another feel,
 And he finds his black and treach'rous heart,
 Is pierced by a keen and venom'd dart.
 Haste on your message, the swift hours pass,
 Speed ye forth by the Gate of Brass."
 Wings like the raven's, of blackest hue,
 These spirits unfolded to my view.

"Spirits, whose mission of dread and ill,
 Ye evermore hasten to fulfil.
 Ye, who to punish the traitor go,
 Who has mixed for his country, a cup of wo,

Let him see, in his sleep, a nation's eyes
 With looks of contempt before him rise.
 Wherever his treach'rous gaze he turn,
 There let it meet the 'finger of scorn,'
 On the earth, the heavens, the seas wide flow,
 In letters of fire, let 'traitor' glow.
 Let myriads of voices fill the air,
 For ever shouting forth, 'traitor,' there.
 If the glance of despair on himself he turn,
 There let him find the deepest scorn,
 'Till the reptile, in dust, shall grovelling lie,
 And seek to conceal, what can never die.
 Haste on your message, the swift hours pass,
 Speed ye forth by the Gate of Brass."
 A dragon's wings these spirit's wore,
 Half-human, half-serpent, the forms they bore.

Crowds of these spirits, I thus did see,
 As I sat beneath the old elm-tree.
 Some to the guilty drunkard went,
 On his own destruction madly bent.
 Vile and degraded, disgrace and shame,
 Must mingle for ever with his name.
 Some to the fawning hypocrites flew,
 The mean, sycophantic, crouching crew.
 Some to defrauders, and worldly wise,
 Some to the lovers and makers of lies.
 Of those that were sent to the doers of ill,
 All that I saw would a volume fill.
 Some spirits were sent, with an aspect grave,
 To sprinkle the dreamless with Lethe's wave.
 While deeply I mused on each wondrous sight,
 Methought I heard sounds of laughter light.
 With somewhat of wonder my eyes I raised,
 And the scene was fled on which I had gazed.
 'Twas no pleasant land but my own small room,
 Where the moon's bright beams did pierce the gloom;
 But a glimpse I caught in its startled flight,
 Of the form of a butterfly-winged sprite:

Cambridgeport, Mass.

Original.

THE KISS OF LOVE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

YES, e'en in parting there's a pleasure,
 One balmy, sweet, redeeming treasure,
 Long cherished in the lover's heart,
 Else who, alas! could live to part?
 It is the sweet, confessing tear,
 It is the tell-tale sigh we hear,
 It is the *kiss of love* sincere.

Thus lovers, too, in absence borrow
 From memory's store, a balm for sorrow,
 While hope, with smile divinely sweet,
 Still whispers of an hour to meet,
 When eyes shall beam with pleasure's tear,
 While rapture's sigh salutes the ear,
 Breathed in the *kiss of love* sincere.

Original.

THE DEATH OF MARAT.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

THE CAUSE.

THE dawn of a summer morning had slightly streaked the verge of the horizon, when the heavy bell of Notre Dame was heard sending its deep and solemn tones over the towers of Paris. The citizens were seen hastily hurrying from their homes and crowding towards La Place Louis Quinze. In its centre was placed the black and blood encrusted scaffold of the guillotine, that terrific symbol of Jacobin fury. As yet no guard surrounded that shrine of Moloch, no headsman stood waiting to accomplish the sacrifice, but an almost breathless and trembling crowd looked anxiously towards the scaffold and surmising in their hearts for whom the death knell was then sounding. Suddenly a low murmur was heard and a movement in the crowd was perceptible. In the distance appeared the large and heavy cart of the executioner who with his victim and a friar of the Cistercian order were its only occupants. The latter was busily employed in endeavoring to impart instruction and consolation to the condemned, who, however, appeared unwilling to listen to him while ever and anon he bent his head in as if in the act of recognition to some friend or acquaintance among the fast increasing crowd.

He was a young man of apparently twenty-three years of age, his features were elegantly and correctly formed, his head, which was uncovered, presented a profusion of dark glossy hair falling in graceful tresses down his back while his throat already laid bare for the axe, gave to view, a neck and bosom white as the Parian marble, thick moustaches covered his upper lip which, with the tuft upon his chin, completed a head fit for the chissel of a Canova or the pencil of a Rubens. The executioner, who was habited in the frightful and disgusting dress of his office, exhibited a singular contrast in physiognomy and apparel to his victim. His low brow which receded abruptly was partly shaded by coarse brown hair, his small grey eyes were deeply sunk beneath the same, his cheek bones were high and sharp, his nose short and dilated, while a mouth, around which played a mixture of sarcasm and stupidity, completed the caput of "La Main Sanglante." His body was encased in a jerkin of slate colored cloth, while over the breast was placed a greasy and blood bespattered apron, his shirt sleeves carefully folded up to the shoulders, displayed a pair of long and sinewy arms, which, as he occasionally stretched towards the prisoner, strongly reminded you of a tiger about to pounce upon his prey.

On and on came the chariot of slaughter, when having reached the bottom of the scaffold it was in an instant surrounded by a squadron of armed men whose weapons of warfare gleamed like a forest of steel in the beams of the morning. The first who presented himself upon the altar of death was a tall and aged man, his countenance was pale and ghastly and he looked like a tenant of the tomb, who had risen to witness the sacrifice of Jacobin destruction. He gazed maliciously and exultingly upon

the prisoner, who in return cast upon him the fiercest looks of contempt and revenge. The old man saw and felt them, and in a state of apparent exhaustion from internal agony of spirit, leaned upon the barricading of the scaffold, then beckoning to the executioner, who approached him, he muttered something brief and revengeful which seemed to expedite the work of destruction.

The executioner proffered his assistance to the prisoner, which he respectfully declined, then stepping to the verge of the scaffold, in a loud and distinct voice exclaimed: "Frenchmen, I die a martyr to the cause of Freedom! My blood be on the head of the murderer Marat!" The old man, for such was the name of the denounced, trembled violently, he waved his hand to the troops that surrounded the scaffold, a loud burst of martial music drowned the voice of the speaker, he smiled and bowed to the populace, then retiring to the block, a brief and breathless pause ensued, the heavy and crashing fall of the axe fell upon the ears of the spectators, and the next moment, the executioner holding on high the bleeding and quivering head of his victim, showed that Frederic Beauchamp, was no more.

THE ARREST.

At the hour of twelve on the 20th of July, 1793; in a large and gloomy apartment in one of those ancient mansions with which the church of Notre Dame is surrounded, were seated, some of the principal heads of the Convention, of that fearful and eventful period.—The wine had circulated freely, still, however, distrust and suspicion were strongly imprinted upon each countenance—for patriotism was but a cloak for deeds of murder and anarchy, and no one knew who was then his friend or foe. At the head of the table was placed Monsieur De Beriot, a bold and fearless patriot; his dark eyes glanced mistrustfully around him, while his ear was occasionally turned to the door of the apartment, as if listening for some expected sound—opposite sat Duperret, a principal leader of the Jacobin faction, while Barbaroux, Dournouriez, Clauson, Perrotier Vergniaud, completed the party. Although the jest broke the monotony of the meeting, yet again the cloud of apathy returned. What had become of Marat? Why to-night was his presence withheld and no apology sent or cause assigned? Could he have been detained by some sudden and important business? Was he ill? Could he have been surprised and destroyed by the rival myrmidons of blood and ambition. Or what was worse, could he have become faithless to their visionary cause of Freedom. Doubt, surmise and uneasiness completely enveloped the party, and the first hour of morning had arrived ere they thought of departing for their various homes. De Beriot arose, and filling his goblet, drank to the triumph of their cause. They were in the act of separating when a loud knocking at the outer gate accompanied by the heavy and measured tramp of armed men, told them that no good was betokened by such sounds and at so unseasonable an hour. Terror and confusion took possession of the party, when the door of the apartment was quickly opened, and an

officer of gens d'armes, with six men, intruded themselves to the surprise of De Beriot and his guests.

"Who are you, and what seek you here?" asked De Beriot.

"In the name of the Republic I arrest Messieurs Barbaroux and Vergniaud as traitors to the cause of liberty!" replied the officer.

Astonishment seized on all; while the accused individuals quietly submitting to the order of arrest, slowly and as if already in the grasp of destruction departed for the Conciergerie. The next morning, they were the victims of the guillotine.

THE INTERVIEW.

DAY after day thus fled on the wings of murder and massacre, he who in the morning awoke sanguine in hope and happiness, ere nighfall, was perhaps a cold and headless corpse. No home, no sanctuary, was safe from the spies and tyrants of the code of blood. One universal chaos pervaded all sects and society, while the visionary creed of the Jacobins tended to create and keep alive all the bad passions and feelings "that human flesh is heir to." Life with them was considered but as a necessary link of the illimitable chain of matter—and a hereafter was but a false and mercenary creation of churchmen, to rifle and dispossess the community of their rights and property. Such tenets, carefully disseminated, and possessing the minds of the populace, was it to be wondered at, if morality was disregarded and vice and anarchy prevailed? But to return to the mansion of De Beriot. Stupification had seized upon the remaining guests; vacantly they gazed upon each other while suspicion at once, and with general concurrence fixed upon Marat as their betrayer. Doumouriez, was the first to break the silence—"We are betrayed!" he breathlessly exclaimed, and in terror fled from the mansion of De Beriot.

With more firmness, but yet in the thrall of fear, Perrotier Duperet and Clauson followed, and De Beriot stood alone in the gloomy apartment with the lights fast waning. His eyes were fixed and motionless, a thousand surmises were floating in his mind while the guillotine and its horrors were bright in the prospective. Unconsciously he sank into a chair, his head dropped upon his bosom and he felt as one on whom the hand of death was irrevocably placed.

Thus abstracted and almost powerless, he was suddenly aroused from his revery by the sound of a female voice, inquiring if she stood before Monsieur De Beriot. In alarm he started to his feet, for he already imagined that the minions of Marat had come to drag him to the tribunal of blood, and he was at least agreeably surprised to find that it was a young and lovely girl who stood in his presence.

"I am De Beriot!" he exclaimed; "to what, at such an untimely hour, am I to attribute this interview?"

The young female, with a countenance in which beauty and determination were finely blended, in a voice of the sweetest melody, replied—

"Revenge on the tyrant of the Republic!"

"And who is he?" inquired De Beriot.

"Can De Beriot ask?" said the female: "Look around the streets of Paris—who seeks to widow the wife and mother, who slays the son and the lover? thoughts of purity and words of innocence are the marks for destruction, and the stream of blood is increasing hourly. Yet exists no hand to stop the source of the current, and broader and deeper will it flow 'till the green fields of France are turned to crimson and her children shall weep in sack-cloth and ashes!" and as she spoke, with her right hand she plucked from her bosom a poignard, and held it above her head, her left was placed upon her bosom, her hair had fallen loosely upon her shoulders, while in the centre of the circle that encompassed her brow, gleamed a bright and dazzling jewel representing the emblem of liberty, a superhuman radiance lighted up her countenance, and as she gazed towards heaven she looked like the goddess of Retribution, armed for the blow. De Beriot beheld her with awe and admiration, and again inquired the name of the destroyer.

"Marat!" she replied in a voice of thunder; "Marat, that old and heartless tyrant, with him blood is but as water—affections are but as ice; but the angel of justice now rides on the wings of the whirlwind and the murderer shall die the death of the wolf."

"And who dare act such a part?" asked De Beriot.

"I dare!" she replied; and drawing the dagger between the finger and the thumb of her left hand, as if in the act of wiping from it the blood of Marat, whom, in her enthusiasm, she already contemplated as dead, she smiled and looked earnestly upon De Beriot.

"Foolish girl, you are but a visionary—an enthusiast of some unknown sect who deem, as all now do, their principles to be the most correct, and hesitate not even to wade through blood to attain their accomplishment. Go! such a deed, even if Marat deserved it—"

"If!" exclaimed the impassioned girl, "he has—he does deserve it, and God so help me, De Beriot, he or I must fall. You think him your friend—you are deceived—he is your enemy—even now, he is concerting plans for your destruction—the object of which is—" and here she paused as if overcome by her feelings, while her whole frame was violently convulsed, then suddenly pointing to a portrait which hung against the wall shrieked aloud—"There! there!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed De Beriot; "mean you my daughter?"

"Yes!" replied she, "thy daughter, that blue eyed young and beauteous maiden is already in the fascination of the snake—thy existence alone is the barrier to his wishes. Thou once removed, his folds are entwined around her, and in the morning of her youth and beauty she will perish."

"Woman, art thou indeed sincere?"

"Let God bear witness that I am!"

"And how, how, can I save her?" asked the frantic father, the tears streaming down his manly countenance.

"By aiding me in the prosecution of my purpose! Gain for me an interview with Marat—I ask no more, I will answer for the completion of the deed."

"Impossible! you know that access to his presence

is entirely forbidden. He will see no one, admit no one, but his friends and colleagues of the Convention."

"Then you refuse me!" she inquired in a tone of despair and disappointment.

"I do! I do! my child, my child!" and the old man sank into his chair and wept bitterly.

The female seized the opportunity to quit the apartment by the same way in which she had entered—having followed in the wake of the gens d'armes and secreted herself in a small recess of the corridor 'till such time as they departed, when the interview we have just narrated took place.

Lost in the intensity of his feelings the old man neither heard nor saw her departure, and when he looked up, he could scarcely believe but that the past scene was some illusion of the brain and not the words and acts of reality. He cast his eyes upon the picture of his daughter; a thousand horrible figures were presented to his imagination; he felt sick at heart, he rushed to the window to breathe the morning breeze that was now rustling among the gardens of Paris, and cresting the blue and silent waters of the Seine. The grey dawn was setting on his misty throne, on the summits of the mountains, while one by one were fading the tapers of the night—the lark was trilling his lay in the heavens, and all the earth was awaking in its mantle of beauty and fragrance—he gazed wildly upon the scene, but the cool air felt to him as a furnace, he gasped for breath; every object grew dim before his vision, and he sank on the floor, hopeless, helpless and alone.

THE. DENOUMENT.

The morning which dawned was the Sabbath, but no marks were visible to denote the same. No priest was seen bending his steps to the house of prayer. In place of the trim-attired citizen, was beheld the soldier with his implements of war and blood. Groups of unwashed and haggard artisans were hurrying to their professions—the sound of labor every where struck upon the ear. The wine house, the halls of gaming, and temples of amusement all were thrown open, and contributed to banish from the mind of man the day that the Lord had set apart for his praise. One bell alone which fell heavily upon all hearts, told that the work of slaughter had commenced. As we have said, the victims of that sacred morning were Doumouriez and Vergniant—their trial had immediately followed their arrest—the evidence was summary—they were convicted, sentenced, and their blood helped to swell the human tide that daily and hourly rolled around that tribunal of terror and of death.

On this morning, immediately after the execution, a young female called at the house of Marat, and presented a letter, requesting an interview. Her application was unsuccessful. She was told that no interview could be granted. Sick and dispirited, she retraced her steps to the Hotel du Providence, and in the silence of her chamber, sat meditating how she could accomplish the sole object of her existence—a personal interview with the minister of terror. In her hand she held a miniature, which she bathed with her tears, and covered with her kisses. A gentle knock at the door apprised her of the

presence of some visitor, and placing the miniature in her bosom, and wiping the tears from her eyes, in a calm and collected voice she bade him enter. The door opened, and a tall and cadaverous person, in the capacity of Capitaine du Surveillance, stood before her.

"Your business, sir?" demanded she.

"I come, citizeness, answered the officer, "in the name of the Republic, to receive what intelligence you have to communicate to citizen Marat."

"It is to him alone, replied the female, that I can disclose strong and important facts; with you, sir, I can hold no communication, and courtesying, she was about to retire into an inner apartment.

"Your pardon, citizeness, I am ordered not to lose sight of you 'till I am in possession of those facts," while, at the same moment, he attempted to intercept her passage to the door to which she was retreating.

With the agility of a deer, she bounded past him, and seizing a small pistol which lay upon the chimney-piece, held him at bay. "Attempt to intercept me," she exclaimed, and that moment is your last." She entered the apartment—the door was closed and bolted in an instant, while the minion of authority departed, abashed, chagrined and disappointed.

The evening of that day had arrived, heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens, and the distant hurdling of thunder foretold that a tempest was fast approaching. The citizens had sought their homes for shelter, and a death-like stillness pervaded all around. Darker and darker grew each moment, 'till, at length, one deep, impenetrable veil of night enveloped the heavens and the earth, and the voice of the elements burst forth in terrific fury. It seemed as if the Supreme Judge were denouncing his anathema against the blood-polluted walls of Paris. At that hour of storm and tempest, a solitary female was seen threading the dark and intricate streets of the city. Nothing appalled by the darkness of the hour, she boldly pursued her course, 'till, at last, she entered the Rue De Saint Dennis. With caution she glanced around her, then hastily ascending the steps of the mansion of Marat, she applied the iron knocker with such vehemence, that the whole street echoed from the sound. After a considerable pause a figure presented itself at an upper casement, and demanded the reason of so furious a summons. "I wish to speak with citizen Marat," was the answer.

"'Tis impossible," replied the person at the casement, and was about to withdraw.

"'Tis an affair that concerns the safety of the Republic. I come from Caen, and my sojourn in Paris will admit of no delay. Fear nothing from me, I am but a woman."

The figure withdrew from the window, and after an absence of nearly ten minutes, the heavy iron bars that secured the door within, were heard to give way, and the female stranger was admitted to the mansion of the Republican Tyrant. The door was again made secure, and the old woman, for such was the Cerberus of the mansion, conducted the young female, by the feeble light of a little lamp, through several ancient and curiously-formed passages, 'till, at length, they stood before a small door in a gloomy corridor. The old woman

gave three distinct knocks upon it, when a tremulous voice within cried, "In the name of the Republic, enter!" She applied her finger to what seemed a secret spring, and the door flying open, the den of the monster was revealed to view. From the roof hung an iron lamp by a chain of the same material, whose light faintly dispelled the gloom of the apartment. At the farther end was seen the head and shoulders of an old and hideous-looking man, who was reclining in a bath—his right arm and hand rested upon a block of wood which served as a desk, where were implements of writing, with which he was busily employed. He did not deign to cast his eyes upon the female, but muttered in a low and almost stifled voice, "Your pardon, La Belle Cityoenne, you must wait!" Then waving his hand to the old woman, she quitted the apartment.

Thus left alone with the man of blood and terror—it is natural enough to suppose that fear would have seized upon a young and helpless female, but she trembled not—her pulse beat as regularly as in her most placid moments—her eye was intently fixed upon the minister of murder, and she only felt anxious for a fitting opportunity to plant her poignard in his heart.

Marat, at length ceased writing, and turning towards her, with a ghastly smile exclaimed, "Ah, citizeness, had I been aware that one so young and beauteous as yourself had thus been waiting, these important matters would have been deferred. Now, what seek you? Speak, and freely. Marat can refuse nothing to beauty like yours."

"I come, citizen," she replied, "to tell you of danger that threatens the Republic."

"How—when—where," he ejaculated. Nothing but plots—nothing but treason. No matter, they must be cunning who can outwit Marat."

"In Paris, perhaps," interrupted the female—but there are spirits beyond it. I come from Caen. I wished to impart my intelligence this morning, but I was rudely driven from your door, and afterwards insulted, by your order, in my hotel, by the officer of surveillance."

"Your pardon, La Belle Cityoenne. I knew not that it was a goddess who sought me. Well, what seek you? What injuries can I redress? Who has deceived you? Speak, speak, my divinity. The word of Marat is his death warrant." And the old man seized the pen, eager to add another victim to his catalogue of destruction.

The young female advanced nearer to the hoary ruffian. Marat, with difficulty, stretched forth his withered arms as if he expected she would drop into them in gratitude for his sanguinary proffer. But she paused, and casting her eyes upon him, in which the lightning of revenge was flashing—"You remember Frederic Beauchamp!" said she.

Marat convulsively started in the water. The name of Beauchamp seemed to awaken the slumbering spirit of the monster. "Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, his whole countenance gleaming with demoniac fury. "Beauchamp, the traitor. Yes, citizeness, he expiated his principles on the scaffold. Caen!—he was the spirit of that province. Is rebellion not yet subdued? Must

I find more food there for the guillotine? Speak! speak! What dangers threaten the Republic. Tell me, that my fiat may go forth for their destruction. Speak, speak!" and as he finished, he sunk back into the bath from exhaustion.

"You have heard of Charlotte Corday?" said the female, standing closely to Marat.

"Yos!" said he, "the betrothed of Beauchamp. She, too, must perish. The axe thirsteth for her blood. Knowest thou aught of the traitress?"

"I do!" replied she, "but Marat shall never live to behold her perish."

"Say'st thou—thou speak'st in riddles, my Diana. Tell me of her—how—where is she to be found?"

"Here!" exclaimed she, and at the same moment drew from her bosom the poignard. The old man endeavored to raise himself in the bath, but, like a tigress she sprung upon him. With her left hand she grasped him by the throat. "Mercy! mercy!" he ejaculated, in a voice of desperation and despair.

"Mercy! ha! ha! ha!" and she laughed in exultation as the wretch, in the agony of fear, appealed to her pity for preservation. Mercy! dar'st thou to sue for mercy, thou grey-headed ruffian? 'tis a word unknown to thy tribunal of murder. Seek it of the elements, into which, as a dog, according to thy creed, thou say'st we shall resolve!" She raised her arm to give force to the blow. Marat, rendered desperate from all hope of rescue being denied to him, struggled fearfully, but in vain. The poignard descended. The blood spouted forth from his heart, and tinged the water of the bath. He made an effort to call, but the cry was feeble; his eyes glared wildly in their sockets, and his head fell upon his bosom. "Frederic!" she exclaimed, "thou art avenged! The sacrifice is accomplished!" She relaxed her grasp of the body, and it fell sullenly among the water. The door of the apartment was burst open. The servants of Marat rushed in, oaths and imprecations were heaped upon her. She made no reply—offered no resistance, but a smile of satisfaction played upon her beauteous features as they dragged her to the tribunal of the Republic.

The morning beams shone brilliantly on the towers and turrets of Paris. The axe of the guillotine awaited for a victim. It waited not long. A young and elegant girl ascended the scaffold; in her hand she held a rose. A black veil shrouded her features from the gaze of the populace. The executioner approached to prepare her for the axe. Proudly she waved her hand for him to desist. She removed the veil. She stood revealed to view. Reader, the victim was the destroyer of the monster Marat—the affianced bride of the murdered Beauchamp—Charlotte Corday!

THAT man must have a strange value for word, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son, for a little Greek and Latin, whilst he should be laying the solid foundation of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life.—Locke.

Original.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—PAST AND PRESENT.

It has ever been acknowledged by the reflecting and the wise, that the power possessed and wielded by woman, is great, and to be used or abused for the good or evil of mankind. States revolutionized, cities burnt, kings dethroned, empires overthrown, unite to prove it true. In the page of history her name is indelibly written, whether it be for superiority in virtue or crime; whether it be for the admiration or detestation of a world! There it is stamped—let us deeply ponder upon it! Numberless are the examples in the lessons of the past, which, in tones of fearful warning, speak to the hearts of all—"Beware!"

On the other hand, we may be strengthened in the exercise of every virtue, by the contemplation of those beautiful traits of character, those high heroic actions of the buried past, which, amid the surrounding gloom, with an undying, unwavering brilliancy, "burns throughout all Time."

A Nero was formed by the pernicious counsels of woman; an Antony lost the world by the persuasive arts and beauty of a Cleopatra. A woman stepped forth in the hour of her country's peril, breathed hope in the hearts of despairing warriors, and led them forth to conquer. Victory perched upon her banners, and the Maid of Orleans received the crown of martyrdom! And who could have caused the desolation of the fatal night of blood, when the guardian genius of France slumbered; when the alarm rang in the midnight air, and the shrieks of the living were mingled with the agonizing groans of the dying, "piercing the dull ear of night?" Who, but woman, base, unprincipled, ambitious woman? Who, but a Catharine de Medici, could thus have played upon the passions of a weak son, and caused him to shed the blood of thousands of Huguenots, to gratify her love of power? Another form rises before me, but how unlike the former. Isabella of Castile, I hail thee! Patroness and friend of the great "world-finder," thy name ever be honored! The influence of thy friendship shall be felt, 'till the world is not. The maiden monarch of England, too, though arbitrary and severe in her government, and her fame stained with a dark spot which can never be effaced, yet gave an impulse to commerce and industry, which is still felt throughout the world. *She* showed what woman can do when possessed of power to sway the destinies of a mighty people!

The general character of a nation must ever depend upon that of its women. The stern lawgiver of Sparta knew this when he created those laws which made the females participate with their husbands and brothers in the rude, violent games of the age. Thus they became bold, patriotic and daring—exhorting their sons when they went forth to battle, "to return with their shield, or upon it." The exhortations of the Spartan women fired the soldiers; whether they conquered or fell, they were assured of the praise, and rejoicings of their mothers and sisters, and this incited them to unparalleled deeds of arms.

Stern, unyielding Romans were nurtured by matrons of high and noble virtues, who boasted that their bright-

est gems, their priceless treasures, were their children. In fact, wherever woman has participated in the affairs of a nation, her voice has ever influenced it. In the dark ages, when learning and religion were confined to a few bigoted monasteries, and almost unknown to the world, woman exercised but little sway over the public mind. Plunged in ignorance; limited to the rude household employment of the age; they were considered as mere slaves. Rude strength was then the test of superiority, violent and fierce sports, or the bloody "trade of war," engrossed the "lords of creation." But when the crusaders gave to chivalry the refinements and luxury of the Orientals, woman asserted her power. That power which had been so long smothered only to burst out when it found vent, like a long-hidden volcanic fire, in a fiercer, brighter flame. The presiding genius of the age was—Beauty. She fostered the high, chivalric daring of the knights who flew to arms in the cause of the oppressed; she presided at tournaments and fêtes, as the Queen of Beauty, and the rewarder of noble deeds.

The knight who breathed nought but vengeance in the battle field, or defied his implacable foe to mortal combat in the lists, became "calm and gentle as an infant's slumber," in presence of the fair. His angry passions hushed; his taunts and boastful words changed to the language of love and gallantry. He acknowledged the potency of, and yielded a willing obedience to the charms of woman. Hers, however, was not the magic influence of *mind*. The fair damsels of rank were but little versed in philosophic, classic, or poetic love. To read the wild but absorbing romances of those times; to sing to the lute the love-lays of the Troubadours; to sit at their everlasting embroidery, shading flowers that had no parallel in nature; this was all they wished or required. That age is past—its ideas, prejudices, feelings with it "in the deep ocean buried." Now intellect, genius, assert their independence, and here, again, woman, Proteus-like, assumes a new form of influence. Splendid have been the creations of her mind. Released from the arbitrary fetters which had, for ages, bound it, the wing of Genius soars in power Omnipotent. Need we point to a Siddons, a Baillie, a More, an Edgeworth, names which dare compare with the noblest of man's, in their respective walks? These, and hundreds of others exercise a vast amount of influence over the present age, which will be carried far into the future. Education has, indeed, done wonders for the sex. But religion has done still more; it has taught them to look beyond this life, which is but preparatory to another; as a state of probation, where we are all placed to aid one another with counsel and comfort. And it is in this, woman should find the proper exercise of her faculties. Far retired from the busy highways of Ambition, she should wander in the shady, green lanes of domestic life. It should be hers to cheer the drooping head of Sickness, and pour balm into the bosom of the wretched. To seek out the abodes of Poverty, and cheer their inmates with aid, advice and sympathy. To welcome to the quiet hearth, the partner of her joys and sorrows, when worn and weary with the world's conflict; to rear her offsprings in the fear of God, and love of every thing

good and holy. These are duties which every woman of the present day is bound to perform. Unseen, unfelt, she extends her influence far and wide. She is forming the future patriot, statesman, or enemy of his country; more than this, she is sowing the seeds of virtue or vice, which will fit him for Heaven, or for eternal misery. Noble, sublime, is the task of the American mother—see that it be well performed.

Mother of Washington! would thy name could be sounded with a trumpet's voice throughout the land! Would that the women of our beloved country emulated thy virtues and glorious example, to rear their children as "wisely and as well." Then would Columbia be indeed the land of heroes, not such as the old world saw, "basely trampling" on the sacred rights of humanity, but a race born to bless—to humanize the world!

Original.

GREECE.

GREECE, fairy and poetic land,
Where Science waved her magic wand,
How fallen is thy state!
Thy arts once flourishing are gone,
Thy Lyre is hushed, her muse has flown,
Thy halls and courts are still and lone,
Thy temples desolate.
Where once the immortal king of song,
To glory struck the thrilling lyre,
And gave the tale of Trojan wrong,
And sung of Grecian nerve and fire,
Where Plato lived; where Solon died,
Where Socrates—Immortal name!—
The victim of ungenerous pride,
A martyred sage to truth became.
There Ruin rears his horrid van,
O'er trellissed shaft and marble bust,
And long the tyranny of man,
Bowed down his brother to the dust.
But now another light hath shone
In glory o'er her classic shore,
But, ah, too late, the blasted zone
May never bloom in verdure more!
It shines on wrecks and ruins, spread
Above the mighty and the Dead.
But still the hopes of future years
Are foremost when we think of thee!
Smile, Greece, though bitter be thy tears,
That which hath been, again may be!
For thou may'st rise, sublime and free,
The same as Greece in "old Lang Syne."
Thy arts may grace futurity,
Without a prospect of decline.
Athens, the princely and the bright,
May yet, rule mistress of the sea.
O'er Icio's rock there beams a light—
The morning star of liberty!
Then, Grecians rise, and may the fame
That shone around your sires of yore,
Still deck your clime, your arts, your name,
And shine 'till time shall be no more.

Original.

CLEOPATRA'S PEARL.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I.

How bravely plunged the diver low,
Upon his weary quest,
And struggled long amid the waves
At royalty's behest!
The deep resigned its choicest gifts,
Enchanting queen, to thee,
And yielded Egypt's diadem,
The tribute of the sea.

II.

Awhile it decked thy lovely brow,
And graced thine arm of snow,
Or proudly fluttered on thy breast,
With the warm heart below;
And then the pure and precious gem,
Nursed by the crystal brine,
Was, in a golden vase dissolved,
And quaffed with ruddy wine.

III.

As the heart's pledge, that costly prize
Was wildly offered up,
By Beauty's fond caprice, decreed
To melt in Pleasure's cup;
Ah, sweeter lips saluted thee,
Than sea-shell's rosy curl,
No jewel of deep is famed,
Like Cleopatra's pearl.

IV.

Alas! a richer pearl—thy love,
Proud queen, as swiftly fled,
In Luxury's base goblet drained,
Too sparkling to be true;
While cold, beneath a serpent's fanga,
Thy bosom ceased its strife,
And in Despair's dark chalice fled,
The jewel of thy life.

V.

At the world's banquet, thus we pledge
Our dearest gems away,
And make the jewels of the heart,
Anticipate decay;
Cherished awhile, then one by one,
Swept off in passion's whirl,
Or melted in the cup of time,
Like Cleopatra's pearl.

REASON is a faculty or power of the mind, whereby it distinguishes good from evil; whereby man is distinguished from beasts, and wherein he greatly surpasses them: or reason is that principle, where, by comparing several ideas together, we draw consequences from the relations they are found to have.—*Anon.*

Original.

THE BUCANEER.

A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIME.

DURING a period of some six or seven years, succeeding the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England, that portion of the American seaboard, extending from Cape Cod to the shores of New Jersey, was infested by a set of daring rovers, outlawed from society, and familiar with every species of crime and piracy. The easy access to the harbors and inlets, the countless number of secure hiding places, along the coast, together with the great facilities afforded for escape in case of pursuit, made it a most advantageous rendezvous for those who had set at defiance all laws of right and justice. The inefficacy of the laws was also in their favor. Each rover boldly entered the harbors of New York and Boston at mid-day, certain that if not welcomed, they would be allowed to dispose of their cargoes and retire unmolested; and as fearlessly landed and mingled with the quiet inhabitants. There were not a few of the wealthy traders whom public opinion had set down as having connection, although indirectly, with their lawless visitants.

At length Lord Ballamont succeeded Governor Fletcher in the administration of the government of New York, and being a man of strong and determined mind, he resolved to use every means in his power to extirpate the league, and place an effectual check upon the licentious depravity, which had already begun to work its poisonous influence upon the little community which had been placed under his charge. Delay, he was well aware, was dangerous. Every day, every hour, increased the evil. Gambling, carousing and midnight brawls were now to be witnessed in the public streets, which before had only teemed with the stirring, busy industry of the merchants of New Amsterdam. Wealth, originally obtained by violence, was pouring in fast. Desperadoes and renegades of every clime, from pole to pole, fearlessly promenaded the streets, armed for resistance, and unhesitatingly avowing their illegal vocation. At length to such an extent had things arrived that it was no longer deemed prudent to overlook them. Already, had the unwished for notoriety, to the scandal of New England and New York, extended across the ocean. The enemies of the colonies had been industriously at work and their dear bought fame, purchased at the price of innumerable hardships, was now associated with every thing that was evil. Reform was imperatively necessary and the home government arousing, as it were, from wilful inactivity, at length, began to take measures to bring to justice or effectually exile the nefarious cabal from the waters of the colonies.

Among the principal charges contained in the instructions of the Earl of Bellamont, was one which authorized him to fit out a craft for the capture, if possible, of the gangs of pirates who infested the coast, and accordingly, immediately upon his arrival in New York, he made it his first business to obey his commands to the letter. While Governor of Barbadoes, chance had frequently thrown him in contact with an unprincipled commander

of a slaver about whose origin but little or nothing was known. For a long time he had appeared at regular intervals, always laden with rich and valuable cargoes which he professed to have received in exchange for negroes, and his appearance was invariably welcomed by the merchants; for every one who traded with him was pretty certain of getting his invoices at less than half of their original value. Having sold his merchandise he would stay ashore until every penny was squandered in dissipation, and then, hastening aboard, he would spread his sails and stretch away—whither no one knew, but about that none were concerned; for as regularly as the moon changed, his light cutter was at anchor in the harbor. He was mysterious himself, and so were all his movements. He always came and went in the night. Such a man had Lord Ballamont selected to lead the enterprise he had conceived. He had studied his character coolly and deliberately. He knew him to be entirely devoid of principle and not altogether scrupulous about the means he employed so that his ends were attained, but at the same time he knew that he possessed a bold and fearless mind, a perfect recklessness of life and a disposition to seek out danger for the fierce pleasure of the excitement in subduing it. Another motive which had great influence in the selection was this: Lord Bellamont judged and not incorrectly, that from his roving excursions upon the ocean, and depraved habits, he had been thrown frequently in the way of these very outcasts—perhaps was one himself—and of necessity was intimately acquainted with their secret lurking places, rendezvous, and, in fact, might possibly be possessed of all their secrets. Such an ally was an acquisition of too much importance to be disregarded, and the Earl resolved, that let the consequences be what they might, he would leave no means untried to engage him in the expedition, and actuated also possibly, by the hopes of sharing in the valuable booty with which the vessels of the proscribed were known to be loaded, the Governor lost not a moment in forwarding his preparations with all possible speed.

The sun had gone down in all its radiant glory at the close of a day in June, 1696, and the mild, cheerful twilight of a summer's evening had fallen upon the bay and town of New York. The waters of the harbor were lulled to rest, and the streams of the two noble rivers which washed the banks of the then little city, upon either side, were flowing gently to their confluence. The solitude of a wilderness seemed to hang upon every thing around. Down the harbor, the haughty-like brig of war, from whose peak the insignia of Great Britain drooped listlessly, yielding to every puff of air, floated lazily at her anchor. The busy hum of industry which during the day had resounded through the streets, had given place to a deep and almost unbroken silence. The air seemed hot and feverish. Now and then, some worthy burgher as he wended his homeward way, content with the proceeds of his day's traffic, gave vent to his satisfaction in humming some Dutch melody. Now a thrifty housewife screamed to a gossiping neighbor across the street, and then silence again assumed its sway, until at intervals the rattling of a rickety vehicle, the challenge

of a statue-like sentinel, or some other trivial occurrence broke upon the spell.

It was during one of these intervals, when, scarcely a breath was stirring, that the houses by the water's edge were shook by a violent concussion and then the report of a heavy piece of ordnance echoed through the town. Instantly every window which afforded the slightest glimpse of the harbor, was thronged, and multitudes hurried along the, until now, deserted streets. The wharves were peopled with the town's-folks, of whom not one could answer the oft repeated inquiry as to the cause of the alarm.

Ten minutes had elapsed from the first discharge, when a bright flash issued from a craft in the direction of Staten Island, and a second report rolled up heavily over the water; and at the same time a lantern rose from her deck to the mast-head and another to her peak.

"Can'st make her out," cried a dozen voices to a seaman who had mounted a hogshead for better observation.

"Not yet," was the reply, "wait 'till she shoots into the moonlight and then—"

"Looks she like a lugger?" interrupted a portly Dutch merchant, opening his mouth and puffing out a dense column of tobacco smoke, "I would give ten guilders were it the Frau-Vanhoore."

"Your guilders are safe," answered the seaman, "it is not your craft—Der Tyvel! she's a beauty."

The moon which had now risen was shedding a rich column of silver light along the surface of the water, and across this path a beautiful swan-like brig of matchless symmetry and exact proportions was slowly moving.

"Shows she no signal?" again demanded the merchant.

"Look sharp—a white ground with a blue ball and—"

"I tell you no," interrupted the seaman impatiently, "such a pretty bird of the ocean can never belong to the house of Vanderheen and company. Are you in your senses, man, see you not that if occasion needs she is one that can run races with the wind, and the stiffest hurricane can never compel the swiftest lugger of your line, to log more than two knots an hour."

A boisterous laugh from all who heard this sally, somewhat abashed the merchant, who shrunk back among the crowd and contented himself with speculating in his own mind upon the probable character of the strange vessel.

The brig whose appearance had caused this undue excitement on shore, was now slowly moving up to the town. She was of that class now known as hermaphrodite, of about a hundred-and-fifty tons burthen, a kind of craft but little known and still less used at that period; yet to those who were at all acquainted with the build of vessels it must have been obvious that a more convenient bark as regarded both sailing and carrying could scarcely have been constructed. Every part exhibited the most faultless symmetry. She sat upon the water like a swan. Her bow was sharp and tapered off to a clean run. Two slender and somewhat raking masts, crossed by slight yards at their respective distances, rose

from her deck, supported by a set of standing rigging strained as taut as a bow string, and the running rigging, ropes and lines hung from mast to mast and spar to spar, forming most graceful curves and festoons. Every sail was formed of snow white canvass, and as the distance from the town gradually lessened, one after the other was clewed up and bound to the yards, until when, obedient to her helm, she swung around at two cable's length from the wharf, not a rag of canvass was visible at any point.

"For'ard there," sounded the command from the quarter deck, "let go the chain anchor."

Instantly the chain rattled through the hause-hole and splash! sunk the heavy anchor into the water; at the same instant another discharge from one of the guns of the craft, broke upon the stillness, a rocket with its train of vivid fire rose hissing into the air, and then the broad blue field and red cross of Britain was sent flying to her mast head.

"Who is she—where from and what is her errand?" were questions repeated again and again by those ashore but without eliciting the slightest satisfactory answer. None knew her name, her country or errand. She was not a merchantman. She carried too many guns and was withal of too war-like an appearance for a peaceable trader. Yet she could not be of the navy. None were expected. These and similar other conjectures puzzled the brains of the curious spectators in vain.—There lay the brig before them, and from the moment of the flight of the rocket, not the slightest appearance of life was witnessed by them. For a long time they remained upon the wharf hoping some boat would put off from her that would solve the mystery with which she was enshrouded, but to no purpose, no boat came, and seeing that the entire night bid fair to be spent in fruitless suppositions, one by one of those who had been drawn thither through curiosity, left the wharf, and in a short time it was as deserted as it had been at the moment when the first gun of the stranger called the citizens forth.

It was just midnight, when a small boat, which was suspended at the stern of the vessel was lowered into the water, and instantly manned by four seamen. Shortly after, a person who seemed by the deference paid him to be one in command, stepped upon the gunwale. He halted, and his eye glanced from his own vessel to the town and to the brig of war, and from thence it wandered quickly from one object to the other in every direction.

"Give way, men," said he, in a low tone, seating himself in the stern sheets apparently satisfied.

"Whither."

"The Governor's landing," was the answer.

The boat shot out from the dark counter of the brig and gained the current. For an instant only the men poised their oars, and then with long and steady strokes swept toward the town.

"Lay upon your oars," said the leader, in the same cautious tones, as the boat struck her bow upon the stone steps, and he stepped ashore, "lay off, and be

careful you get into no quarrels with these brawling Dutchmen—shove away!"

As the boat backed into the stream he raised his eyes and suffered them to rest upon the light hull and rigging of his own vessel, and then turning abruptly away, walked up the landing with hasty steps.

In one of the largest mansions of the town, in a room used for the purposes of a library, the Earl of Bellamont, was striding impatiently to and fro. His arms were folded, his eyes fixed intently upon the ground and his whole manner argued but ill concealed discontent. Upon the table, scattered in negligent confusion, lay a number of papers, and conspicuous among the rest was a small package strongly tied and sealed with the arms of Bellamont.

"Twelve o'clock!" exclaimed the Earl, pausing in the middle of his steps, as the tones of the church clocks chiming the midnight hour, sounded through the room; "curses on his dilatory movements when so much is at stake—five hours have gone by and yet I have not seen him. I warrant he is now carousing in some tavern, perchance brawling in the streets, when he should be upon the sea. Strange, I may have been mistaken," he continued, advancing and throwing open a window that looked upon the harbor, "yet, no—it is the same—it must be the Vengeance. There glimmers the signal at the mast head and peak—and the rocket—why does he tarry?"

A hand was laid lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice which was not unknown to him, exclaimed: "Earl Bellamont."

"Welcome, Captain Kyd, right welcome," answered the Earl, turning and offering his hand familiarly to the Buccaneer. "By my coronet, I had given up all hopes of seeing you, or else I had thought myself mistaken. It was indeed then, the ordnance of the Adventure Galley that echoed through the town at dark."

"Say rather of the Vengeance," answered Kyd.

"But Vengeance, no longer," replied the Earl, with a smile. "You must change these cut-throat titles. King William would well nigh go crazy did he dream that he employed a craft with such a blood-thirsty name. But come, we must not dally in idle words. What detained you so long? Why came you not hither immediately upon anchoring?"

"To say the truth," replied the Buccaneer, "I have been in New-York before, and there are those with whom I care not to renew acquaintance. I therefore waited until the lateness of the hour should effectually shield me from the danger of recognition."

"It is well, and, indeed, I know not but wisely," rejoined the Earl, "for should our plans miscarry, none need know that the Adventure Galley has ever been within our harbor. Whence came you last?"

"From Plymouth, and now bound in quest of adventure."

"Whither go you first?" inquired the Governor.

"To the Indian Ocean."

"Are you all prepared to sail? Do you lack any thing?"

"Nothing. My bark is in perfect trim; every thing

is in readiness, and I but wait for my papers and a breeze," replied the Buccaneer. "To-morrow, if it please you, I'll spread my canvass, and trust me, ere I again anchor this side of the Narrows, I shall have won such renown, that Fame will have bruited my name from one end of the known world to the other."

"I believe you, Kyd," rejoined the Earl, impressively. "I know you are possessed of a daring soul, which no danger or hardship can awe. I know that if once roused, there is that in your bosom that will make even devils pale with envy, but I pray you keep your temper in subjection, and above all, forget not your allegiance to your King. How think you the name of Robert Kyd would grace the commission of a frigate—ay, as its commander."

A smile forced itself upon the lips of the Buccaneer, as he could not help evincing his satisfaction at the prospect of having a man of war committed to his charge.

"You are silent as though you doubted it," continued the Earl, arguing a different conclusion from the seaman's silence. "Believe me, I am in earnest. Should you return successful—and whether you do or not, rests with yourself—none shall be more richly and honorably rewarded than you. You shall walk our streets, and figure at the court of royalty, the envy of the envied. Wealth shall be at your command, and the highest veterans of Britain's navy shall be proud to serve under one who has rendered his country such essential service—that of ridding its seas of the vultures that prey upon its commerce. The Union-jack shall be lowered in courtesy to your flag, and the name of Robert Kyd shall be a watch-word and battle-cry to strike terror into the ranks of piracy and crime."

The countenance of the Buccaneer grew pale and flushed by turns, as the Earl held out these inducements, and as he ceased speaking he grasped his hand, exclaiming—

"I will—by Heaven it shall be as you say. My banner shall carry death wherever it goes, they shall hear my name with trembling, and the guns of the Vengeance shall be to them a scourge more devastating than the plague. Give me my papers; to-morrow shall begin a new era in my life."

"To-night—this very hour, must you sail," said the Earl, giving the package sealed with his arms. "You must away before it is known that you have been among us. Nay—look not so. I know that the Vengeance has been in these waters before, and were the commander of yonder brig that now lies so supinely upon the sleeping bay, to know that the smuggler was now within range of his guns, rest assured not even your commission would save you unscathed."

"He would find that for every shot he gave, two would be returned," replied Kyd, fiercely. "By Satanus, I have almost a mind to run my brig alongside and give him a parting salute. But no, my fire must be reserved for those that make the most resistance."

"In this package," continued Bellamont, "you will find two commissions. One authorising you to use all means in your power—of peace or war—of treaty or the force of arms, to extirpate the gang of pirates and des-

peradoes therein named. The other is a letter of commission for reprisals. With this, you are to capture, sink, burn or destroy every thing that comes in your way appertaining to the French flag, but by no means are you to deviate, in the least, from your track. You are now in possession of your instructions—great trust is reposed in you, and I beseech you betray it not. Use your power discreetly—and now farewell.”

Once more he extended his hand to the Buccaneer, who received it, and pressed it to his lips, then grasping the package, left the house, and the next moment the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance. A few hasty steps brought him to the landing, and signing to the boat's crew to shove in and receive him, he stepped aboard, and a single stroke sent it far into the channel. “Any signs of a breeze,” said Kyd, to the one who sat next to him.

“There is a nor'wester beating to quarters aloft,” answered the seaman, “and by the next watch, if we put to sea, we shall have the spray under our bows flying like a cataract.”

“Silence, we are passing the brig of war.”

Like a mountain in a valley lay the sleeping lion, at the distance of two oars' length from the boat. Several lanterns gleamed at various points about her rigging, but not the least sign of activity was visible.

“A dozen good swords to back me, and I'd carry that brig's deck in spite of her teeth,” exclaimed Kyd. “Ha! to your oars, men—pull, and send us clear of her.”

“Boat, ahoy!” hailed a voice from the brig.

“Bend on, hearties,” exclaimed Kyd. As no answer being returned, the summons was again repeated. “Sweep us aboard the Vengeance in the least possible time. I'm in no mood to answer the cry of every bully that chooses to hail us. Dash away, we are almost aboard.”

A dozen strokes more, and the boat shot in under the counter of the Vengeance, and in another moment, was hanging at its accustomed berth.

All was bustle and activity aboard the cutter as soon as its commander touched the deck. The courses were set, the topsails and lighter sails loosed, the massy anchor came slowly up from its ocean bed, and the graceful bark feeling the influence of the land breeze, careered, for a moment, upon her side, and then upright, like a being of the sea, slowly cut her path through the dancing waters that were washing her form. A bright flash shot over the surface of the harbor, the roar of a gun boomed heavily, and then a whizzing shot from the brig of war came skipping through the rigging of the Vengeance, cutting the fore topsail halliard in twain.

“For'ard, there,” shouted the commander. “Spring aloft a dozen of you, and secure the fore tops'l. Lively, lively, and then we'll have revenge. Load every gun along the leeward bulwarks, and light your matches. All ready, there?”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“Then down with the helm, and lay us along-side.”

Obedient to the command, the cutter, was instantly brought in close contact with the brig.

“Fore and aft,” shouted the trumpet-toned voice of Kyd. “Stand to your guns. Depress the pieces, and sweep the deck. Gun for gun, and shot for shot. Fire!”

A dozen flashes lit up the narrow space between the two brigs—a dozen of the cutter's pieces bellowed forth their contents upon her antagonist's deck, and long ere the vast clouds of smoke had rolled to leeward, the Vengeance was heading rapidly toward the narrows.

All are familiar with the subsequent actions of the renowned rover. It is well known how deeply he imbued his hands in bloodshed and rapine, ere justice overtook him in his short but criminal career. Years upon years have rolled away, but still he is not forgotten. Legends and tales, fearful and marvellous, connected with his memory, have been multiplied in every variety of form, and spread to the utmost corners of the earth. Well, too well, did he redeem his pledge to the Earl of Bellamont, for his name was, indeed, bruited from one end of the known world to the other, but associated with deeds of such frightful hues, that the bare relation would well nigh chill a stoic's blood with horror. BORASMUS.

Original.

TO LITTLE MAY VINCENT.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

My wee-bit, bonny, blue-eyed May!
Well fits the name we gave in play;
For Spring, with all her tears and smiles,
Her frolic frowns and wooing wiles,
Is just like thee—so fresh, so bright,
With breath of balm and eyes of light.
My treasure, May! my nestling dove!
My wild-flower, nursed by Hope and Love!
My sunlit gem! my morning star!
Oh! there is nothing near or far,
Of soft or beautiful or free,
That does not mind my heart of thee.
Yet, all combined, star, blossom, bird,
Bringing to it no such joy divine
As the first charily-uttered word,
That falters from those lips of thine.

Twelve times the maiden queen of night
Has donned her veil of silver light,
And walked the silent, heavenly plain,
Majestic 'mid her radiant train,
Since May first oped her playful eyes;
And yet she is not over-wise;
For even now she shouts with joy,
When on the floor the sunshine plays,
And deems the spot a golden toy,
And creeps to lift its mocking rays.

Ah, May! be still a child in this,
Through life, amid its gloom and bliss,
Though clouds of care be all about,
Those eyes will find the sunshine out,
Then pass the shade with Hope's delight,
And only play where Joy is bright.

Original.

JOE LOWELL.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

I HAVE always been taught, and firmly to believe, that "money is the root of all evil;" I say *money*, without the qualification of the *love* of it; for the having of the one always implies the other. I thus believe; but I never saw the truth of the thing so thoroughly illustrated as lately, in the case of poor Joseph Lowell, or more familiarly, Joe Lowell. And here let me pause a moment over my story, by way of moral, just to remark how much better and more considerate Fortune is, than we, ourselves, are apt to be, in these matters. Those to whom money is denied, are apt to fret, and fume, and regard themselves as extremely ill-used, when, in fact, she has treated them with the greatest possible kindness, just as the good parent withholds the sugar-plum, that might produce worms, nausea, and all sorts of derangement. For myself, I feel a pride in regarding myself as a particular favorite in this respect, and am full of compassion for my poor neighbors, who are so vulgarly blest with the goods of this world, thereby losing much of the dignity of virtue, its superiority to circumstance, and its philosophic spirit of endurance.

But to my story. Joe had, formerly, been a footman in a rich family in New-York; with high wages, and little to do, except to open the carriage door for the ladies, and ring the bells at the princely dwellings of those upon whom they chose to call, and then ride up and down Broadway, swaying back and forth with the motion of the carriage, and smiling and bowing to the pretty chambermaids that put their heads out of the windows to attract his observation; all the time holding lightly by the back of the carriage, and standing very straight, thus to exhibit his handsome form to the best advantage, with his laced hat and coat, and shapely leg, and smart-looking shoes. At home, his labors were more onerous, consisting of heavy charges upon the larder, and plunging to the bottom of glasses and wine-bottles, for his master was a "whole-souled man," and scorned the meanness of looking after these things, especially as he could always dismiss a servant, when his visage was becoming too rubicund to be a credit to his establishment.

Joe, in the course of events, was, of course, presented with his walking ticket; but not until he had united his destiny with that of Jane Gould, a pretty eastern girl, who had been nurse in the family.

Jane was well aware of the faults of Joe; but when does a woman calculate in matters of the heart? She loved him, and believed that love would work wonders in the way of reformation. And so it did for a while. Joe overcame his disinclination to labor, so far as to purchase a horse and cart, intending to live by carrying goods from one part of the city to the other. Jane, who was modest and active, had saved her wages, so that now she could hire three rooms on the second floor of a house, pay the quarter's rent in advance, and furnish it

neatly, and even tastefully, for she had an air of natural gentility about her, and had learned the best of every thing in the families in which she had lived; leaving what was doubtful or evil—just as the wild bee extracts honey from herbs in themselves deadly in their poison—a simile, which I trust my readers are prepared to appreciate, as well for its beauty as originality.

After the lapse of a year or two, Joe's old habits returned, and his cart was oftener seen standing at the door of a porter-house, than backed up to a warehouse; then he began to complain of the dullness of the times, and that he should have to change his business. Jane gently remonstrated, urged him to persevere, softly, with a trembling voice, and tears in her eyes, hinted at the probable cause; held her baby to his lips, and implored him to be all that a father should be to the poor innocent. Joe grew sulky, swore, and pushed her one side; and the next day, sold his horse and cart at half price, just, as he said, to show he wouldn't be dictated to. Poor Jane saw the proceeds go, day after day, in foolish expenditure, while her husband spent his time in idleness and drinking, and returned, at night, a sot and a brute, to tyrannize over herself and child.

Love is not the result of excellencies in the object, made up of admiration of the good and noble of those we love; if so, it were an ephemeral growth, dying with the sunlight; but it is an instinct, springing from the depths of a woman's heart, and clinging to its object long after all that should foster its growth has gone to decay; it lives there, it may be, in the memory of former happiness, and the agony of sorrow but drives the roots of its affection deeper into the heart. Thus it was with Jane; diligently did she labor, and husband her little store, for she saw the black cloud gathering, that must wreck her all of life and hope. Joe had ceased to provide for the necessities of his family, and now all devolved upon herself; and when he returned at night, there was always the tea at the fire, and some delicacy reserved for himself, and the patient smile of his wife to make the best of every thing.

It was the first day of May, when all the New York world is expected to move. Jane had engaged this year rooms in a basement, for she was too feeble to climb to the attic and could not afford the rent of the medium floors. She was busy packing their little furniture, and Joe stood at the corner with both his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, and his back against the lamp post, watching the tumult in the street, the passing and repassing of loads, the smashing of glass and china, the dislocation of chairs and the wreck of tables. A smart gig drove along, and the gentleman reined up where Joe was standing. It was his old master; and a sudden consciousness of his "loafer"-like, (we must use the word, it is so expressive for the meridian of our story,) appearance made Joe feel so sheepish, that he was on the point of dodging the corner; but the gentleman without comment, asked him if he was out of employ and would like a job. Joe assented.

"Well," said the other, "we are about moving into our new house and if you'll take hold, I'll pay you five

dollars for your day's work. You may go round soon as you choose."

Joe sauntered home and told Jane. Now she had so abandoned all hope of any help from Joe, that the bare mention of his earning five dollars was too much for her, and she burst into tears. He was sober that morning, for he had no money of his own, and he had still retained so much of manliness as to make him ashamed to take the earnings of his wife to indulge his own vile appetites; so when Jane wept he understood the cause, and made a lazy resolution to do better in future. He went to earn his five dollars, and Jane, with the help of a girl whom she had befriended in teaching her to sew, and do other nice work, by which she could earn a good living, commenced moving herself, only hiring one load removed, carrying the rest in their arms, and in baskets.

I met her once on her way—the sun was very powerful, and a rapid shower had just passed over, leaving the air motionless, the warm exhalations going up from the gutters with an almost suffocating heat, and loaded with impurity, and everybody looked old, care-worn, and dispirited, and there was poor Jane, and her young friend bending under their burdens, each with a load in one hand, and carrying a huge basket between them; and the little girl, terrified at the sights and sounds, clinging to the gown of her mother, now on one side, and now on the other, which ever way passengers came, impeding her steps, and increasing her fatigue and perplexity; added to this Jane's motion, reminded one of the "pretty swaying" walk of the mother of Cerdita, but the crowd went by unnoticed, for who would think of sentiment, or Shakespeare, in the case of a pale woman, bending under two burdens.

Just as I passed, the child had come right in front of her mother clinging hold with both hands, and begging to be taken up. Jane sat down her load, and I heard her say in a low voice, as she wiped the face of her child, "Oh, God, I shall die!" I was sorry to hear even that, and yet it seemed wrung out by illness and fatigue.

That night before eight o'clock, her little room was looking neat and quiet, and she had expended her last cent in providing a bit of meat for Joe after his day of labor, unmindful of herself who had toiled the hardest of the two.

In the meanwhile Joe went through the work of the day with something of his former gaiety, and the sight of comfort and luxuries only to be secured by temperance and labor, helped on his good resolves. At night he received his cash and turned for home, thinking of Jane, of her delicate health and hard exertions; and then came up the image of her as he had once known her, and his heart smote him for his own cruelty. Then came plans as to what he should purchase with his money. He would procure any necessities for Jane's approaching illness—he would buy himself a pair of shoes, and a hat—he would buy a load of wood, Jane a bonnet, or the child some clothing. The more he planned, the more their necessities pressed upon him, and the thought that where he had but five, they needed a hundred.—His mind had just reached this conclusion, when he stood by the porter-house where he had been supporting

the lamp post in the morning. Joe thought, "had I more I might do something, but five dollars is nothing," so he went in and called for a glass of, I don't know what; but it drowned his reason—he called for more, and grew boisterous and quarrelsome. The owner of the shop attempted to put him out—Joe resisted—broke the tumblers, and a regular fight commenced, in which he was knocked upon the pavement, bleeding and senseless. In this situation he was carried home. The night was waxing late, and Jane was prepared for the worst. She did not shriek or faint, but quietly employed the means for his recovery. But his skull was fractured and he died the next day.

Thus is my point established. I say nothing about porter-houses, temperance, or idleness, for I am not preaching a homily; but had not Joe obtained the *money* the root of all evil, he could not have gone to the porter-house, he would not have broken the tumblers and made a row, and of course his own head would not have been broken; and, he might have been to this day holding up the lamp post, and living upon his wife's labor.

Original.

THE DEAD BOY!

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker."—*Ædon.*

WHY will ye weep! Your lovely babe has found
A brighter realm, with richer beauties crowned;
On scenes divine he feasts his ravished sight,
And bathes his spirit in celestial light.

'Neath purer skies, than arch this 'vale of woe,'
He gaily roves, where fruits ambrosial grow;
And green parterres, of rich, perennial hue,
Sparkle with drops of fresh and pearly dew.

There crystal streams, with waters cool and bright,
Regale the taste with exquisite delight;
There balmy zephyrs fan the blissful shore,
And storms, that wreck this wintry world, are o'er.

Why will ye weep! When in that cherub band,
Whose soft, sweet strains, enchant th' Elysian land;
Your beauteous boy, from "care's wild deluge" free,
Swells his clear notes of holy ecstasy.

Life's varied ills in Heaven, are *all* unknown,
Its emerald gates admit no earthly groan;
But joys abound, which mortals may not share,
Then cease to weep! Your darling son is there.

A few brief moments over, and the tomb
Will shroud *you* in its deep and voiceless gloom;
May its dark portals ope' to that bright shore,
Where parted friends will meet to *part no more!*

WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

Chillicothe, Ohio, 1840.

Original.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I have seen a magnificent painting of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, in which a mother is urging a prayer at the feet of our Saviour, for her sinful daughter. The poor girl is shrinking back as with a sense of her utter unworthiness; one hand covers her face, while the other is forcibly held up by the noble parent, whose face is full of living poetry.

SHE lonely stood beside a marble fount,
Her white arms meekly folded on her breast,
And her whole person drooping like a flower
The frost had breathed upon.

The morning yet was young—

The broken light fell softly through the trees,
Like a last blessing to her troubled brow,
And shed its beauty round her where she stood,
As some bright statue burthened with a soul.
The sorrowing curve of that small trembling mouth,
And the deep gloom of her large, liquid eye—
The long dark lashes heavy with her grief—
The black, unbraided hair, and falling tears
That stirred, at intervals, the placid fount—
All—all bespoke the struggle of a heart,
Sick to the core of its own wickedness.

Well might she weep while shaded by the trees,
Where once, in childhood's innocence, she pulled
With her small dimpled hand the luscious fig,
The red-cheeked pomegranate, and the grape,
Where its bright clusters bent the summer vines.
The fruit was ripe, and all the scented flowers
Breathed out sweet welcome as in former years;
The waters rippled in their marble fount,
With the same hushing murmur which had won
The ringing shout of her sweet infancy;
Cool shadows lay upon the grassy bank,
And there, uprising in the distant plain,
A thousand slender spires and sheeted domes
Shot proudly up against the golden sky,
And glittering vanes flashed to the regal sun,
In mimic gorgeousness.

Jerusalem!

There stood the holy city. The low hum
Of all its stirring multitude was borne
Up to the ear of that lone penitent,
Like the far moaning of a distant sea.
Around her, and abroad, all was the same—
All—all, except herself. She was changed!
With the deep stain of sin upon her brow,
Could she do aught but weep, when all things smiled?
How could she feel the white rose on her breast,
And wonder not a thing so white and pure,
Could rest unsullied on that guilty spot?

Sadly she turned from gazing on the fount
Where fell a shadow of the raven curls
Her mother once had parted from her brow,
Before it knew aught but a mother's kiss.
Hark! 'tis a loud hosanna rends the air!

And now the hum of voices, and the tramp
Of a dense multitude is passing by.
There's yet a hope. Jesus, the Lord, is near.
Rushed the red blood up to the maiden's cheek;
Her eyes grew brilliant, and her dewy lips
Were parted like a rose-bud to the sun:
Most eagerly she bent to catch the sound—
Her hair flung backward from her listening ear,
And one small foot just lifted from the grass,
Like a young antelope prepared for flight.
The flood of hope that started thus to life
The dormant energies within her soul,
Stayed but a moment in her trembling frame,
For thoughts of her transgressions followed close,
And fell like death upon her stricken heart.
The springing foot which scarce had touched the earth
In her heart's eagerness, now heavily
Crushed down the tender flowers. The sunny rose
Lay coldly on her breast, as motionless
As if her heart had frozen it to stone.
The crimson tide went slowly from her cheek,
And there, like humid shadows darkly lay
The silken beauty of her drooping lash.
Again she hears that joyful shout of praise,
And with it come, like music from its source,
The eager shouting of her mother's voice.
"Up with thee, child! the Saviour is abroad!"
One look—one stifled cry—and forward sprang
The startled maiden to her mother's arms.
"And is there hope, dear mother?" murmured she,
As the quick throbbings of the parent heart
Stirred the dark tresses floating on her breast.
"Hope—ay! glorious hope! God grant thee faith!
On, on, my child—the Lord is drawing nigh!"
Fond mothers who have seen the child of love
While yet the pure, chaste object of your care,
Withered and sullied by the touch of sin,
Can tell how felt the mother of the maid.
Long had she mourned her as a blighted flower—
Had mourned her, but forgiven! Well she knew
Disgrace and shame was on her erring child,
But yet she was a mother, and forgave.

And now the maiden and her mother stands
Beside our blessed Lord. One look she caught,
And then all withered by that flood of light,
Her hand lay pressed upon her burning eyes,
Could she, so vile, so scorned and trampled on,
Look up to HIM! Back, like a wounded bird,
Trembling she shrunk, and would have left the crowd
To hide her shame in tears—but in her grasp
The mother still secures that trembling hand,
And boldly struggles to the Saviour's face.
Was doubt for her? Should she look faintly forth,
A mother pleading for her youngest born?
He would not pass her by—when he had given
Life to the dead, health to the lame and sick,
And with a word, had made the leaper clean—
Would he not cleanse, from sin, her daughter's soul?
And now, with swelling heart, and nerves drawn tight,
Almost to sundering—that upturned brow,
Contracted by her agony, and pale

With the fierce struggle of her spirit's strength,
The daughter's hand within her own held up,
She shrieked in tones of thrilling agony,
"Forgive, oh, God, my wretched child, forgive!"
Was she forgiven? Could that thrill be peace
That rushed so wildly through the maiden's frame?
It was—it was! her heart beat light and free;
Bright tears—warm, blissful tears sprung to her eyes,
And bathed, in liquid joy, her snowy hand.

Original.

A SKETCH.

Long, long, did moisten'd eyes, and pale cheeks tell
Of one who bade his early home farewell—
A home of tranquil happiness,—till he
From its rich blessings turned ungratefully,
Left those who fondly, truly loved him. Where
Could he find friends like those deserted there?

He sought not *friends*, but *gold*,—and went to brave
The dangers of the sea,—“a foreign grave,”
With all the untried perils that surround
The adventurer for wealth. And what was found?

He found a burning sun, and eyes that cast
Cold, or suspicious glances as he passed;
He was with strangers, and among the crowd
Of careless, happy, wealthy, humble, proud,
Were none to heed on his thin cheek the glow
Of burning fever; none who seemed to know,
When, from their view he passed, it was to press
The couch of sickness, and of loneliness.

Of loneliness! who that has known how much
In sorrow and in pain, the simple touch
Of a familiar, gentle hand has soothed,
How soft the pillow by a loved one smoothed
Can doubt the *solitary* feeling, where
The sufferer finds but mercenary care?
He turned with humbled spirit to the view
Of his far distant home—he never knew
Its value until then, when all was lost,
And all his dearest hopes and wishes crost;
One wish, was wealth—exhaustless wealth to gain,
One hope—a hand long plighted his to obtain.
Yes, there was one would hold his burning head,
And move with noiseless step around his bed,
Bathe his parched lips, his every want supply,
But then he thought in bitter agony,
Her prayers were breathed, her tears would flow in vain,
That they had parted ne'er to meet again.

And yet he vow'd if Heaven awhile would save
His tortured bosom from the threaten'd grave,
To seek, again, his native land, his home,
From friendship, peace and love no more to roam.

* * * * *

The scene is changed; the fear of death past o'er!
And is he still resolved to roam no more?
No! health restored, far other views has brought—
Return?—no wealth obtained?—he spurns the thought!
He yet will strive with Fate, and find at last
In affluence, rich reward for perils past.

Not vainly does he strive—but years, long years
Pass by—he wanders far—no more he hears
Of his too long neglected home and friends:
Towards them, at length, his weary way he bends,
And feels them, every hour, become more dear,
Now that the happy meeting is so near.
Scenes, long unthought of, Memory brings to view,
Hope paints still brighter; are her pictures true?
Finds he that absence has no heart estranged?
Do all he valued most remain unchanged?

And, she, that one more dear than all beside,
Who, ere he left her might have been his bride,
Could she, unchanged through such an absence, hear
All Fancy's pictures added to despair?

Heart-rending, torturing Fancy! though thy power
Can gild, with rays too bright, a happy hour,
There is no scene of human misery,
But may be made more wretched still by thee.

Felt she not this, when every vision bright
That once had cheered her, faded from her sight?
Could aught a bosom so deserted save?
Will he not find the sod above her grave?

He *might* have found the sod above her grave,
If tender, pure and firm the heart she gave;
But no! she listened to the cold stern voice,
That spoke of fatal error in her choice,
Shrunk from the secret sneer, the censure loud,
Of the unfeeling, calculating crowd
And lives!—but not for him,—he hears that now
She's sever'd from him by a changeless vow,
Sharing the home of one who never roved,
But knew her change of feeling, and approved.

She has a smile for him,—but not the smile
That once his every sorrow could beguile,
That shed, (by memory cherished,) a bright ray
Upon his lonely path when far away;
No,—there is coldness in it,—and there seems
Contempt. Is this the end of all his dreams?
It is;—he felt it, though but once he met
That look it spoke what he can ne'er forget.

There are kind hearts around him;—though the grave
Has closed o'er many, there are some who gave
Their friendship in his earlier, happier days,
And greet him kindly,—but afar he strays;
Kind hearts are nought to him;—his own is changed,
From confidence and sympathy estranged,
His feelings cold and bitter;—yet he's been
A busy actor in each changing scene,
And habit leads him now to wander where
The world is round him with its toil and care;
His ruling passion too,—need it be told?—
It is, it *was* the love of “yellow gold!”
In youth's bright morning to himself unknown
Its force,—but now he bows to that alone.
Then, shall we trace his onward pathway?—No!
Too irksome such a task.

Enough to know
When rules that sordid passion in the heart,
Its finer, purer feelings all depart,
To every tender, generous impulse cold,—
Enough to know he only worships gold.

SUSAN WILSON,

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—This house commenced its new season, with an augmented company, on the evening of the 12th of August. Amongst the additional members are Mrs. Maeder, late Clara Fisher, her sister Amelia, Jones, the vocalist, Walton, etc. etc. Some changes for the better have also been made in the Orchestra, and the chorus has been amended and enlarged.

The house opened with *Elseler* as the magnet, and powerfully attractive she has proved to be, in despite of the indications of the thermometer, that the weather was rather warmer than necessary either to dance or to see dancing with comfort, in a crowded theatre. The receipts from her performance each night, we understand from an authentic source, averaged thirteen hundred dollars. A single night has produced above sixteen hundred, and all this with the city literally deserted by the rich and fashionable. Old as is our recollection of theatrical events, we never remember an excitement so extraordinary as this lady has created. Her next engagement is at Boston, and we shall see whether this epidemic extends with equal violence to the Metropolis of the land of steady habits.

Mr. Buckstone, one of Placide's newly engaged stars, has made his first bow to an American audience, and has been playing a series of characters from his own amusing productions with unqualified success. This gentleman has been long an established favorite on the London stage, and in his own peculiarly eccentric line, is without a rival. His comic acting is made powerfully effective by the entire absence of all buffoonery, and by its quietness and close adherence to nature. As a dramatist no writer for the English stage, has contributed more to the amusement of the public than Mr. Buckstone. His object has been to "shoot folly as it flies," and a most successful sportsman has he proved himself. Whether his productions have reformed the age, we know not, but they have undoubtedly contributed to enliven it. We understand that the sojourn of Mr. Buckstone will be but short on this side the Atlantic, as he returns to England in the course of the Autumn. Be his stay long or short he will have no reason to complain of a want of cordiality in the welcome given to him.

BOWERY.—Mr. Thomas S. Hamblin is indisputably a man of nerve. Prosperity may elate but adversity never depresses him, at least, so it appears to every one who has noted the course of events at his theatre. That which would have driven the generality of managers to rope or rata-bane, seems only to excite him to more vigorous action. If one cause of attraction fails he immediately reverts to another with the hope, that fortune, wearied of persecuting him, may be induced by his changes, to change also. Thus when Melo-drama, the main prop of his establishment waned in its attraction, he courted prosperity through the medium of the classics, and legitimate drama became the order of the day. Shakspeare, Row, Home and Lillo, were pressed into the service and used to the most advantage. These powerful auxiliaries failing, he projected and accomplished, regardless of cost, a novel species of amusement, a kind of terraqueous drama, consisting of performances on the stage and on real water. This experiment, from causes we have already noticed, proving also unsuccessful, he next resorts to, what do you think, reader? to dramas of the Equestrian order, and actually intends removing the pit of his theatre, converting it into a ring, and has engaged the best company of riders and tumblers in the United States, for the next season, intending to diversify the amusements each evening, in the style of Astley's in London. Now if all this be not considered the very essence of enterprise, then have we no sort of judgment in such matters.

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE.—This splendid establishment, for such it undoubtedly will be, is fast approaching the period of its completion, and by the time our next number is issued, it will have been thrown open to the public. The worthy manager, Mr. Wilson, is indefatigable in perfecting his arrangements for the approaching season. Prompted by the success of Opera at the former National Theatre, he has wisely resolved to make

the Lyric drama, the grand feature of his new establishment. His first step in securing that object, has been the engagement of Mr. Charles Horn, as Musical director; a gentleman whose profound attainments in the harmonic science are well known and duly appreciated on both sides the Atlantic. Under his supervision, Opera will be produced in a style which we feel assured cannot be surpassed. The selection of the Chorus and Orchestra, is exclusively confided to his judgment, and the engagements already made by him in those departments, give strong indications of their future excellence.

The principal vocalists engaged, are, we understand, Mr. Manvers, first Tenor, Messieurs Seguin and Giubilei, Basses, Mrs. Seguin and Mrs. Horn, Sopranos, and Miss Poole, contralto, making altogether, a most powerful and efficient corps, and if the subordinates are as well, in their department, it will be impossible to form a more perfect Operatic troupe. The first Opera to be represented is one from the pen of the accomplished Musical director, and is to be produced with all the aid that splendid scenery and magnificent stage decorations can give to it.

Of the prominent engagements of performers in the other departments of the drama, we have been unable to obtain information. No doubt, all the available talent which can be had, will be secured by Mr. Wilson. He will have a difficult game to play, and a formidable opposition to contend against, but we feel assured from the tact he has already manifested, that no opportunity will be permitted by him to pass unused, for the furtherance of the grand object to which all his energies are directed.

CHATHAM.—This establishment has since our last number, been doing a fair, though not a very profitable, business. The manager is industrious and enterprising, and furnishes such novelties as may suit the taste of his audience. The reduction of his prices of admission has increased the number of the visitors without adding much to its respectability.

LITERARY REVIEW.

GODOLPHIN: Harper & Brothers.—This is a revised edition of one of the earliest productions of Edward Lytton Bulwer. We perceive from the preface that it has been materially altered in many respects, and the author thinks, for the better. Certainly no one should know as well as himself, whether his compositions are susceptible of improvement. The work is interesting and will fill up the gap created by the unusual dearth of publications at the present season.

THE FATALIST: Lea & Blanchard.—The main incidents of this work, are of a character, calculated to enlist the attention of every novel reader. Although the style, at times, is exceptional—still there are many redeeming points about it.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

WOMAN'S LOVE AND THE WORLD'S FAVOR: Lea & Blanchard.—From a cursory glance we should pronounce these volumes decidedly readable. The interest is well kept up throughout, and the work is superior, in a literary point of view, to many of the reprints of the day.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

RAMBLE IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE: Lea & Blanchard.—This is the last production of the late H. D. Inglis, the well known author of "Spain," "New Gil Blas," etc. The work embraces much valuable information, combining as it does, in a most delightful way, imagination and wit, with the usefulness of a topographical tour. It is so pleasantly conceived and executed with so much force, vivacity and spirit, as to make us feel that we, like the author, are following the footsteps of the immortal "Knight and his deathless Squire." The descriptions of scenes, which are sketched in the happiest manner, are interspersed with dialogues, which for graceful humor, and invention and just and elegant criticism, have rarely been surpassed. Of all the remarks that have fallen under our observation on the character of Don Quixote, those of Mr. Inglis strike us as being the most discriminating.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

BRIGHT MORN OF LIFE.

A BALLAD.

SUNG IN THE OPERA OF "THE LASS O' GOWRIE"—MUSIC BY LEIGH SMITH.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

Bright morn of life, when all is sun, No sha-ding cares ap-pear; - -

When health and peace, unwoo'd, are won, And hope dis-pels each fear,— The ge-nial

8

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, key of D major). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

light of new-found bliss, - - Love's op'ning buds dis - clo - ses; What hap-pi-

ness can e - qual this? We tread, we tread on ro - - - - ses! What hap - pi-

ness - - - can e - qual this? We tread, we tread on ro - - - - - ses.

SECOND VERSE.

Life's mid-day course is now begun,
 The scene may still be bright,
 But clouds, at points, obscure the sun,
 Where all before was light;
 Our day made up of beam and shade,
 This fatal truth discloses,
 Tho' flow'rs are in life's pathway laid,
 Thorns lurk amid the roses.

THIRD VERSE.

Life's evening shadows length'ning pass,
 Scenes fade that erst were bright!
 And nothing looks as once it was,
 In that pale sunless light;
 And fleeting beams, and dark'ning shades,
 The page of life discloses,
 And flowerless appear those glades,
 That once were strew'd with roses.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE LAKES.—Fatigued with the duties of our calling and anxious to escape from the bustle of the city, we, in the course of the past month, have penetrated into the solitude of nature, have gazed upon her mountain fastnesses, her sunny lakes and rolling rivers. We have seen the mightiness of a youthful empire glowing in beauty beneath the impress of a benignant maker's hand, and in gratitude of heart and ecstasy of admiration, in the words of the poet, have exclaimed "*Who would not fight for such a land!*" And first, thou green flowing Hudson, with thy crag-crested banks, thy towering forests and thy waving meads, thou hast ever been as the day beam to our eyes—and with love and devotion did we gaze upon thee, as buoyantly we swept over thy waters, to the goal of our enthusiasm, the magnet of many years desire. *To thee!* mighty and awful Niagara, whose trump of thunder has sounded since the word of the Almighty for creation went forth. Who can or dare attempt to describe thee!—it seems as a mockery of the Almighty's works. Never shall we forget that moment when thy sheet of foam first broke upon our view, and thy voice of thunder burst upon our ear; then did we truly feel the insignificance of our being and the stern conviction of an Eternal power. It was a scene of placid beauty. The full moon was riding in a sky of cloudless sapphire, gemmed with the innumerable diamonds of the night. The high banks that frown upon the abyss into which the world of waters is eternally leaping and rearing, were clothed in their mantles of summer foliage, a bow of lunar glory was spanning the eternal hell of horrors, and bank and bush, floweret and forest, were glittering in the silver radiance of the mellow hour. In the broad glare of day, when all earth is revelling in light and loveliness, we too have gazed upon thy giant foam—have dared to pass behind thy veil of anger and looked upon thy dark green wave in its ever leaping wildness—but it is not then that the soul is impressed with thy grandeur, thou mighty monarch. In the lone hour of midnight when the earth is glowing in the holy light of the glorious moon and the leaden pall of silence is spread athwart creation, then, and then only, can thy warring form be seen and the thunder of thy ocean voice be truly heard. Then can we look upon thee and exclaim—

Ages on ages have rolled away,
Since thou leap'd'st into life on earth's first day;
With thy dark green mail and thy crest of foam,
Roaring to seek an ocean home.

Monarchs and thrones and life and power,
Have pass'd as the bloom of a morning flower;
But thou, unshackled hast held thy path,
Ever and on in thy march of wrath.

And thus for ever thy wave shall flow,
In the midnight's gloom and the moonlight's glow,
'Till thy might and thy beauty have pass'd away
With the wreck of earth on the final day.

Turn we now to where, like a warrior on the eve of battle, worn and exhausted, thou art faintly rolling on thy path to mingle with the waters of the broad and ocean-like Ontario, that, slumbering in the smile of a gorgeous sunshine, lies like the plains of eternal peace. There is a magnificence in this lake of waters, whether in the hour of tempest or that of quiet, which for sublimity of space and occasional picturesque beauty, is all that imagination can expect or language express. Linked with the mighty St. Lawrence, whose waves move on in ceaseless march, we next come to the memorable Champlain, rich with the deeds of victory, the triumph of American prowess. Like Ontario, it partakes of the sublime though not to so great an extent, while some parts of it are all that the most fastidious can require. That which delighted us the most is, what is sometimes termed the Lake of Ticonderoga. There, standing on the mass of ruins—gray records of the bloody past—

the lake lies slumbering at your feet; on its right rises a range of hills whose sides, clothed in the robes of forest freshness, stretch to its very verge—while here and there on the face of the landscape, you perceive some little cottage with its spot of culture, like a stray sunbeam in the midst of gloom breaking the natural wildness of the scene. From here, the road to Lake George passes through a country famous for the many exploits between the opposed powers of England and France, and latterly, between those of America and England. At the distance of five miles you reach the Lake, unsurpassed in beauty, we are inclined to believe, by any in the world. On either side, a chain of mountains stretches from its foot to its head, wooded to their very peaks, with occasionally a barren precipice frowning in its rugged pride upon the sweet blue waters, on whose bosom some hundreds of fairy islands are seen—green spots, which the poet can gaze upon, and people in his imagination, with young beings, rich in innocence and love. Fair and lucid waters, never can we forget thee!—in the busy throng, in the silence of solitude—thou wilt ever beam a star of beauty in the horizon of our memory—a fountain in the arid desert of our life.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The proprietor of this delightful and fashionable resort, has had no reason, for the last month, to complain of a want of public patronage. Although the city is deserted by the *ton* there is enough taste left amongst the residue of its inhabitants, to encourage the pleasing entertainments which Niblo has provided for them. The Ravel family are as amusing and attractive as ever, and draw full houses whenever they perform. Whilst the *Vauderville* company with Browne, Chippendale, Lambert and Miss Melton in the prominent characters still maintains its place in public estimation.

By the way, in justice to Mr. Niblo, we promptly avail ourselves of this occasion to dissipate any injurious impression which our last notice of these Gardens, may have made on the minds of our readers. We are assured by those intrusted with the *surveillance* of the audience, that *as far as their vigilance could extend*, no female of improper character has ever been admitted. Although a difference of opinion may still exist, notwithstanding this assurance, as to the correctness and vigilance of the officers; but, we are persuaded that great care will be exercised, in future, to prevent the admission of suspicious characters.

FALL FASHIONS.—Promenade Dress.—Robe of fancy colored silk or satin, with two moderate sized flounces running from the waist to the bottom and parted at equal distances in front. Similar flounces, but not so broad, ascend from the waist over the shoulders. The sleeves full in the arms, but tight at the shoulders and wrists. An open bonnet of satin or silk trimmed on the outside similar to the robe and in the inside, a wreath or flowers to correspond; a white Ostrich feather, drooping to the left and fastened with a broad tie of silk or satin. Hair plain.

Evening Dress.—Head dress—hair parted in the front and falling full on either side of the face, with a bouquet of flowers on the left, a rich white lace veil flowing from the head over the shoulders; a robe of white silk or satin or sometimes of fancy color—three full flounces at the bottom and one on either side that, rising from the same, meet together at the waist—the waist tight and the body running up to the shoulders in folds. Sleeves full, with tight shoulders and wrists, and these surmounted with three narrow ruffles; a wreath or roll of white or colored satin studded with bows is entwined around the neck and extends to the waist.

Walking Dress.—The bonnet of black or green silk plainly trimmed, with a drooping feather, either black or white, falling to the right. The robe of rich colored silk or satin, with a single broad deep flounce. The body tight and brought close to the neck. Sleeves not quite full. A black silk mantilla trimmed with rich lace; hair plainly dressed with a small bouquet of flowers on the left side.



Drawn by A.E. Chalon.

Dick 20.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

Original. THE STAR OF LOVE

BEAUTY and soul in wreath divine,
Are twined around thy forehead's shrine,
While sweetest thoughts and sunny smiles,
Gleam out midst love's ambrosial wiles,
Like twin stars on the crest of night,
Thin eyes are flaring lustrous light,
And on the lips of crimson hue,
Thy breath dissoles in rosy dew,
Like as the night's tears on the rose,
Darken the gates of moon's repose,
Flower of young's fairest dream,
Thy sweetly shewn thine image beam,
As if some angel wing'd his wing,
Had wafted thy young beauty's slumbering,
From regions clad in glory's light,
To realms of Paradise all bright,
Too doubly strong thy claims should prove,
Young beauty too—The Star of Love!

What look'st thine eye on, maiden fair,
That joy and love are sparkling there?
Is't he to whom thy virgin vows
Were breathed beneath the moonlight boughs?
When came sweet sighs in those loved hours,
Like summer winds o'er beds of show'rs,
And honeyed tones in whispers fell,
Soft as the zephyr's balmy swell.

Yes! idol of the martial throng,
Thy lover moves in pride along;
Fix'd is his glance on thy sweet face,
Thy bosom's thoughts and truth to trace.
But, ah! bless'd e'er thy speaking eye,
Soon clears each doubt, dispels each sigh,
For Love sits there upon his throne,
Bound with Truth's bright and spotless zone—
While, on thy arm of beauty's mould,
White as the snow-robe's wreathy fold,
His gift—the bracelet flashes now!
Symbol of that eternal vow,
That soon thy youthful heart shall twine
In rosy links at Hymen's shrine,
Where blessings round thy form shall move,
And voices hark thee, Star of Love!

Oh! well may pleasure gild thy cheek,
Thou rose of love—young maiden meek!
For life, in love, has ever been,
One cloudberry joy—a golden sheen—
A garden, rich with balmy flowers,
Where bright hopes roved through sweetest bowers,
And brighter may thy future beam,
The loveliest type in Fancy's dream,
Thou gem of radiance—sun-ey'd dove,
Thou beautiful—The Star of Love!

R. H.

Original. THE SACRED MINSTREL

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE King of Israel sat in state,
Within his palace fair,
Where falling fountains, pure and cool
Astrag'd the summer air.
But shrouded was the son of Kish,
Mid all his regal grace,
The essence of a troubled soul,
Sweet mourning o'er his face.
In vain were pomp, or regal power,
Or courtier's flattering tone,
For pride and hatred hardly sat
Upon his bosom's throne.

He call'd upon his minstrel-boy,
With hair as bright as gold,
Who moor'd within a deep recess,
Where droop'd the curtain's fold.
Upon his minstrel-boy he call'd,
And forth the stepling came,
With beauty on his ruddy brow,
Like morn's enkindling flame.

"Give music," said the moody king,
Nor rais'd his gloomy eye—
"Thou son of Jesse, bring the harp,
And wake its melody."

He thought upon his father's flock,
Which long in pastures green
He fed, where flow'd with silver sound
The rivulets between.

He thought of Bethlehem's standstill shade,
Beneath whose liquid rays
He gaz'd upon the glorious arch,
And sang its Maker's praise.

Then boldly o'er the sacred harp
He pour'd in thrilling strain,
The promptings of a joyous heart,
That knew not care nor pain.

The monarch leaning on his hand,
Drank long the wondrous lay,
And clouds were lifted from his brow,
As when the sunbeams play.

The purple o'er his burning cheek,
That throbb'd so wild, grew still,
And Saul's clear eye gleam'd out, as when
He did Jehovah's will.

Oh, ye who feel the poison-fumes
Of earth's fermenting care
Stall o'er the sky to hope and cheer
What Heaven created fair,
Ask music from a guileless heart,
High tones, with sweetness fraught,
And by that amulet divine,
Subdue the sinful thought.



Engraved for the Ladies Companion.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1840.

Original.

THE STAR OF LOVE

BEAUTY and soul in wreath divine,
Are twined around thy forehead's shrine,
While sweetest thoughts and sunny smiles,
Gleam out 'midst love's ambrosial wiles,
Like twin stars on the crest of night,
Thin eyes are flashing lustrous light,
And on thy lips of crimson hue,
Thy breath dissolves in balmy dew,
Just as the night's tears on the rose,
Melt when the gates of morn unclose.
Houri of Fancy's fairest dream,
So sweetly does thine image beam,
As if some angel with his wing,
Had waked thy young heart's slumbering,
From visions clothed in glory's light,
In realms of Paradise all bright,
That doubly strong thy claims should prove,
Young beauty to—The Star of Love!
What look'st thine eye on, maiden fair,
That joy and love are sparkling there?
Is't he to whom thy virgin vows
Were breathed beneath the moonlight boughs?
When came sweet sighs in those loved hours,
Like summer winds o'er beds of flow'rs,
And honied tones in whispers fell,
Soft as the zephyr's balmy swell.
Yes! idol of the martial throng,
Thy lover moves in pride along;
Fix'd is his glance on thy sweet face,
Thy bosom's thoughts and truth to trace.
But, ah! bless'd sight thy speaking eye,
Soon clears each doubt, dispels each sigh,
For Love sits there upon his throne,
Bound with Truth's bright and spotless zone—
While, on thy arm of beauty's mould,
White as the snow-robe's wreathy fold,
His gift—the bracelet flashes now!
Symbol of that eternal vow,
That soon thy youthful heart shall twine
In rosy links at Hymen's shrine,
Where blessings round thy form shall move,
And voices hail thee, Star of Love!
Oh! well may pleasure gild thy cheek,
Thou rose of love—young maiden meek!
For life, to thee, has ever been,
One cloudless sky—a golden sheen—
A garden, rich with fadeless flowers,
Where bright hopes roved through sweetest bowers,
And brighter may thy future beam,
The loveliest type in Fancy's dream,
Thou gem of radiance—sun-ey'd dove,
Thou beautiful—The Star of Love!

R. H.

Original.

THE SACRED MINSTREL.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE King of Israel sat in state,
Within his palace fair,
Where falling fountains, pure and cool
Assuag'd the summer air.
But shrouded was the son of Kish,
'Mid all his regal grace,
The essence of a troubled soul,
Swept foaming o'er his face.
In vain were pomp, or regal power,
Or courtier's flattering tone,
For pride and hatred basely sat
Upon his bosom's throne.
He call'd upon his minstrel-boy,
With hair as bright as gold,
Who mus'd within a deep recess,
Where droop'd the curtain's fold.
Upon his minstrel-boy he call'd,
And forth the stripling came,
With beauty on his ruddy brow,
Like morn's enkindling flame.
"Give music," said the moody king,
Nor rais'd his gloomy eye—
"Thou son of Jesse, bring the harp,
And wake its melody."
He thought upon his father's flock,
Which long in pastures green
He fed, where flow'd with silver sound
The rivulets between.
He thought of Bethlehem's star-lit skies,
Beneath whose liquid rays
He gaz'd upon the glorious arch,
And sang its Maker's praise.
Then boldly o'er the sacred harp,
He pour'd in thrilling strain,
The promptings of a joyous heart,
That knew nor care nor pain.
The monarch leaning on his hand,
Drank long the wondrous lay,
And clouds were lifted from his brow,
As when the sunbeams play.
The purple o'er his heaving breast,
That throbb'd so wild, grew still,
And Saul's clear eye gleam'd out, as when
He did Jehovah's will.
Oh, ye who feel the poison-fumes
Of earth's fermenting care
Steal o'er the sky of hope, and dim
What Heaven created fair,
Ask music from a guileless heart,
High tones, with sweetness fraught,
And by that amulet divine,
Subdue the sinful thought.

Original.

THE OLD DEACON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"She loved not wisely, but too well."

It was a balmy pleasant Sabbath morning; so green and tranquil was our valley home, that the very air seemed more holy than on other days. The dew was floating in a veil of soft mist from the meadows on School Hill, where the sunshine came warmly, while the wild-flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still heavy with the night rain. The trees which feathered the hill sides, were vividly green, and Castle Rock towered—a magnificent picture—its base washed by the water, and darkened by unbroken shadow, while a soft fleecy cloud, woven and impregnated with silvery light, floated among its topmost cliffs. The two villages lay upon their opposite hills, with the deep river gliding between, like miniature cities, deserted by the feet of men; not a sound arose to disturb the sweet music of nature, for it was the hour of morning prayer, and there was scarcely a hearthstone which, at that time, was not made a domestic altar. At last a deep bell-tone came sweeping over the valley from the Episcopal steeple, and was answered by a cheerful peal from the belfry of our new academy. The reverberations were still sounding, mellowed by the distant rocks, when the hitherto silent village seemed suddenly teeming with life. The dwelling-houses were flung open, and the inhabitants came forth in smiling family groups, prepared for worship. Gradually they divided into separate parties. The Presbyterians walked slowly toward their huge old meeting-house, and the more gaily-dressed Episcopalians seeking their more fashionable house of worship. It was a pleasant sight—those people, simple in their habits, yet stern if not bigoted sectarians, gathering together for so good a purpose. Old people were out—grandfathers and grandmothers, with the blossom of the grave on their aged temples. Children, with their rosy cheeks and sunny eyes, rendered more rosy and more bright with pride of their white frocks, pretty straw bonnets, and pink wreaths. It was pleasant to see the little men and women striving in vain to subdue their bounding steps, and school their sparkling faces to a solemnity befitting the occasion. There, might be seen a newly-married pair walking bashfully apart not daring to venture on the unprecedented boldness of linking arms in public, yet feeling very awkward, and almost envying another couple who led a roguish little girl between them. She—a mischievous little thing—all the time exerting her baby strength to wring that chubby hand from her mother's grasp—pouting her cherry lips when either of her scandalized parents checked her bounding step or too noisy prattle, and, at last, subdued only by intense admiration of her red morocco shoes, as they flashed in and out like a brace of woodlilies, beneath her spotted muslin dress.

Apart from the rest, and, perhaps, lingering along the greensward which grew rich and thick on either side of the high way, another group, perchance, was gathered.

Young girls, schoolmates and friends, with their heads bending together, and smiles dimpling their fresh lips, all, doubtless conversing about sacred themes befitting the day.

Such was the aspect of our village on the Sabbath, when the subject of this little sketch takes us to the old Presbyterian meeting-house on School Hill, a sombre, ancient pile, already familiar to those of our readers who have read the "Home Sketches" preceding this.

Our academy bell had not ceased ringing, when the congregation came slowly in through the different doors of the meeting-house, and arranged themselves at will in the square pews which crowded the body. The minister had not yet arrived, a circumstance which occurred to some of the congregation as somewhat singular. Twenty years he had been their pastor, and during that time, had never once kept his congregation waiting. At length he appeared at the southern entrance, and walked up the aisle, followed by his grey-headed old deacon. The minister paused at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and with a look of deep and respectful reverence, held the door of the "Deacon's Seat," while the old man passed in. That little attention went to the deacon's heart; he raised his heavy eyes to the pastor with a meek and heart-touching expression of gratitude, that softened many who looked upon it, even to tears. The minister turned away and went up the stairs, not in his usual sedate manner, but hurriedly, and with unsteady footsteps. When he arrived in the pulpit, those who sat in the gallery saw him fall upon his knees, bury his face in his hands, and pray earnestly, and, it might be, weep, for when he arose, his eyes were dim and flushed.

Directly after the entrance of the minister and deacon, came two females, one a tall, spare woman, with thin features, very pale, and bespeaking continued but meekly-endured suffering. There was a beautiful and Quaker-like simplicity in the book muslin kerchief folded over the bosom of her black silk dress, with the corners drawn under the riband strings in front, and pinned smoothly to the dress behind. Her grey hair was parted neatly under the black straw bonnet, and those who knew her, remarked that it had gained much of its silver since she had last entered that door. In her arms the matron bore a rosy infant, robed in a long white frock, and an embroidered cap. A faint color broke into her sallow cheek, for though she did not look up, it seemed to her as if every eye in that assembly was turned upon her burthen. They were all her neighbors, many of them kind and truthful friends, who had knelt at the same communion-table with her for years. Yet she could not meet their eyes, nor force that tinge of shame from her pure cheek, but moved humbly forward, weighed to the dust with a sense of humiliation and suffering. A slight, fair creature walked by her side, partly shrinking behind her all the way, pale and drooping like a crushed lily. It was the deacon's daughter, and the babe was hers; but she was unmarried. A black dress and plain white vandyke supplanted the muslin that, in the days of her innocence, had harmonized so sweetly with her pure complexion. The close straw bonnet was the same, but its trimming of pale blue was displaced by a white satin

riband, while the rich and abundant brown curls that had formerly drooped over her neck were gathered up, and parted plainly over her forehead. One look she cast upon the congregation, then her eyes fell, the long lashes drooped to her burning cheek, and with a downcast brow she followed her mother to a seat, but not that occupied by the old deacon. There was a slight bustle when she entered, and many eyes were bent on her, a few from curiosity, more from an impulse of commiseration. She sat motionless in a corner of the pew, her head drooping forward, and her eyes fixed on the small hands that lay clasped in her lap. After the little party was settled, a stillness crept over the house; you might have heard a pin drop, or the rustle of a silk dress, to the extremity of that large room. All at once there arose a noise at the door opposite the pulpit; it was but a footstep ringing on the threshold stone, and yet the people turned their heads and looked startled, as if something uncommon were about to happen. It was only a handsome, bold-looking young man, who walked up the aisle with a haughty step, and entered a pew on the opposite side from that occupied by the mother and daughter, and somewhat nearer the pulpit. A battery of glances was levelled on him from the galleries, but he looked carelessly up, and even smiled when a young girl by whom he seated himself, drew back with a look of indignation to the farthest corner of the pew. The old deacon looked up as those bold footsteps broke the stillness; his thin cheek and lips became deathly white, he grasped the railing convulsively, half rose, and then fell forward with his face on his hands, and remained motionless as before. Well might the wronged old man yield, for a moment, to the infirmities of human nature, even in the house of God. That bold man who thus audaciously intruded into his presence, had crept like a serpent to his hearthstone—had made his honest name a bye-word, and his daughter, the child of his old age, a creature for men to bandy jests about. But for him, that girl, now shrinking from the gaze of her own friends, would have remained the pride of his home, a ewe lamb in the church of God. Through his wiles she had fallen from the high place of her religious trust, and now, in the fulness of her penitence, she had come forward to confess her fault, and receive forgiveness of the church it had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children one by one, 'till this gentle girl alone was left to him; he had folded a love for her, his latest born, in his innermost heart, 'till all unconsciously she had become to it an idol. The old man thought it was to punish him that God had permitted her to sink into temptation; he said so, beseechingly, to the elders of the church, when, at her request, he called them together, and made known her disgrace. He tried to take some of the blame upon himself; said that he had, perhaps, been less indulgent than he should have been, and so her affections had been more easily won from her home and duty—that he feared he had been a proud man—spiritually proud, but now he was more humble, and if his Heavenly Father had allowed these things in order to chasten him, the end had been obtained; he was a stricken old man, but could say, "The will of God be done." Therefore he besought his

brethren not to cast her forth to her disgrace, but to accept her confession of error and repentance; to be merciful, and receive her back to the church. He went on to say how humbly she had crept to his feet, and prayed him to forgive her; how his wife had spent night after night in prayer for her fallen child, and so he left her in their hands, only entreating that they would deal mercifully by her, and he would bless them for it.

Willingly would the sympathizing elders have received the stray lamb again, without farther humiliation to the broken-hearted old man; but it could not be. The ungodly were willing to visit the sins of individuals on a whole community. The purity of their church must be preserved—the penance exacted.

From the time of that church-meeting, the poor father bent himself earnestly to the strengthening of his child's good purposes. He made no complaint, and strove to appear—nay, to be—resigned and cheerful; he still continued to perform the offices of deacon, though the erect gait and somewhat dignified consciousness of worth that formerly distinguished him, had utterly disappeared. On each succeeding Sabbath, his brethren observed some new prostration of strength. Day by day his cheek grew thin—his voice hollow, and his step more and more feeble. It was a piteous sight—a man who had been remarkable for bearing his years so bravely, moving through the aisles of that old meeting-house with downcast eyes, and shoulders stooping as beneath a burthen. At last the mildew of grief began to wither up the memory of that good man. When the first indications of this appeared, the hearts of his brethren yearned toward the poor deacon with a united feeling of deep commiseration. The day of Julia's humiliation had been appointed, and the Sabbath which preceded it, was a sacramental one. The old deacon was getting very decrepit, and his friends would have persuaded him from performing the duties of the day. He shook his head, remarked that they were very kind, but he was not ill, so they let him bear about the silver cup filled with consecrated wine, as he had done for twenty years before, though many an eye filled with tears as it marked the continued trembling of that hand, which more than once caused the cup to shake, and the wine to run down its sides to the floor. There was an absent smile upon his face when he came to his daughter's seat. On finding it empty he stood bewildered, and looked helplessly round upon the congregation, as if he would have inquired why she was not there. Suddenly he seemed to recollect; a mortal paleness overspread his face. The wine-cup dropped from his hand, and he was led away, crying like child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted man during the next week. They always found him in his orchard, wandering about under the heavy boughs and picking up the withered green apples which the worms had eaten away from their unripe stems. These he diligently hoarded away near a large sweet briar-bush which grew in a corner of the rail fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared in the meeting-house, accompanied by the minister as we have described, to be outraged in the very house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is little wonder, that even there,

his just wrath was, for a moment, kindled. The service began, and that erring girl listened to it as one in a dream. Her heart seemed in a painful sleep; but when the minister closed his bible, and sat down, the stillness made her start. A keen sense of her position came over her. She cast a frightened look on the pulpit, and then sunk back pale and nervous, her trembling hand wandering in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispered soothing words, and tenderly pressed the little hand that so imploringly besought her pity. Still the poor girl trembled, and shrunk in her seat as if she would have crept away from every human eye.

The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girl's confession, shook violently in his hands as he unrolled it. Julia knew that it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the carved work of the seat, and stood upright 'till the reading was finished, staring, all the time, wildly, in the pastor's face, as if she wondered what it could all be about. She sat down again, pressed a hand over her eyes, and seemed asking God to give her more strength.

The minister descended from the pulpit, for there was yet to be another ceremony; a baptism of the infant. That gentle, erring girl was to go up alone with the child of her shame, that it might be dedicated to God before the congregation. She arose with touching calmness, took the babe from her mother's arms, and stepped into the aisle. She wavered at first, and a keen sense of shame dyed her face, neck and very hands, with a painful flush of crimson, but as she passed the pew where young Lee was sitting, an expression of proud anguish came to her face, her eyes filled with tears, and she walked steadily forward to the communion-table, in front of her father's seat. There was not a tearless eye in that whole congregation. Aged, stern men, bowed their heads to conceal the sympathy betrayed there. Young girls—careless, light-hearted creatures, who, never dreaming of the frailty of their own natures, had reviled the fallen girl, now wept and sobbed to see her thus publicly humbled. Young Lee became powerfully agitated; his breast heaved, his face flushed hotly, then turned very pale, and at last he started up, flung open the pew door, and hurried up the aisle with a disordered and unequal step.

"What name?" inquired the pastor, bending toward the young mother, as he took the child from her arms.

Before she had time to speak, Lee stood by her side, and answered in a loud, steady voice, "That of his father, James Lee!"

The trembling of that poor girl's frame was visible through the whole house, her hand dropped on the table, and she leaned heavily on it for support, but did not look up. The minister dipped his hand in the antique China bowl, laid it upon the babe's forehead, and, in a clear voice, pronounced the name. A faint cry broke from the child as the cold drops fell on his face. The sound seemed to arouse all the hitherto unknown and mysterious feelings of paternity slumbering in the young father's heart. His eye kindled, his cheek glowed, and impulsively he extended his arms and received the

infant. His broad chest heaved beneath its tiny form, and his eyes seemed fascinated by the deep blue orbs which the little creature raised smilingly and full of wonder to his face. Lee bore his son down the aisle, laid him gently in his astonished grandmother's lap, and returned to the pulpit again. Julia still had moved a little, and overcome with agitation, leaned heavily against the railing of the pulpit-stairs. Lee bent his head, and whispered a few earnest words, and held forth his hand. She stood, for a moment, like one bewildered, gave a doubtful, troubled look into his eyes, and laid her hand in his. He drew her gently to the table, and in a firm, respectful voice, requested the minister to commence the marriage service.

The pastor looked puzzled and irresolute. The whole proceeding was so unexpected and strange, that even he lost all presence of mind. "A publishment is necessary to our laws," he said, at length, casting a look on the deacon, but the old man remained motionless, with his hands clasped over the railing, and his face bowed upon them. Thinking him too much agitated to speak, and uncertain of his duty, the divine lifted his voice and demanded if any one present had aught to say against a marriage between the two persons standing before him.

Every face in that church was turned on the deacon, but he remained silent and motionless, so the challenge was unanswered, and the minister felt compelled to proceed with the ceremony, for he remembered what was, at first, forgotten, that the pair had been published according to law, months before, when Lee had, without given reason, refused to fulfil his contract.

The brief but impressive ceremony was soon over, and with an expression of more true happiness than had ever been witnessed on his fine features before, Lee conducted his wife to her mother, and placed himself respectfully by her side. The poor bride was scarcely seated, when she buried her face in her handkerchief, and burst into a passion of tears, which seemed as if it never would be checked. The congregation went out. The young people gathered about the doors, talking over the late strange scene, while a few members lingered behind, to speak with the deacon's wife before they left the church. Lee and his companions stood in their pew, looking anxiously toward the old man. There was something unnatural in his motionless position, which sent a thrill through the matron's heart, and chained her to the floor, as if she had suddenly turned to marble. The minister came down the pulpit stairs, and advancing to the old man, laid his hand kindly upon the withered fingers clasped over the railing; he turned very pale, for the hand which he touched was cold and stiffened in death. The old man was feeble with grief, and when young Lee appeared before him his heart broke amid the rush of its strong feelings.

FORTUNE is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like a Sibylla's offer, which, at first, offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price.—*Lord Bacon*.

Original.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

THE REVELATION.

DAYS, weeks, and months rolled on—and still, as we have said, night after night the fearful din, the crash succeeded by those fiendish yells and that appalling laughter, rang through the haunted chambers of the Hawknest Tavern. For a brief space the inmates strove to maintain their dwelling despite these awful visitations—but brief indeed was that space! For guest by guest, the old familiar customers fell off, deserting their accustomed stations by the glowing hearth in winter, or on the cool and shadowy stoop in the warm summer evenings. So widely did the terrors spread of the mysterious and unearthly sounds, which now clothed with a novel-horror the dark pass of the Ashuelot, that travellers began to shun the route entirely, preferring a circuitous and more fatiguing road to one whereon the Spirits of the Dead held, as it was almost universally believed, nocturnally their hellish orgies. The few and humble wayfarers who still held to the wonted path, hurried along, as the Spanish tourist has it, with beard on shoulder, stealing at every turn a fearful glance around them making no halt nor tarrying on their journey, and shunning the pass altogether, save when the sun rode high in heaven.

The consequences of this change were sad in the extreme to Hartley—his occupation gone, his customers departed, his old friends gazing on him with doubtful and suspicious eyes, poverty staring in his face, driven forth from his home at last by the overwhelming awe of those dread noises—he and his family were suddenly reduced from moderate affluence and comfort to the extremity of sordid want. A little cabin framed of rude logs received them, a miserable hut, which had been raised for temporary occupation only, within a gunshot of the fatal bridge whereby the hapless traveller had fallen, involving in his ruin the innocent family of him who warned and would have succored him.

Game at this time abounded in the wild woods around, and by his rifle only did the unhappy landlord now support his once rich and respected household.

It is the way of this world to judge ever by result—and before long men who had known him from his cradle, and known his probity and worth, began to shrink from him, as one on whom the judgment of an offended Providence had weighed too visibly—whom punishment divine had marked out as a sinner of no small degree! They shrank from him at market, they drew aside from his contaminating touch even in the house of prayer—all shunned him, all with the exception of one man believed him guilty—guilty of that too, which by no possibility, he could have committed—the murder of that youth who died at two miles distance, while Hartley was employed before the eyes of many in his own crowded bar-room. The man—the only man who drew yet closer, to his side, who to the limit of his own scanty

means assisted him, was Dirk, the hunter, while he who spoke the loudest in suspicious hints, and dark insinuations—who was he but the murderer!

Two years had passed, and now inseparable friends, Hartley and Dirk roved over the rude mountains side by side—there was no rock-ribbed summit which their adventurous feet had not mounted; no glen so deep but had resounded to the crack of their true rifles. Not a beast of the hills, nor a fowl of the air, but ministered to their support; and, though avoided by the neighbors as a spot, guilt-stricken and accursed, the little hut of Hartley was once again the scene of humble comfort, and of content at least, if not of happiness. The peltry, conveyed by old Dirk to the nearest market, sold or exchanged, yielded the foreign luxuries of clothing, groceries and liquor—the flesh of the deer, the hare, or the ruffled grouse simmered as temptingly on gridiron or stewpan, and tasted full as well, as veal or mutton. The little garden plot tended by Hartley's eldest, a fine lad now rising towards manhood, was rich with many a succulent root and savory herb. All prospered—poorly indeed, but hopefully and humbly!—all prospered save the man! No soothing of his anxious wife, no sparkling merriment of his loved children, no consolation cheery and bold of his bluff fellow could chase the now habitual gloom from Hartley's honest brow. To be suspected had sank, like the iron of the psalmist, into his very soul. To be condemned of men, no error ever proved against him—to be shunned like the haggard wolf—pointed by every finger in execration and contempt.

Two years had passed—and the same time, which had cast down the innocent from the good will of men, from the communion of his fellows, from wealth and happiness and comfort, had raised the real murderer to affluence and respect and honor. For many months after the perpetration of his crime, he had pursued his ordinary avocations of the hard-working occupant of a small mountain farm; but when he found that suspicion had cast no glimpse toward him but had on the contrary fixed steadfastly upon another, he gave out that a rich uncle had died suddenly far off in Massachusetts, had journeyed thitherward, been absent several weeks, and returned rich in cattle, moveables and money, his wealthy kinsman's heir. The mountain farm, which had been mortgaged heavily, was cleared from all incumbrance. A new and handsome dwelling-house erected on a knoll o'erlooking proudly what was now called the Bridge of Blood, and Hartley's low-browed cabin. Gardens stretched down in pretty terraced slopes to the brink of the arrowy stream; orchards were planted in the rear; fine barns and out-houses erected, among which stood now desolate and fast decaying the former homestead—the very hovel through the unshuttered lattices of which the Allens' had looked for and witnessed the feigned slumbers of the foul assassin.

Two years, as has been said, had passed; when one tempestuous evening old Dirk who still, as he would boast at times, feared neither man nor devil—set forth on his return from Fitzwilliam, whither he had come in the morning with a large pack of beaver. In driving a

hard bargain with a pedlar for his peltry, hour of daylight after hour had slipped away unheeded, and supper was announced before the terms of sale were finally concluded—despite his wish to get home early, the veteran hunter could not refuse the invitation to “sit by,” and it was eight o’clock before he started homeward—his pack supplied him with broadcloth and fifty things beside, in lieu of its furred peltry, his trusty rifle balanced upon his shoulder, and his heart fortified, had that been needful, by a good stirrup cup of right Jamaica. Then as will often happen when men are most in haste, accident after accident befell him; none indeed very serious, or even troublesome, but still sufficient to delay him on his route, so that his practised eye read clearly from the position of the stars which blinked forth now and then from their dim canopy of storm that midnight was at hand ere he reached the old Hawknest.

“Well! well,” he muttered to himself as he approached its lonely and decaying walls—“well! well, I’ve heern it afore now, and I guess it wont be the death of me, if I should hear it once again!”

Just then the winds rose high and swept the storm-clouds clear athwart the skies, and left them bright and sparkling with their ten thousand lamps of living fire.—“Ha!” he exclaimed as he looked up—“I reckon its full time for ’t now,” and as he spoke he stood and gazed with a strange sense of curiosity and wonder not altogether unmixed, it is true, with a sort of half-pleasing apprehension. The windows, where the glass was yet entire, reflected back the quiet radiance of the moon—the door-way, wide open—for the door fallen inwards hung by one rusted hinge—showed cavernous and dark in the calm gleamy light—a bright wind whispered in the branches of the huge cluster, and a small thread of water from the horse-trough gurgled along its pebbly channel with a sweet peaceful murmur. The hunter’s wonderment increased as he stood gazing at the tranquil scene, and he determined after a little hesitation to sit down by the streamlet’s edge and wait to satisfy himself whether the fearful sounds still haunted the old tavern, or whether they indeed as he now half surmised had ceased for ever. No sooner was his resolution taken than he began to act on it—a moment’s search sufficed to find a moss-grown seat of rock, another and his huge limbs were outstretched by the marge of the tinkling runnel, while with an eye as tranquil and as serene a brow, as though he were anticipating some long promised pleasure, he waited the repetition of the mysterious sounds which had so long driven from those mouldering walls all human occupants. In vain however did he wait, for the moon set, and the stars twinkled and went out, and amber clouds clothed the eastern firmament and day burst forth in its glory and no more fearful noise than the air murmuring in the branches, and the rill gurgling down to meet the noisier river, and the shrill accent of the katydid and cricket, the melancholy wailing of the whip-poor-will, or the far whooping of the answered owl fell on the hunter’s ear. Cheery of heart he started up as the day dawned and hurried homeward with glad tidings—the Hawknest was no longer haunted!

On the next night at about nine o’clock a light was

shining from the casement of the old bar-room, whence no light had flashed gladness on the traveller’s eyes for many a weary month. Two men sat by the old round table on which lay, ready to each hand two ponderous rifles, a watch, some food and liquor, and last not least a copy of the Testament! They were old Dirk, the hunter, and his comrade, Hartley, who had returned to pass the night in that spot, and satisfy themselves fully that the disturbance was at rest for ever. It needs not to rehearse what passed that night—suffice it that no sound nor sight occurred, save the accustomed rural noises of the neighborhood; and that some two hours before daylight, they left the place convinced and joyfully on their route homeward.

Homeward they walked in glad and joyous converse, ’till on a sudden as they reached a little height commanding from a distance a view of ——’s new house and farm buildings, their eyes were suddenly attracted by an appearance of bright dancing lights—as of the aurora borealis—flashing and streaming heavenward from a focus situated as it seemed in the rear of the new-planted orchards. Strange were the sights indeed, flashes of vivid flame upleaping suddenly from earth and then a long dark interval and then a glimmering glow pervading the whole circuit of the homestead. Believing that a fire had burst out suddenly among the out buildings the veterans dashed forward with the wind and nerve that hunters can alone possess. They scaled the rocky height, dashed through the muddy hollow, reached the spot and there from the old house, now desolate and quite deserted, they saw these fearful flashes bursting at every instant. Through every chink and cranny of the door, the walls, the shutters, streamed the deep crimson glare, along the roof tree danced meteoric balls, of an unearthly pallid lustre on either gable that permanently fixed a globe of lurid fire.

“Fire! fire!” shouted Dirk—“Fire! halloo! halloo! Hans! the old house is a fire!” And with the words he rushed against the door and striking it with the sole of his foot broke every bar and fastening and drove it inwards, but within all was dark!—deep—solid—pitchy blackness.

Hartley and Dirk stared for a moment blankly each in the other’s face, but the next they were met by ——, asking them with a volley of fierce imprecations what they intended by waking up his household thus with a false alarm.

“False alarm!” answered Dirk; “why had you seen it, I guess you’d not ha’ thought it so false any how, why man, the whole air was alight with it.”

“Pshaw! you’re drunk both on you,” returned the other. “You’ve brought your gammon to the wrong place, my men. Don’t you see all’s dark and quiet here, as honest men’s homes ought to be. What are you arter I’d pleased be to know this time o’night!”

“That’s neither here nor there,” responded Dirk, “we saw a fire up here-a-ways and we come neighbor-like to tell you on’t.”

“Well! where’s the fire now, I’d like to be showed, then I’ll think as how you meant honestly, and that’s

more too I tell you than all would, leastwise all men as knowed you, Hartley."

While these words had been passing, the party had been moving rapidly from the out-buildings, all walking fast under considerable excitement of their feelings toward the house, when suddenly Dirk turned about and instantly pointing toward the old homestead replied "THERE 'TIS!"—and sure enough there the self-same appearances were visible! The red flames glaring out from every crack and cranny, the lurid flashes streaming high into air above the roof tree—the incandescent globes sitting on either gable. "THERE 'TIS!—what d'ye say now?"

"Pshaw! stuff," replied the other, "is that all?" and entered the house instantly slamming the door violently after him.

"Is that all?—then he's used to it," muttered the other—"come aways, Hartley, come aways now I tell ye!—BLOOD WILL OUT!—Blood will out, man, and here I'm on the track on't now I tell you!"

Home they returned that night, and laid their plans in secret—the seventh day afterward—during the nights of all that seven, Hartley and Dirk watched undisturbed in the tavern, while the two Allens' lay in wait around the murderer's homestead, and every night beheld those wild and ominous flashes—the seventh day afterward a busy crowd were hard at work, masons and carpenters, about the ruined Hawkneest. Hammers were clanging, saws were whistling and grating, and above all the merry hum of light, free hearted labor rose on the morning air. On the tenth day the family returned to take possession, the old sign was hung out, the old bar was replenished with its accustomed bottles, and all things fell again into their ordinary course. Meanwhile night after night, the Allens' and old Dirk hung round — buildings, and still the hellish lights were seen glancing and flashing bright and clearly visible for many a mile around, and still no note was taken by — or any of his household. The autumn passed away—winter came on cold, cheerless, and severe; and the old Hawkneest tavern once again re-established with all its pristine comforts, travellers once more turned their steps along the wonted road; old friends too, as prosperity returned, returned with many a greeting—men wondered how they could have doubted or for a moment thought ill of kind, good neighbor Hartley. As these events took place, rumor, and public talk were busy with —! With the descent of Hartley's star, to borrow the Astronomer's jargon, his had arisen gloriously—now Hartley was again in the ascendant; and his correspondingly declined! No fear however—no dark anticipation appeared to cloud his days—his nights, despite those fearful sights, were seemingly all fearless. Still the spies lay around him, they listened at his fastened doors, they peeped in through his guarded casements, and ere long murmurs went through the mouths how — and his wife strove fiercely, how no peace was in that household, how no prosperity had followed those ill-gotten gains.

One night old Dirk, with his two comrades, lay there as was their wont, marking their destined prey, that night more terribly than ever the furious flames arose, and

sounds unheard before—the same wild yells and bursts of fiendish laughter which had driven Hartley from his Hawkneest, rang round the gleaming buildings! That night more bitterly than ever rose from within the dwelling house the voices of contention and strife. The shrill notes of the terrified and angry wife, pealed piercingly into the ears, while the deep imprecations of the man, answered like muttering thunder. At length the door burst open—lantern in hand — rushed forth. "By G—," he cried, "this night shall finish it, or finish me!" AND IT DID BOTH!

Straight he rushed to the desolate building, entered it, and again after brief stay rushed forth as if beneath the goad of Orestes' furies—dashed back into his own dwelling—and within ten minutes' time, a volume of fierce *real* flame burst out of every crack and cranny—the shingled walls blazed out, the thatch flared torch-like heavenward—the rafters smouldered and cracked, and leaped out into living flame, and all glowed like a tenfold furnace, and rushed earthward and was dark. The Haunted Homestead was no more upon the earth!

With that night ceased all sights or sounds unearthly, but still suspicion ceased not. Ceased not—nay it waxed ten times wilder, more rife, more stirring than before! Men muttered secretly no longer, but spoke aloud their doubts—almost their certainty. Meantime winter wore onward—Christmas was passed, and February's snows had covered the whole face of nature. It was a dark and starless night—the wonted party were assembled in the old bar room, when there arrived a stranger, a tall, dark, handsome, military-looking man, on whom scarce had Dirk's eyes and Hartley's fallen ere a quick meaning glance was interchanged between them. The likeness struck both on the instant, strange likeness to the murdered traveller.

With his accustomed depth of wild sagacity, the veteran hunter turned, without noticing apparently the stranger, on the occurrences which had so strangely agitated the inmates of that house and valley. Ere long the stranger's face gave token of anxiety and wonder, and one word led to others, and questions answered brought but fresh questions, until it came out that the man before them had at a period corresponding to that of the commencement of our tale lost his only brother—one whose demeanor and appearance agreed in all particulars with the description given by the woodmen of the unhappy traveller, who had fallen.

It was resolved on the next morning to probe the mystery to the utmost. An appointment was made instantly for an early hour on the following day, when the two Allens, Dirk, and Hartley, professed their readiness to guide their new friend to the scene of the murder. But as the woodmen departed one or two noticed that the night had changed—that it was mild and soft, and the snow sloppy under foot, and all predicted confidently that the slight snow would be gone on the morrow.

And so in truth it was, morn came, and the whole earth was bare, and the soft western wind swept with a mild low sigh over the woody hills. Scarce had the morning dawned, ere they were on the ground—and lo!

wonder of wonders—on one spot, exactly on the site of the burnt building a little space of snow lay still—there was none else for miles around—precisely in the form of a man's body.

"He's there," cried Dirk exultingly, "he's there!—when there's a ground thaw the snow always lies over a buried log or any thing that checks the rising heat—he's there. Get axes, boys, and you'll see as I tell's true!"

Axes and crows were brought, the earth was upturned, and there! there! under the very spot whereon the murderers bed had stood the night he slept so calmly—there lay a human skeleton—a few shreds of green cloth, bordered with narrow cords of gold, a pair of horseman's pistols, rusted and green with mould. The stranger seized them "Oh, God!" he cried, "my brother's—oh! my brother's!"

The tale is told—for it boots not to dwell upon the murderer's seizure—his agony—confession and despair. Enough the Hawknest tavern still invites the weary travellers to enter its low portal—and Hartley's name in this, third generation, is blazoned on the time-worn sign post, while near the Bridge of Blood a heap of shattered ruins are still pointed out, where stood the *Haunted Homestead*.

H. W. H.

Original.

TO A LADY;

WHO SENT HER ALBUM TO THE WRITER FOR A CONTRIBUTION.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

AND dost thou then request a lay,
From one to thee unknown?
One who without that kindling ray,
Which bright inspiring eyes convey,
Could never wake a tone.

Alas! the heartless lines I trace,
Will have no charms for thee;
For if Peru's untutored race
Had never seen their god's bright face,
How cold their prayers would be.

'Tis true that Fame, in brightest dyes
Her magic pencil dips;
To paint the mental charms I prize,
Reflected from thy sparkling eyes,
Or warbled from thy lips.

But, ah! however bright we own,
The portrait all admire,
The fair *original* alone
Could waken feeling's purest tone,
From my neglected lyre.

When thou wouldst catch the dew-drops, shook
From Fancy's glittering wing,
With thy own hand present the book,
And with thy own bewitching look
Inspire the bard to sing.

Original.

"OUR LIBRARY."—No. VI:

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

A RAINY DAY AT LEBANON.

"Shadows—shadows all!"

WHAT a melancholy thing is a rainy day at a fashionable watering-place! What a host of 'nothing-to-do' diseases is called up by the necessity of relying upon one's own resources, without the aid of walking, riding, or sight-seeing! Even those who, if at home, would look with great complacency upon dull weather, because it would afford them uninterrupted leisure, are discontented and listless, tired of themselves, wearied of doing nothing, and impatient of the restraint to which they are compelled. It was my lot, some years since, to pass such a day at Lebanon Springs. The rain fell gently and softly, but steadily, and while it vested the distant hills as if by a curtain of silver gauze, gave to every thing immediately around the house, a most dripping, drooping, melancholy appearance; thus affording a practical illustration of the poetical fact, that "*distance* lends enchantment to the view." It happened to be Monday, and as the great Lion of the place—the Shakers' establishment, had been visited on the previous Sabbath, there was not even the pleasure of anticipation to support the courage of those who found themselves prisoners at large. The gentlemen congregated upon the piazzas, in the elegant attitudes invariably assumed on such occasions, with the chair tilted back, the feet elevated by the balustrade, or some friendly pillar, to a level with the head, the arms crossed on the breast, the hat crushed down to the eyebrows, and a sear fuming in the mouth, tried hard to drag through the morning. Occasionally an individual, more hardy than the rest, wrapped himself in his cloak, and with head bent down, in the position necessary when passing under the sheet of water at Niagara, hurried to the bath-house. The ladies fidgetted from window to window, and watched the dull leaden sky, in the vain hope of descrying a patch of blue. Some of the younger ones attempted a flirtation with the whiskered and tobacco-scented beaux, others essayed to extract music from the discordant piano, and one, (with even less success, however, than her companions,) made a desperately heroic effort to read Miss Martineau's Society in America. But all would not do, and, after an early dinner, the ladies retired to sleep away the heavy hours, while the gentlemen dispersed, either to follow their example, or to get up a snug game of whist, in the retirement of their own apartments.

Our party, which was a large and remarkably pleasant one, had been sufficiently wearied with a long journey to enjoy one day of perfect quiet, and we had, therefore, been much amused by the restlessness exhibited around us. But as we drew round a window after dinner, our conversation assumed a somewhat graver character, and the peculiar superstitions of the Shakers, gave rise to a discussion, which led to a most singular result.

"I know not how persons can look with mirth upon such a painful exhibition of human weakness," said one

of our party, in allusion to the worship of the Shakers. “For my part, I never was so painfully agitated. You know they were already seated when we entered, and, as I looked upon those ghastly women, clad in white, and sitting in rigid perpendicularity, they seemed to me like sheeted ghosts. The idea crossed my mind that such might be the awakening at the day of judgment, when the tombs shall be rent, and the dead shall arise, and my heart grew faint within me.”

“But did you not recover from your excitement when they commenced their wild antics?” asked another.

“No, for then they seemed like maniacs, or rather like the demoniacs described in scripture. I never had my nerves so much shaken in my life, and it seemed to me that nothing but a flood of tears could relieve my overcharged heart.

“What did you think of the men?” asked Mr. M., with a smile.

“I gave them but one glance, and that was sufficient to make me turn, in utter disgust, from their sensual, hypocritical, half-brutish faces. The pale spectre-like forms of the women, rivetted my whole attention. The men were but as howling fiends, haunting the steps of the newly-risen dead.”

“You will see ghosts for a week to come,” said a young and giddy friend.

“I have no fears of such visitations, but that I may dream of them, is very probable, for I live more by night than by day, if life may be measured by the intensity of sensation. I never sleep without dreaming, and there is a degree of reality about my visions—I mean a feeling of reality and consistency while they last—which often makes slumber a fatiguing, as well as exciting occupation.”

“Do you ever interpret your dreams as presentiments?”

“Never, for I can always trace them back to some preceding train of thought, so that they are rather retrospections or reminiscences, adorned by the imagination.”

“And such will be found to be the real character of all dreams,” said Mr. E——. “I remember a circumstance,” continued he, “which cured me, at a very early age, of all faith in supernatural appearances; and since we are all idle together, I will relate it for the benefit of my young friend, here, who seems to have some apprehensions of ghostly favors. When I was a boy, my brother and myself occupied an apartment in the attic of our father’s house. Our neatly white-washed room looked as cheerful as a bird-cage, but it opened directly into a large, old-fashioned, barn-like garret, with nothing but rafters blackened by time, around and above us. A broad aperture in the floor of this somewhat gloomy place, surrounded by a slight hand rail, admitted the staircase, immediately opposite to which, was the door of my room. I was, at that time, about twelve years of age, but so close a student, that I was in the habit of rising and applying myself to my books before daylight. One morning in spring, I arose at my usual hour, and after striking a light, sat down to my little table, which stood in the middle of the room. I had

opened my door to admit the fresh air, and was sitting intent upon a mathematical problem, when, happening to raise my head, I beheld the head and shoulders of a man appearing above the staircase. My first thought was, that some robber was making his way up stairs, but had paused at the sight of me and my light. Keeping my eyes fixed intently upon the figure, however, I perceived that it was as stirless as if carved from the oaken balustrade. A cold sweat now bedewed my forehead, my teeth began to chatter, my frame shivered as if with a sudden chill, for I believed that I beheld a being of another sphere. Fixed as if by some fearful spell, not daring to avert my look, I remained, tremblingly observing the frightful image, until my eyes ached with the intensity of my gaze. But the figure still stood motionless—the head and shoulders of a stern-visaged man, alone being presented to my view. At length, grown desperate with terror, I seized a heavy book from my table, and hurled it, with all my strength, at the apparition. As I did so, the figure vanished.”

“But how? how?” eagerly asked our young friend, as Mr. E—— paused in his narration.

“Why, in the most simple manner possible. As the book flew from my hand, it struck a cloak which hung over the hand-rail of the staircase, and as it displaced the folds, the apparition fled. It was nothing more or less than the shadow of the cloak projected upon the opposite wall in such a manner as to produce a perfect profile of the upper half of a human form. Since then, I have never believed in apparitions.”

We laughed heartily at the story of the ghostly cloak, and were proceeding to express, in various modes, our utter disbelief in supernatural appearances, when a gentleman, who had joined our party at Northampton, interrupted our mirthful sallies by gravely and sadly avowing his undoubting faith in them. He was a retired merchant, an Irishman by birth, a man of well known probity and honor, and by no means remarkable for any brilliancy of fancy. While we were playfully combating his preposterous notions, a woman, whose singular appearance we had remarked at table, entered the parlor, and, apparently unmindful of our presence, took a seat in a remote corner of the room. She was, perhaps, thirty years of age, with a complexion of that ghastly, yellowish white, seen only on the face of the dead. Her lips wore the faintest possible shade of color, and her immense, black, glassy eyes, seemed to wander over every object without seeing any. Her dress nearly resembled that of the Shakers, for it consisted of a close-cut, grey silk gown, a square cambric kerchief, pinned over her bosom, and a plain, bordered cap, completely covering, but not concealing, her raven black hair. She had so much the appearance of a Shaker, that we had made some inquiry about her, and learned that she belonged to the meekest and most enthusiastic of all sects—I mean the Moravian. She was, in fact, a Moravian nun, bound to a life of celibacy, of labor, and of charity, by no stronger vow than her own declared will; and we also learned that she was in the habit of paying a yearly visit to Lebanon, in company with a brother, for the benefit of her health. She glided in so quietly,

that few of our little circle observed her, and our conversation was not interrupted by her presence.

We had consumed the greater part of the afternoon in our desultory gossip, and as sunset drew near, a change had taken place in the sky, which augured little to the hopes of those who longed for fine weather. The wind had much increased in violence, dark, heavy clouds were rapidly gathering from all sides, and every thing seemed to threaten a very tempestuous night. Of course, the unhappy inmates of the house prolonged their siesta to the latest possible moment, and as we were, therefore, almost alone in the parlor, and our friend, the merchant, had excited our curiosity by the expression of a belief which few would have had the courage to confess, we failed not to rally him with good humored malice upon his weakness. But Mr. Mac Murrough was not to be quizzed out of his belief. "Laugh if you will, young ladies," said he, at length, "but if you had as much reason to believe in ghosts as I have had, you would be as credulous as you think me."

This speech aroused us still more, and by dint of coaxing and teasing, we finally induced him to tell us the following singular tale :

THE SPECTRE'S VISIT.

"Before me there,
He, the Departed, stood! ay, face to face—
So near, and yet how far!—MRS. HEMANS.

"It is now fifteen years," said our friend, "since a youth, a distant relative of my mother's family, arrived in New-York, from Ireland, and was immediately taken into my employ. Young, handsome, and industrious, with a heart full of generous feeling, he soon won upon my affections, and next to my own children, I learned to love the orphan, Gerald. He became my confidential clerk, and soon after, an inmate of my family, when I had a still more favorable opportunity of studying his character, and discovering his many noble qualities. He was with me several years, and I had secretly determined to take him into partnership, but thought it best to delay informing him of my intentions, until I should have completed certain plans which I then had in contemplation. About that time I had thought of sending out a ship to the West Indies, laden with a commodity which had never *then* formed an article of commerce between the two countries; and it was necessary that some trustworthy person should go as super-cargo. Gerald offered his services, and seemed delighted at the opportunity of seeing a little of the world; but circumstances occurred which induced me to forego my scheme, at least, for some months. Not long after this, Gerald became attached to a young lady of great beauty, and some fortune, and as he was not one to sue in vain, they were soon affianced lovers. But his pride would not allow him to wed her to his poverty, and the marriage was, therefore, deferred until his prospects should brighten. I am conscious, now, when it is too late, that I ought immediately to have communicated to him my intentions in his favor, and had I done so, the catastrophe of his unhappy fate might have been averted. But some unaccountable impulse induced me to test his energies still further before sharing my business with him, and, when he

urged me to carry out my plan of sending him to the West Indies, expressing a wish that he might be permitted to share the risk and profit of the venture, I consented. As our scheme was rather a novel one, and we were certain of success if we were not forestalled, our arrangements had to be made with great precaution and despatch. At first, Gerald seconded us with all the ardor natural to his character, but as the time fixed for the sailing of the ship drew near, there was a marked change in his demeanor. His step grew laggard, his look sad, and he had the air of a man whose mind was struggling with some painful thought. I, of course, attributed this to the grief he felt at parting with his betrothed, and even attempted to rally him on his love-like melancholy. But he only answered by a moody smile, and seemed rather to avoid me, as if dreading to be questioned. The night preceding his departure, as he sat among my children around the evening table, he took up a scissiors, and cutting off one of his thick curls, asked my wife if she would not keep it as a memento. She smiled, and playfully handed him a riband to tie it.

'It is black,' said he, with a shudder.

'Somewhat surprised at his superstitious weakness, she drew another from her work-basket, and said, 'Here is a blue watered riband—true blue—will that do, Gerald?'

"With a gloomy look he took the riband, and winding it about the curl, said, 'Aye—either will do—and yet it is strange! Can it mean death by water?'

"We all looked up in surprise, at Gerald's wild, strange manner, when he suddenly seemed to recollect himself, and attempted to treat it as a jest. Alas! it was a jest we never have forgotten. The next morning he bade us farewell, and after a melancholy parting with his lady-love, set sail for the West Indies. After he was gone, I learned from a fellow clerk, that Gerald, though so anxious to go at first, had, about a week previous to the time fixed for his departure, conceived an idea that he should never return. Why he thought so, I could never learn, but so strong was the impression made upon his mind, that he declared nothing but a sense of shame, and an unwillingness to subject me to inconvenience, now induced him to go upon what he considered a fatal expedition. Would to Heaven I had known his feelings! We never again beheld him—no tidings were ever heard of the ship, and whether it foundered at sea, or became the prey of southern pirates, remain still a mystery.

"On the twenty-second day of June, about three weeks after his departure, and long before I had expected to hear from him, the occurrence took place to which I have alluded.

"It was at the earliest hour of morning, just upon the verge of day-break; the moon had not yet set, so that my room was filled with the misty light, often seen at the twilight of evening, but rarely at morning's dawn. I was awakened from sleep by a sense of oppression upon my breast—a feeling as if I was suffocating in water, and, as I opened my eyes, I beheld, seated on the foot of my bed, the form of Gerald. He was partially stripped, as if prepared for swimming. His shirt adhered closely to

his body as if wet, and his wide sailor trousers were bound about his waist with a red silk handkerchief. His hair fell over his forehead and his bared neck in thick masses, but uncured, and, as it were, heavy with water, while his deadly pale face and glazed eyes were frightful to behold. Sadly and mournfully he gazed upon me as I lay spell-bound and awe-struck before him. At length I raised my head from my pillow, and looked attentively at the figure, while his ghastly countenance seemed to assume a reproachful expression. The light of the window fell directly upon him, and, to my increased horror, I perceived that his form cast no shadow, but seemed rather to blend its outline with the vague mistiness that pervaded the apartment. It was like a figure seen through a semi-lucent cloud. I turned to awaken my wife, but as I did so, the apparition seemed to melt into the brightening beams of morning, and vanished from my view. I have ever since believed that the dawn of that day witnessed the destruction of my ship, and the death of Gerald Sanderson.”

As our friend uttered that name, a piercing shriek, such as I never before heard from human lips, rang through the apartment, and a figure writhing in the awful contortions of epilepsy, fell into the very midst of our circle. It was the Moravian nun. She had, apparently, drawn near to us, unobserved, in the increasing obscurity of the evening, and, (as we then thought) was overcome by the excitement of a tale calculated to shake the weakened nerves of an invalid. Of course, all was terror and confusion. Her brother was immediately summoned, and every effort was used to restore her to consciousness. She was removed to her room, and her attendant, who seemed accustomed to see her in such a state, assured us she would be quite recovered by the next day. Our interest was much excited, and the vague feeling of superstitious terror which had crept over every heart while listening to the tale of our friend, was not diminished by the shock we had received when that terrible scream rang in our ears. I doubt whether any of us slept very soundly that night.

On the following morning, as we were pacing the upper piazza, a window of one of the apartments was unclosed, and the rigid features of the pale nun were presented to our view. She beckoned to me, and, as I drew near, she demanded to see ‘him.’ I conjectured the person she must mean, and immediately sent for Mr. Mac Murrough. While awaiting his coming, I had full leisure of examining the singular countenance of the lady. Her features, beautiful and classical as they were, seemed fixed as if carved from marble; her lips moved slowly and mechanically, as if governed by some unseen spring, rather than by simple volition, and her eyes seemed to roll in their orbits like those of an automaton. Those dreadful eyes! I shall never forget them; if you have ever seen persons sleeping with their eyes open, gentle reader, you can better imagine than I can describe the dull and glassy blankness of those large black eyes. As our friend approached, she waved us away, and drawing from her bosom a miniature, held it to him, saying, “Was he whom you saw like this?”

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed Mr. Mac Murrough, “it is the face of Gerald Sanderson.”

“I knew it,” said she, with a calmness that seemed almost terrific; “I knew it must be he. Now listen,” she continued, “and to you, who have been favored even as myself—to you who have looked upon the spirit, while the body slept beneath the cruel waters, will I reveal what no human ear has ever yet heard. I was the betrothed of Gerald Sanderson, and when he left me my heart was filled with many a sad foreboding. But he kissed off my tears, and his last words were, ‘In six months, Gertrude, if I live, I will return, and if ere then I should be called to face death, my spirit will not depart without one last farewell.’ It was a strange, wild expression, and I then thought of it as only the effusion of a troubled brain. I have learned, since, how faithfully he kept his promise.

“Just three weeks after his departure, on the night of the twenty-first of June, I retired to my chamber thinking deeply and sadly upon poor Gerald. I slept but little through the night, and it was verging towards morning, when I sunk into that deep and strong slumber such as none but sad heart and troubled brain can ever know. I was suddenly awakened by a feeling of suffocation, as if a hand was grasping my throat. Starting, breathless, from my pillow, I drew open my curtain and looked out upon the moonlight, which lay broadly and brightly upon the floor. There was no shadow upon its brightness, yet, as I raised my eyes, I beheld the form of Gerald. His attire was even such as you described, and his dark locks hung heavily around his pale face. A feeling of awe and dread seemed to chain up every faculty. I could not speak—I could not breathe. I sat upright in bed, looking with an intensity that seemed to strain my very eyeballs, while the figure stood motionless, regarding me with a mournful air. It was not terror that paralyzed my tongue—I could not *fear* the form I loved so well—but it was the consciousness of spiritual presence that overpowered me. I knew that Gerald must be dead, yet the knowledge seemed to come to me as a dream. He stood before me as life-like as when we parted, but the moonlight seemed to clothe him as with a garment, and no shadow fell from his tall figure as he stood in the full glow of his brightness. Slowly and sadly he raised his hand, and pointed to my bible, which lay open on my table in the darkest corner of the room. My eyes followed the direction to which he guided them, and I read, in letters which seemed written in silver light, the words, ‘*The sea shall give up its dead.*’ For a moment a lambent flame played over the page, and as I turned my gaze once more upon the mysterious form which stood before me, I saw it gradually fade away, even as a mist vanishes into thin air. I know not what happened to me then. They tell me I was found senseless, and that my brain wandered for many weeks. It may be so—but with returning reason came back the full remembrance of my fearful visitation. I felt that I was hereafter to live in holy seclusion. The presence of a beatified spirit had purified me from earthly feelings, and I resolved to devote my future days to memory and regret. For ten years I have lived among the Moravian sisters. A fearful malady which attacks me ever at unforeseen moments, often prostrates me even as you saw me last night. For a moment my

weak frame yielded to the shock, when I heard from stranger lips the tale of Gerald's return to earth. But never have I doubted the reality of my vision of death. I am as one to whom life is but a sleep—death, alone, can open to me the world of realities, and I now await the summons which shall call me away to commune with Gerald in the land of spirits."

With these words, the nun abruptly retired from the window, as if to cut off all further conversation, and, as we emerged from the nook in which we had been screened from her view, we beheld Mr. Mac Murrough pale, agitated, and affrighted at this strange confirmation of his vision.

We afterwards learned that the lady had been subject to epilepsy ever since the morning of the twenty-second of June, when she was found senseless in her bed. We saw her no more, as we left Lebanon on the following day, but the singular delusion which influenced in such different degrees, a strong-minded man, and an enthusiastic woman, formed the subject of many an after speculation. That each firmly believed in the reality of the supernatural visitation, I have no doubt; but whether it might not be accounted for by a *dream* in the one case and *incipient insanity* in the other, I leave to be decided by wiser heads than mine.

A few months later we heard of the death of Sister Gertrude, and, in compliance with her last request, the miniature of Gerald Sanderson was sent to Mr. Mac Murrough, in whose possession it still remains.

Now, gentle reader, with regard to my ghost story, I can only assure you in the words of the poet, "I tell it you as it was told to me." The incredulous are welcome to the benefit of their doubts, and to the credulous, I would recommend the careful perusal of Scott's *Demonology*, and Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic*, before they yield implicit belief to a tale of supernatural appearances. Hoping that you will sleep as soundly, friend reader, after reading of spectres, as I shall after writing of them, I bid you adieu until 'the moon again shall fill her horn.'

Original.

LIFE—A GARDEN.

BY J. N. M' JILTON.

THIS little laughing world of ours,
Is a fair garden strewn with flowers;
Some blooming—beautiful and rare,
And others seem not quite so fair.
Rude thorns among the boughs abide,
As though they meant their points to hide;
And those who walk the garden through,
Are sure to get a sting or two.
Sometimes in shade—sometimes in sun,
The posy seekers wander on;—
Their cheeks in gloom, or lips in smiles,
They ramble through the perfumed aisles;
With care, the freshest blossoms choosing,
The faded and the pale refusing,

As though it were the only aim,
To weave a garland for each name—
To weave it of the choicest flowers
That bloom among the garden bowers.

The good—the great—the wise—the brave,
'Mid fops and fools their garlands weave;
Each seeking with the utmost care,
A flower, than the rest more fair—
A blossom—brightest of the train
That flourish on the verdant plain.
See! how they on each other press—
The flower they seek is—HAPPINESS.

Briskly they move from bough to bough,
Though cool at first—with fever now
They hurry on from place to place,
To compass all the varied space,
Ere age may throw his pall of gloom,
O'er posy bright, and cheek of bloom.

Long have they searched from bower to bower,
And few have gained the favored flower,
And those who have—its folds between
Have found the sharp thorns intervene.
Wounded, alas! they turn to fly,
But fall upon the spot and die;
The flower they strove so hard to save,
Blooms fairest on the sleeper's grave.

Original.

MY BOYHOOD'S HAPPY HOME.

DECAY! is written on the brow of Time—
The stately palace, and the peerless dome—
The pile, which rears to Heaven, its front sublime,
And the poor shepherd's neat but lowly home,
All to destruction, equally must come.
Like the bright visions of the enraptured mind,
That fade away, as "fancy free," they roam,
As pass the works, where *genius*, is enshrined,
And leave no mark—no lingering trace behind.

Home of my boyhood—loved and honored haunt!
Changed is the look, that once you proudly bore,
The merry laugh—the shout—the ringing chant
Of happy voices, now are heard no more:
The green grass waves above thy ancient floor,
The owl hoots sadly from her eave-built nest,
The woodbine blooms no longer by the door,
The moss, thy time-worn covering, long hath prest,
And the wild rambling flowers, thy tottering frame have drest.

And now thou art fast crumbling to decay,
Oh, happy home! where pleasure's giddy dream
Of wild enchantment, drove all care away—
Still bright and limpid flows the gurgling stream,
The foaming cascade, yet doth silvery gleam,
The poplar waves above the old oak gate,
The tangled brake doth yet with music teem,
But *thou*, old home, sad is indeed *thy* fate,
Left mouldering in dust—deserted—desolate!

CLARENDON.

Original.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THE following is an extract from a proposed translation of Virgil's great poem, in Spenserian Stanza. It commences when Venus is leaving Æneas, after her appearance to him subsequent to the shipwreck—Book I.

SHE spake—and turning, o'er her shoulders flung
The blush of conscious beauty, while her hair
Ambrosial, from her head in masses hung,
Breathing divinest odours every where;
Her very feet, the robe she deign'd to wear
Kiss'd amorously—while Venus stood reveal'd
In all her grace, Love's queen, beyond compare:
No more in her assum'd attire conceal'd,
Æneas knew his own, and following, thus appeal'd.

"Why, cruel mother, do you ever thus
Deceive your son with baseless fantasies?
Why is not one embrace permitted us,
In undisguised communion?" Thus, his sighs
Lead him dejected where the city lies:
But Venus spread a misty veil around
With deep convolving clouds—lest any spies
Might watch their movements or their purpose sound,
Or cause their long delay upon the stranger's ground.

Herself departed, gladdening to return
Sublime in beauty to her Paphian bowers,
And Temple, where a hundred altars burn
Sabæan incense 'midst the breathing flowers
Wreathed into garlands by the laughing hours.
Meanwhile Æneas and Achates urged
Their steps along the pathway, 'till the towers
(Ascending a high hill that darkly verg'd
The citadel below) in full relief emerg'd.

Where stood Numidian huts—Æneas found,
Surprised, high gates and architectural style,
And heard the crowded pavement's distant sound;
The Carthaginian's busy all the while
Extend their walls, and lofty turrets pile;
Some, rolling with their hands large rocks away
Or choosing private sites, the time beguile,
And trench them round; and here some others lay
The temple's ground, or where the Senate House shall
stay.

Some excavate a water reservoir,
Some for a spacious theatre prepare
The broad foundation; others, too, explore
The earth, and hew gigantic columns there,
To grace the scenic muse with lofty air:
Thus, while the roses bloom in summer's ray,
The bees send forth their young their sweets to bear,
Some take and garner, others drive away
The drones, while all the hive with thyme is fragrantcy.

"Oh, happy you, whose walls already rise!"
Æneas, thus beholding, cried aloud:
When, lo! incredible! he quickly flies,
Girt in a mist, among the swarming crowd.

There was a grove whose towering foliage bow'd
O'er most refreshing shadows, where of yore,
The tempest-driven Tyrians, digging, found
A horse's skull. Thus Juno warned before
That though a generous race, yet Fate their riders* saw.

Sidonian Dido to the Queen of heaven
Here raised a temple rich with sacred urns,
Her god-like form the richest treasure given;
O'er marble steps the brazen threshold burns;
Each brazen door, as on its hinges turns,
Screams harshly in its brazen-mortised styles.
In this same grove, Æneas first discerns
A sight that chased all fear of Tyrian wiles,
While hope with happy dreams, array'd his heart in
smiles.

For while he waits the coming of the queen,
Still with new sights in admiration bound,
Pleased with the city's growth and happy mien,
Comparing master-works of art profound,
His startling eye beheld, while roving round,
The Trojan battles skilfully design'd,
(So far had reached the immortal trumpet's sound
Of Troy's loud fame which spread on every wind,)
The opposing kings and Peleu's son to both unkind.

He stood, while memory drown'd his grief in tears;
Then to Achates, thus in comfort said;
"Alas! where ere we turn our woe appears:
Priam is here—the love of virtue fed;
I feel that tears are here for sorrow shed.
Be calm—nor doubt that soft compassion dwells
Wherever art and sweet affection wed:
That fame which o'er the world your courage swells,
Shall mingle pity, too, and help you while it tells.

He spake—and turn'd to feed his anxious thought
On fancy's guise of woe—'till sorrow grew
Impatient, and with agony o'erfraught,
His cheeks were bathed in tears.

* That though a generous race, yet fate their riders saw.
Lib. I, 441. *Lucus in urbe fuit mediâ, &c.*

*Effodere loco signum, quod regia Juno
Monstrârat, caput acris equi: sic nam fore
Egregiam, et bello facilem victu per secula gentem*

Commentators who refer to history to clear up this passage, have only confused themselves in vain researches. It is often necessary to study only Virgil to comprehend his most difficult passages. *Victu* must be rendered in a passive sense to keep up the spirit of the poem, and the conjunction *et* must be rendered *although*. The passage will then read in English, thus. There was in the midst of the city, a grove very agreeably shaded, where first the Carthaginians, having been tost by the sea and the tempest dug up the skull of a fierce courser; a sign which royal Juno showed; for this indicated that they were to be a nation renowned in war, *although* in the course of time easily to be subdued. Let it be remembered what is said of Carthage in the earlier part of the poem.

*Progeniem sed enim Trojans à sanguini duci
Audierat, Tyrias olim quæ verteret arcés.
Hinc populum lati regem belloque superbum,
Venturum excidio Libyæ: sic volvere Parcas.*

Juno, knowing that the Carthaginians were destined finally to be subdued by the descendants of Teucer, showed them the skull of a horse as an omen of their fate; because this animal is both warlike and easily brought into subjection. The skull of the horse presented to the Carthaginians a deeper meaning besides, though the mention of it may appear fanciful to most readers. It indicated to them the subjection of the intellectual principle among their posterity, as appears at this day.

Original.

THE DEFENCE OF OLF TZYN.

Of all the countries of Europe, there are few, perhaps, which have suffered more from hardships and horrors of war than Poland. But it is not to the later period of her misfortunes that our story now refers, when, as a powerful kingdom, governed by a noble and courageous monarch, and supported by a brave people, Poland fearlessly defied the proudest kings of Europe.

In 1575, Sigismund, king of Poland, declared himself the rightful monarch of Sweden, in opposition to Charles, Duke of Sudermania, then regent of that kingdom. Charles, indignant at the claim of Poland, mustered his whole force and prepared to invade that kingdom with every prospect of success. Sigismund, unprepared for these measures, was only able to reinforce the garrisons of his frontier towns and to give the command to his most faithful and approved generals. The command of the important fortress of Olf tzyn devolved upon Caspar Karlinski, a name then celebrated in Poland, not so much for wealth and power, as for unblemished honor and dauntless bravery. On receiving his appointment, Caspar hastened to the fortress, accompanied only by his beautiful wife, whom no danger nor suffering could induce to leave him. Her only child an infant, two years of age, was with his nurse, far from the scene of combat.

The Swedes assembled near the walls of the castle, and the most threatening messages were sent to the intrepid Karlinski.

"I will obey no orders but those of Sigismund," was ever his heroic answer, "and I will preserve unsullied, 'till death, the faith which I have pledged to him."

The most splendid offers were then made him by the Swedish general. Wealth, rank, a seat in the senate of Sweden, was each proffered in turn, and each disdainfully refused. Having tried all other expedients in vain, the enemy drew their ranks together and prepared for a vigorous attack. The soldiers, that had, at first, defended the fortress, were few, and those few had been reduced to a scanty remnant by daily skirmishes, as well as by the suffering and fatigue incident to the inhabitants of a besieged citadel.

The night previous to the intended assault was calm and beautiful. The moon, then at her full, shone brightly on the black towers and gloomy walls of Olf tzyn, where, notwithstanding the apprehended danger, no sound disturbed the silence, save the low voice of the sentinels, and the heavy tread of Karlinski who paced to and fro on the battlements, while with a sensation of noble and patriotic pride, he thought of the hour when he should deliver the fortress into the keeping of his sovereign, uninjured as when he received it.

True, the number of his followers was few; but he felt unshaken confidence in their bravery and fidelity. His thoughts then reverted to his absent child, unseen for many weeks; and he felt pleasure in the thought, that though it was not in his power to leave either wealth or titles to his Sigismund, he could yet bequeath a still more glorious inheritance, a name distinguished for faithful loyalty and heroic fortitude. In thoughts like

these he passed the time 'till the morning dawned; then dismissing every thought, but those connected with the defence of Olf tzyn, he prepared for the terrible assault, which, by the movements of the enemy, was evidently fast approaching.

It was a bright, clear, spring morning. The sun poured down his beams with more than wonted brilliancy, and the fresh breeze inspired every heart with hope and resolution. With flashing eye and burning cheek, Karlinski marked the advance of the Swedish forces, apparently resolved to possess Olf tzyn, or die in the attempt.

"In what fine order they move," carelessly exclaimed Karlinski; "now for Poland and our king! They are nearly within gun shot." He had hardly finished speaking when the troops of the enemy stopped, as if by command. A death-like stillness ensued. The front rank opened and an armed man came forward, leading a female figure. She held something in her arms which her long white veil entirely concealed. A pause of breathless astonishment ensued among the Polish soldiery. The woman withdrew her hand as if to raise her veil, but she seemed unable to the task. Her form shook with convulsive emotion and she dropped her head on her bosom, as if borne down by some irresistible force. Her companion threw back her veil. Karlinski gazed as if spell bound, as he beheld a child clasped firmly to her bosom.

"Count Karlinski," at length said one of his soldiers. His voice seemed to unloose the spell.

"My God! it is my child! my own Sigismund," he frantically exclaimed and fell motionless on the ramparts.

"Fire not for your lives," said the aid-de-camp of Karlinski; "it is Count Caspar's only child. He has been treacherously seized by the cowardly Swedes."

In the meantime rejoicing in the success of their stratagem, the enemy once more arranged their ranks and moved forward. What could be done by the besieged? They dared not discharge a single cannon, for the life of the infant of their adored commander was at stake. The Swedes approached nearer and prepared to scale the walls.

At this moment of agony Karlinski awoke to a deep sense of suffering. "Oh! Heaven! aid and direct me," he wildly exclaimed.

"They prepare to mount the walls," said one of the soldiers; "we are lost, we cannot return a single shot with safety."

Another dreadful pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, who held his arms on high, probably recognizing familiar faces in the forms that manned the battlements.

A shout, as if in anticipation of victory, arose from the assailants. Karlinski sprang from the walls, where in utter despair he had thrown himself, and rushed forward to the verge of the battlement. He seized a torch from the hand of a soldier; "God!" he exclaimed, "I was a *Pole* before I was a *father*!" and with his own hand he discharged the cannon which served as the signal for a general volley. From every tower and battlement the shot poured down without cessation. The foremost ranks of the Swedes fell like chaff before

the wind, and with them fell the unfortunate child of Karlinski, a victim to the liberties of Poland.

"Now, my brave soldiers," exclaimed Karlinski "throw open the gates and follow me. I return victorious or I return no more. The sacrifice so awfully begun shall be as awfully completed."

The gates were, in obedience to his commands, thrown open, and, with almost irresistible force, the Polish troops rushed forward on their falling and almost stunned antagonists. We need not relate the dreadful scene of carnage that followed. Karlinski fought as one who was indeed bereft of every earthly hope. After a protracted struggle the troops of Sweden fled, pursued by the soldiers of Karlinski, each burning to revenge the death of their commander's child.

The dusky gloom of twilight had begun to settle over the towers of Olftzyn, before Count Karlinski returned from the field of battle. True, he returned completely victorious; but at how dreadful a price had that victory been achieved. He dreaded to meet the overwhelming anguish of his wife. "My gentle Margaret," he mentally exclaimed, "Oh! what will be thy feelings, rendered childless by my hand!"

He knew in his inmost heart that her soul, heroic as his own, would never blame him even in thought, but the *heart* recoils from many things of which *reason* approves. He entered the gates which were thrown open at his signal. No word passed between him and the sentinel; and, without addressing any one, he took his way in silence to the apartments of the Countess. He entered her drawing room; it appeared as if it had been tenantless for many hours. Her harp seemed as if untouched, her books unopened. It was not to be expected that, during that day of distress, she would have used either; yet there was an unutterable air of desolation and abandonment thrown over all, that seemed to imply, it had been totally uninhabited. Karlinski held his breath, vainly striving to catch some sound were it even one of sorrow. He felt that aught would be better than that awful silence. By a desperate effort he threw open the inner door. He started back in horror. Instead of the dim light he had expected, the room was bright by the number of torches that illumined it.—Massive silver lamps placed around the bed rendered sadly visible the pale form that, unconscious of earthly joy or sorrow, reposed on it. Count Caspar advanced to the side of the couch, and with almost terrific calmness gazed on the cold features of his beloved Margaret. He would have felt almost resigned, could he have seen either on brow or cheek, one trace of the joyous feeling that smiled there when he last saw her glowing with beauty and happiness. The eyes were closed, and around the compressed lips the smile that reigned there was fled for ever. "A dim awfulness was on the brow," and the whole expression of the face seemed to imply that it was indeed in an hour of unutterable anguish that the spirit had passed. Caspar groaned in bitterness of soul.

"Oh! Margaret! could'st not thou, who had only to suffer, have endured this trial, whilst I, the miserable author of it can survive?"

At that moment the favorite attendant of the Countess entered. She started back at the sight of Karlinski.

"Good Heaven! has your lordship returned?"

"Edith," he faintly exclaimed, "how chanced this, and when?" One glance to the couch explained his meaning.

"The Countess' page, my lord, witnessed all and told it to her. She fainted, and at sunset all was over."

"Spoke she aught of me?" said the Count.

"Nothing, my lord, but prayers for your happiness, and approval of your conduct, for though she died in agony for the death of her child, she still felt you performed but your duty."

"It is enough," said Karlinski; "retire, I will fulfil your duty in watching here." She did so, and Karlinski sat by the couch musing deeply on the woes of that day. "But she is happy," said he; "she is happy with her child, separated only for a few hours. I, only I, am miserable."

Wearied and overcome by days of sorrow and nights of watching, he sunk his head on his hand and slept. From this state of happiness, because of oblivion, he was roused near midnight by the low sweet sounds of music. A long train of monks and menials entered, chanting the requiem for the dead. The sight recalled Karlinski's scattered senses. He rose and received, with an appearance of calmness, the condolence uttered by one of the good monks; but, in reality although the words struck on his outward sense, they conveyed no idea to his mind. His thoughts were wholly riveted on the lifeless being before him. At length, after repeated addresses, his own personal attendant succeeded in making him understand that he had better retire. The Count cast one long look on the lifeless features of his once beautiful Margaret and then departed. But the feelings of that hour were never forgotten; for the anguish of long years was compressed into that last glance.

Time rolled on, while the name of Caspar Karlinski resounded through the states of Poland, and was echoed back in notes of admiration and wonder. But what was the voice of fame and renown? His grateful sovereign offered wealth and rank; but both were respectfully declined, for what happiness could they have yielded? Could one or all of these have restored his slaughtered infant, or his adored Margaret?

At length, Sigismund died, and another king reigned; while the sacrifice of Karlinski was forgotten, or remembered only as one of the deeds recorded in their ancient chronicles. But as he wandered through his ancestral halls, he bitterly felt that he had no son to whom he might bequeath them, but that his name must pass from among men and his possessions into the hands of another. But he had one support, the proud consciousness of a terrible duty fulfilled. It was this, perhaps, which enabled him to support so long a life; for after all these years of suffering, Karlinski died in extreme old age.

But what is the happiness of a long stream of life that has been embittered in the fountain?

MANY good qualities are not sufficient to balance a single want—the want of money.—*Zimmerman*.

Original.

MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

THE ARRIVAL.

A LIGHT travelling carriage stopped before the door of the hotel of the Three Lions, in Prague. A drove of servants poured out of the house; one opened the carriage door, and assisted an elegant young lady to alight; she sprang out, and was followed by a young man, humming a cheerful tune.

"St. Nepumuk!" cried the host, who had come to the door; "do I see aught? Herr Von Mozart?"

"You see, I keep my word!" replied Mozart, saluting him cordially. "Yes! here I am once more, and you may keep me 'till after harvest; and as a surety for my wise behavior, I have brought my wife along with me."

The host bowed low to the fair lady, and began a set speech with the words—"most honored madam Von Mozart—"

"Leave your speechifying, man!" cried Mozart, interrupting him, "and show us our quarters; and let us have some refreshments; and send a servant to Guardasoni, to inform him that I am here." He gave his arm to his lady, and stepped into the house, followed with alacrity by the host, and the servants with trunks and band-boxes, which they had unpacked from the carriage. A handsome young man, who just then crossed the market, when he heard from a foot-man the name of the newly arrived guest, rushed up the steps, and into Mozart's chamber, and threw himself into his arms with an exclamation of joy.

"Ho, ho! my wild fellow!" cried Mozart, "you were near giving me a fright!" and turning to his wife, he presented the young stranger to her. "Well, how do like him? this is he—Luigi Bassi, I mean."

THE LIBRETTO.

"Ising this evening the Count in your Figaro, Master Mozart!" said Bassi.

"Very well!" replied Mozart. "What say your Prague people to the opera?"

"Come to-night to the theatre, and you shall hear for yourself! This is the twelfth representation in sixteen days; and this evening it is performed at the wish of the Duke Antony of Saxony."

"Ho, ho! and what says Strobach?"

"He and the whole orchestra say every night after the performance, that they would be glad to begin it over again, though it is a difficult piece."

Mozart rubbed his hands with pleasure, and said to his wife—

"You remember, I told you, the excellent people of Prague would drive out of my head the vexation I endured at Vienna! And I will write them an opera, such as one does not hear every day! I have a capital libretto, Bassi, a bold, wild thing, but full of spirit and fire, which Da Ponte composed for me. He says he would have done it for no one else; for none else would have had courage for it. It was just the thing for me! The music has long run in my head; only I knew not to

what I should set it, for no other poem would suit! In Idomenco and Figaro you find tunes—but never exactly of the right sort; in short—it was with me, as when the spring should and would come—but cannot; on bush and tree hang myriads of buds, but they are closed; then comes the tempest, and the thunder cries, 'burst forth!' and the warm rain streams down, and leaf and blossom burst into sudden and bright luxuriance! The deuce take me, if it was not so in my mind, when Da Ponte brought me the libretto! You shall take the principal part; and the deuce take you!"

Bassi wanted to know more of the opera; but Mozart assumed an air of mystery, and laughing, put him off, exhorting the impatient to patience.

FIN CHAN DAL VINO.

In the evening, when Mozart appeared in the theatre, in the box of Count Thurn, he was greeted by the audience with three rounds of applause; and during the representation this testimony of delight was repeated after every scene. This was the more pleasing to the composer, as his Figaro had been very indifferently received in Vienna. Through the ill offices of Salieri, the piece had been badly cast and worse performed; so that Mozart had sworn an oath never to write another opera for the Viennese.

Loud and prolonged "vivats!" accompanied his carriage to the hotel; there he found his friends—Duschek; the leader, Strobach, and the Impressario of the opera company, Guardasoni, who had ordered a splendid supper; afterwards came Bassi, Bondini, with his wife, and the fair and lively Saporitti. Much pleasant discourse about art, and sportive wit enlivened the meal; the gaiety of the company, even when the champagne was uncorked, never once passed, however, the bounds of decorum.

In his festive humor, Mozart was not so reserved to the curiosity of the impetuous Bassi, as he had been in the morning; but was prevailed on to give him a sketch of his part, of which three airs were already finished.

"Very good, Master Amades!" said Bassi, "but these airs are, indeed, rather insignificant for me."

"How?" asked Mozart, looking at him with laughing eyes.

"I mean," answered Bassi—"there is too little difficulty in them; they are all too easy!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes—and so—in short;—is it not so Master? You must write me some very grand, difficult airs, or give me some you have ready! eh? will you do so?"

"No!" replied Mozart with a smile; "no, my good Bassi! that I will not do." Bassi's face visibly lengthened, but Mozart continued good humoredly, "Look you, Tesoro! that the airs are not long, is true; but they are as long as they should be, and neither more nor less. But as to the great, too great facility, of which you complain, let that pass; I assure you, you will have plenty to do, if you sing them as they should be sung."

"Ha?" mused Bassi.

"For example, sing me this air—'Fin chan dal vino!'"

He stepped to the piano; Bassi followed him some-

what unwillingly; and just glancing at the notes, began hurriedly and with not too gentle a touch.

"Gently—gently!" cried Mozart, laughing, and interrupting his playing; "not so *con furio* over hedge and stone! Can you not wait, to keep pace with my music? Where I have written *presto*, must you sing *prestissimo*, and pay no heed at all to *forte* and *piano*? Ah? who sings there? a drunken beast of a landlord, or a merry Spanish cavalier, who thinks more of his gentle love, than of the wine which paints his anticipated joy in luxurious fantasy? I pray you—drink a glass of champagne wine, think of your beloved, and, mark me! when it begins to hum in your ears—in the softest, most serial tempo, *piano, piano! crescendo forte piano!* 'till at the last all crashes together in the loud, wild jubilation—that is what I mean."

And Bassi, inspired by the exhortation of the master, sprang up, drank a glass of champagne, snatched a kiss from the lovely cheek of Saporitti, began the air anew, and completed it this time with such effect, that the whole company were electrified and encored the song with shouts of applause.

"Well!" cried Mozart with a smile, after Bassi had three times rehearsed it, "said I not so? does it not go off pleasantly!" Before he could prevent it, Bassi seized his hand, kissed it, and said modestly—

"I will do my best—to have you *satisfied* with me!"

HERR VON NEPOMUCK.

At Duscheck's urgent request, Mozart quitted his abode in the city, and removed to Kosohirz to the country-seat of his friend. He came there on a lovely morning in September. Duscheck had quietly arranged a little fête, and the composer was not a little surprised and delighted to find himself welcomed to his new abode by his assembled friends and acquaintances. To crown his joy, Duscheck handed him a written request, signed by many of the most distinguished citizens of Prague, "that he would very soon give a Concert!" For this purpose the theatre was placed freely at his disposal, and Count Johann Von Thurn had offered to bear the expenses. Mozart, with a heart full, observed—

"The Viennese did not *this* to me."

"It seems, my friend," said Duscheck, "that your good Viennese, as you always call them, knew not rightly what they had in you, and less what they should do with you! Heaven pardon the Emperor, that he left you without a place, and made the sneak, Salieri, master of the musical band; while he well knew who you were and who Salieri was;—and the people of Vienna looked on quietly—O, pfui!"

"Ah!" replied Mozart to his zealous friend; "think not so ill of him; Joseph has more important affairs than mine to think about; and then, you know, he has his counsellors, on whom he depends, and who know how to get the right side of him. As to the Viennese, I always maintain that they are brave fellows. When I came from Salzburg, where my lord the Prince Bishop had treated me like a mean person, like a dog, and the Viennese received me so cordially—I felt as if I had stepped out of hell into paradise! For that I shall remember them now and ever! In truth, they are often

a little stupid, and always want to be told that they are magnanimous, and connoisseurs, and the like; yet who ever will tell them the truth to their face—they will hear, and will applaud him, and grant him all he asks. But that I cannot do; I would rather bear a blow than thrust my praises into any body's face. I have held a a wheedler, all my life-long, for a shabby fellow, and shall I myself become one? Salieri makes nothing of it—but it is not so bad with him, for he is an Italian, and they bepraise each other even to plastering. Bah! let the Viennese prefer him to me! let them stuff him with sweetmeats! Give me a glass of Burgundy!"

Before Duscheck could turn round to hand the glass to his friend, a tall corpulent man, having a red shining visage, with a friendly simper and low obeisance, offered the master a goblet full of dark sparkling liquor.

Mozart took the cup, drank a long draught, and repeated the following lines with a comic air of seriousness, looking the colossal Ganymede in the face:

"Johann von Nepomucken
Musst springen von der Prager Brucken,
Weils dem Wenzel nit wollt glucken,
Der Königin Beicht ihm zu ent rucken."

"The master recollects me, then?" asked the stout man with sparkling eyes; Mozart replied laughing—

"How could I have forgotten my excellent trumpeter, Nepomuck Stradetzky?"

"Herr von Nepomuck!" growled the trumpeter, correctly; but immediately added in his blandest tone, and with an air of humility—"Pray, pray, Herr von Mozart—*von!*" Mozart nodded obligingly and reached out his hand to him.

When the company were assembled in the evening, they suddenly heard a choir of the Prague musicians—playing a piece from the Marriage of Figaro. Mozart listened, delighted, to their admirable performance, and expressed his thanks, when they concluded.

"But, if you would do me a very great pleasure, gentlemen," said he, "I beg you to indulge us by playing and singing the fine old song of the Prague musicians. You know which I mean!"

Highly honored and pleased at this request, the musicians began:—

"The Prague musicians' band,
Wandering in every land,
A welcome still have they!
They wear no clothing rich,
Nor boast of courtly speech,
Yet fiddling,
And blowing,
Still welcome greets their way."

"How youth and maiden round,
When horn and fiddle sound,
Whirl in the dance so light!
To the old toper's eyes
The sparkling goblet flies,
With fiddling,
And blowing,
In beauty doubly bright!"

"And when the song is done,
And the dances through are run,
And quiet every guest—

Then sounds the thankful hymn
For joy filled to the brim,
Ascending,
Soft breathing
From every honest breast.

"Then let us onward ever,
Cheerful, and gay for ever,
With us St. Nepomuck!
'Till with full pockets, we,
And empty flasks—you see,
Still singing,
And blowing,
Stand on the Prager Bruck."

Still playing, the musicians receded, the sound growing softer and fainter every moment; the moon rose above the mountains, the Muldau uttered its low mysterious murmur;—and deeply moved, Mozart rose, wished his friends a heart-felt good night, and betook himself to his chamber, where 'till near morning he continued playing on the piano.

THE DISTRIBUTION.

Mozart gave his concert, and reaped therefrom not only rich store of applause, but no contemptible gain. As Duscheck wished him happiness with the latter, and added—

"I know indeed, that you write more for the sake of fame than of gold—particularly in Vienna—"

"For what should I write?" muttered the master; "for fame? for gold? Certainly not! for generally I fail to get either. I write for love of *Art*—I would have you know!"

Meanwhile Mozart had worked assiduously at his Don Giovanni; and on the fourth of October, 1787, showed it to the Impresario; complete, excepting the Overture, and a few breaks in the instrumentation.

Guardasoni was greatly rejoiced—and immediately counted out to the master the stipulated ducats;—but when Mozart began to speak of the distribution of the parts, the poor Impresario confessed with grief, that he had for the last month anticipated trouble in this business; for that there was always a ferment among the singers, male and female; every she and every he, laying claim to a principal part.

"My people! I thank fortune," he concluded, "are none of the worst, and Bassi is good nature itself! but in certain points they can manage to give a poor Impresario enough to do; and in particular, the fair Saporitti and the little Bondini are possessed with a spirit of tormenting, when they are in their odd humors."

"Take care only, not to let them perceive your apprehension," said Mozart; "they are friendly to me, that I know, and you shall soon see how I will bring them all under my thumb."

"Between you and me," observed Guardasoni with a sly smile, "I expect the greatest condescension from Saporitti; for, proud as she is, she is not only friendly to you, but, I imagine, even something more than friendly!"

"Eh! that may be!" cried the master, rubbing his hands with delight; for much as he honored and loved his wife, he did not disdain a little flirtation now and then. Guardasoni continued innocently—

"As I tell you—for she said to me the other day—"I could fall in love with the Signor Amadeo, for he is a great man, and I should not mind his insignificant figure."

The master was crest-fallen! It was not a little mortifying, to hear that the fair Saporitti had made mention of his small and insignificant figure, especially, to such a tall man as Guardasoni. He colored with indignation, but merely said with nonchalance—

"Call them together for me, Signor Guardasoni, and I will read them the text they are to sing."

Guardasoni went away, and the next day he assembled all the singers in the conversation room of the theatre. Mozart came in, dressed in rich sables, a martial hat adorned with gold lace on his head, the director's staff in his hand. He ascended a plat-form, and began, at first in a formal and earnest manner, but gradually sliding off into a good humored, sportive tone, for he never could bely his harmless character.

MOZART'S SPEECH.

"Honored ladies and gentlemen—

It is known to you that long ago I received from your Impresario, Signor Guardasoni, the flattering commission, to compose an opera for *his* company. I undertook it the more gladly, as I have the pleasure of knowing you all, and had therefore the certainty of laboring for true artists.

"My work is finished; '*DON GIOVANNI, ossia il dissoluto punito.*' I can assure you, I have honestly endeavored to study carefully the peculiar character of each of the honored members of Guardasoni's present company, and have had particular regard to this in every part in my opera.

"I have thus succeeded in composing a work, which forms not only of itself a harmonious whole, but in each separate part promised the artist for whom it was intended, the fairest success. An opera, which I believe will please even in future times; which will be perhaps pronounced my best work, as I myself esteem it such. But one thing I know; that a representation so perfect as I hope for it through *you*, is not to be procured hereafter.

"Where could we find a Don Giovanni, like my young friend Luigi Bassi? his noble figure, his wonderful voice, his manner, his wit; his unstudied fire, when he bends in homage to beauty,—qualify him eminently for the hero of my opera. Of the profligate he can assume just so much as is necessary, to pass for one who beguiles ladies, and in self defence strikes down the audacious old papas; that is enough! for my hero is no rude butcher, nor a common mischievous villain, but a hot-headed, passionate youth.

"Could I point out for him a more perfect Donna Anna, than the beautiful, stately, virtuous Saporitti? All conflicting feelings of love, hate, sympathy, revenge, she will depict, in song and in action—as I conceived them when I composed the work.

"And who could represent the faithful, delicate, resentful, yet ever forgiving and loving Elvira, more consummately than the charming, gentle, pensive Catarina

Micelli? She is Don Giovanni's warning angel, forsaking him only in the last moment. Ah! such an angel should convert me, for I also am a great sinner, *spite of insignificant figure!* And now for the little, impatient, mischievous, inexperienced and curious Zerlina.

"O, la ci darem la mano, Signorella Bondini! sweet little one! you are too tempting! and if my stanzel, were to sing her "vedrai carino" to me, like you, by Jupiter! it were all over with me!"

"That the good Felice Pouziani is satisfied with his Leporello, and the excellent Primo Tenoro, Antonio Baglioni, with his Don Ottavio, rejoices my very heart. Signor Guiseppo Lolli, has, out of friendship for me, undertaken the part of Massetto, besides that of the Comthur, because he would have all the parts well performed. I have already thanked him for his kind attention, and thank him now again.

"And thus I close my speech so meet;
With joy the evening will I greet,
When my beloved opera
Through you appears in Gloria!
If author and singers are agreed,
Of toil for the rest there is no need!
And you shall see with what delight
I will direct and set you right;
I will pay diligent heed to all,
That neither in time nor touch you fall.
Let every one but do his best—
We of success assured may rest.
So tells you from his candid heart
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART."

The master ended his speech; his audience clapped approbation, and they separated in good humor and mutual satisfaction.

THE REHEARSAL.

On the twenty-eighth day of October, Don Giovanni being complete except the overture, the rehearsals began. On the morning of the first rehearsal, before Mozart went to the opera-house, he walked for recreation in the public garden. Before him he saw the well known figure of the trumpeter, Nepomuck Stradetzky, absorbed, as it seemed, in meditation. Mozart walked faster, overtook him and tapped him gently on the shoulder. "Nepomuck turned quickly, growling out—

"Ha, what do you want?" but bowed almost to the ground as he recognised the master, and said: "Ah! I beg a thousand pardons, worthy Herr von Mozart! I was deep in revery, and thought it some knave who wanted to play a trick upon me! I beg your pardon—"

"For what?" replied Mozart. "Nobody is pleased at being disturbed in a revery—not I, at least! But what were you thinking about, Herr von Stradetzky?"

Nepomuck answered with a clear brow, "Ay, of what, but your opera, most excellent Herr von Mozart? Is not all Prague full of expectation of the miracle that is to appear? By my patron saint! wherever I go, I am asked, "Herr von Nepomuck! when is the first representation? You play the tenor-trumpet, eh, Herr von Nepomuck?"

"No." I answer, "the bass-trumpet!"

"So, so!" they say—"the bass-trumpet, eh, Herr von Nepomuck?"

"Have you tried your notes through, Herr von Nepomuck?"

"Yes, indeed! Herr von Mozart! and I am delighted with the long full tones; but in the two choruses are a few deuced hard notes."

"Pah! you will get through with them, Herr von Nepomuck!"

"I hope so, Herr von Mozart, and will do my best."

They walked a little longer, chatting, in the shaded avenue, and then betook themselves to the theatre.

The rehearsal began; Mozart was every where! now in the Orchestra, now on the stage, directing or improving the scenic arrangement. In the ball scene of the first act, where Bassi did not dance to please him, he himself joined the circle and danced a minuet with Zerlina with so much grace, that he did all credit to his master Noverre. So by a bold stroke he amended the shriek of Zerlina; which after repeated 'Da Capos' did not suit him; creeping behind her at the moment she was about to repeat the cry for the fourth time, he suddenly seized her with such violence, that, really frightened, she screamed in good earnest; whereupon he cried laughing, "bravo! that is what I want! you must shriek in that way at the representation."

The good humored little Bondini forgave him her fright; but an instruction in the second act was not so well received. Here, in the church-yard scene, to strengthen the effect of both Adagios, which the statue has to sing, he had placed the three trumpeters behind the monument. In the second Adagio the trumpeters blew wrong; Mozart cried, "Da Capo!" it was repeated and this time the bass only failed. The master went to the desk, and patiently showed Nepomuck how he wanted the notes played; but even after the third repetition Nepomuck made the same blunder.

"What the mischief, Stradetzky!" cried Mozart, with vexation, and stamping his foot; "you must play correctly!"

Nepomuck, offended, grumbled out, "Herr Von Stradetzky is my name, and I play what is possible to play with the trumpet! what you have written *there*, the devil himself could not play."

"No, indeed!" said Mozart gently; "if what I have written suits not the instrument, I must by all means alter it!" He immediately made the alteration and added to the original instrumentation both bassoons as well as two double basses. Finally, he let the chorus of Furies sing *under* the scene, and would not permit visible demons to drag Don Giovanni into the abyss. "He is man enough, not to let the devil *call* in vain!" observed he, laughing.

With this the rehearsal ended. Mozart, on the whole, was satisfied with the singers and the orchestra; and the performers promised themselves the most brilliant success. As the master went home from the theatre, Nepomuck Stradetzky came behind him, took hold of the skirt of his coat, and said earnestly—

"Do not be angry with me, Herr Von Mozart, because I have been a little bearish! That is often my way, and you know I mean well!"

Mozart replied cordially, "Nay, Herr Von Nepomuck,

I ought to be grateful to you, for having pointed out to me the error in my notes for the Trumpet. Nevertheless, it is true, faults may be pointed out in a pleasant manner! Well, in future we will observe more courtesy!"

Nepomuck promised, and they parted in friendship.

THE OVERTURE.

The lovely Saporitti endeavored sedulously to efface from the memory of the little master Amadeo, the unintentional offence her remark had given him. Mozart speedily forgave and forgot it, and was unwearied in giving her assistance in the study of her part, not hesitating to find fault where it was necessary, but likewise liberally bestowing encouraging praise.

The Signora one morning took occasion to praise the serenade of Don Giovanni, as peculiarly happy, and commended its bland southern coloring; observing that *such* soft persuasive love tones were foreign to the rude northern speech; Mozart replied with a smile—

"We Germans speak out indeed more honestly; yet it oftentimes sounds not ill!" And the evening of the same day, the master sang a serenade, charming indeed, but quite in the taste of the bagpipe-playing Prague musicians, under the window of the Signora Saporitti.

Meantime the day appointed for the first representation of 'Don Giovanni,' the third of November, was just at hand, and Mozart had never yet written the overture! Guardasoni urged—the master's friends were anxious—Mozart only laughed, and said, "I will write it this afternoon." But he did not write it; he went on an excursion of pleasure with his wife. Guardasoni was now really in despair.

"You will see, it never will do!" he cried repeatedly, and sent messengers to the four quarters of the heavens, in vain; Mozart was no where to be found; and Strobach was obliged to promise that in case of extreme necessity he would adopt the overture to Idomeneo.

It was midnight when Mozart's carriage stopped before his dwelling; and his friends, Guardasoni at their head, immediately surrounded him with complaints and reproaches. The master sprung out of his carriage, crying—

"Leave me to myself; now I will go to work in good earnest!" He went into the house, shut the door behind him, threw himself on his seat at the writing table, and began to write. In a few minutes, however, he started up, and cried laughing to his wife—"it will not come right yet! I will go to bed for an hour; wake me up at that time, and make me some punch!" And without undressing he flung himself on the bed. Constance prepared the punch, and in an hour's time went to awaken her husband; but Mozart slept so sweetly, she could not find it in her heart to disturb him. She let him lie another hour; then, as time pressed, she awakened him.

Mozart rubbed his eyes, collected his thoughts, shook himself, and without further ado began his work. Constance sat by him, gave him the punch, and, to keep him in good spirits, began to tell him all manner of funny and horrible stories—of the Prince-fish, of Blue Beard, of the Princess with swine's snout, etc. etc. 'till Mozart, still writing, laughed 'till the tears ran down his cheeks.

At two o'clock in the morning he began his wonderful work; at six it lay on the desk finished. The master started up from his rest; he could hardly stand upright. "Done for this time!" he muttered; "but I shall not soon try it again!" And laid himself down again to sleep.

At seven the copyist came for the notes, in the utmost hurry to write them out, which he could not accomplish before half past seven in the evening; so that the performance, instead of commencing at seven was postponed to eight o'clock. Still wet, and covered with sand, the hastily copied parts were brought in and arranged in the orchestra.

CONCLUSION.

The strange story of the composition of the overture soon spread among the audience. When Mozart came into the orchestra, he was greeted with thundering 'Bravos!' from an overflowing house. He bowed low, and turning to the performers in the orchestra, said—

"Gentlemen, we have not been able to have a rehearsal of the overture; but I know what I can venture with you. So, quick! to work!" He took up the time-staff, gave the signal, and like a thunder burst, with the clang of trumpets, sounded the first accord of the awful Andante; which as well as the succeeding Allegro, was executed by the orchestra with admirable spirit. When the overture was at an end, the storm of applause seemed as if it would never cease.

"There were indeed a few notes dropped under the desk," observed Mozart, smiling, to Strobach during the introduction; "but on the whole it went off splendidly! I am greatly indebted to these gentlemen."

How during the remainder of the opera the applause rose from scene to scene—how from its first representation to the present day, on every occasion, the '*Fin ch' dal vino*,' called and still calls forth enthusiastic "Da Capos," is well known, not only to the brave people of Prague, but to the whole civilized world; and all rejoice for the appreciation, which there awaited the illustrious master.

And thus I bring to an end this little circle of scenes, which I do not presume to offer as a Tale of Art. They may prove, however, a pleasant memorial of the first production of a noble work, whose fifty-third anniversary is celebrated on this fourth of November, 1840; and which is destined through *all* future time to command the admiration of noble and feeling hearts.

THERE is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic, they teach that contraries laid together more evidently appear: it follows then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth.—*Milton*.

Original.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST.—No. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "CAPTAIN KYD," ETC., ETC.

WHILE I was strapping my trunk this evening, and giving directions to the porter, I heard a rapid footstep in the passage leading to my room; a hasty rap and sudden opening of my door followed, and I beheld a friend from Alton, the "brag town" of the North-west.

"What, my dear sir!" he exclaimed, "going off without seeing Alton? Not to see Alton is not to see any thing. You might as well go to England without seeing London!" and my friend looked the very picture of astonishment at my temerity; and I began, myself, to question my own sanity in the step I was about to take, so I answered deprecatingly, "that my time was limited, and that I had no intention, at first, of going higher than Saint Louis."

"Saint Louis! Pshaw! Saint Louis can't hold a candle to Alton! Alton is the metropolis of the West. It is outstripping every thing. Its stores rent for three thousand dollars, its merchants are rich and enterprising above all others, and its citizens are wealthy. It is the mother of the greatest schemes of the age, the father of a half a dozen railroads, the centre of commercial power, and the crack city of the union. Will you believe it? all letters that come to Saint Louis, are now directed by New-York and New Orleans merchants, for greater assurance of their safe arrival to "*Saint Louis, near ALTON.*"

I was confounded! Nevertheless my passage was taken for Louisville, and I could not have commanded time to have seen even London, if I had been but twenty-five miles from it, which is the distance of the "crack city of the West," from Saint Louis. To find something to base a sufficient excuse upon for not visiting Alton, as my ardent friend would not admit of my plea, that my passage had already been taken to Louisville, and that my time would not admit of the two or three days delay this visit would occasion, I catechised him about the place. "Well, suppose I go—have you a good hotel there, that, you know, is the first desideratum of travellers?"

The Altonian looked blank, and I read a strong argument in my favor in his visage. "I can't say that we have; but there is a private house with two fine rooms."

"Do all strangers put up in private houses in Alton?"

"Oh, no! we are not quite so hospitable as that. The hotel is well enough for those who can do no better, but I would not like to have you go to the tavern; my very particular friend, Mrs. — will give you up her front room—I have champagne, segars, gun and dog for your pastime, and there are some fine women in Alton, too! But I withdraw the last argument, as you are already noosed. But say, will you go?"

"Not to a private house—and that a stranger's," I said, very decidedly. He pressed, and I declined. At length I asked him to give me a description of Alton. "There are," he said, his eyes kindling with the enthusiasm of his subject, "more than seventy large brick and

stone stores and warehouses, to say nothing of cake and candy-shops, shoemakers and milliners; there are more than fifty dwelling-houses, some of stone, some of brick, and some of wood; there are a good many streets laid out on a magnificent scale, but not yet built upon; one of the streets is cut directly through a hill like the Thames tunnel, only it has no roof—and houses are scattered over the hills in a hundred picturesque attitudes."

"That is," said I, maliciously interrupting him, "giving two attitudes to each house, the number of houses being, fifty; how remarkable!"

"Remarkable! Nothing is remarkable connected with this growing emporium. Nothing too extravagant not to be true. Why, we are now four miles above the mouth of the Missouri, and yet, in two years, the city will be opposite the mouth; and how do you think that will be done?" he added, rubbing his hands with delighted anticipation.

"I suppose by taking "the emporium up on a cart, and dragging it down to the position in question."

"Ridiculous! a cart! No, sir, we are going to cut through the land opposite, or just above the city, and bring the Missouri to us, sir. Yes, sir, we are going to make it discharge its waters directly before our town."

"Wonderful, indeed!"

"Wonderful! You may well be astonished. But this is not all. We are going to construct stone piers to our landing. We have three churches, a court-house, some few children's schools, and a brick penitentiary. Land, sir, is selling at two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars a foot, and rent is as high here as in New Orleans. Alton is a great place! a wonderful place! an extraordinary place! Saint Louis is but a provincial town—a suburb to it. Not visit Alton? Why, what will people in New-York and Philadelphia say, when they ask you about Alton, as they are sure to do the first thing, when they learn you came to Saint Louis, and did not visit it? My dear friend, I fear they will not have much opinion of your judgment. Tell me, will you visit Alton? Boats run daily, sometimes every three hours; you can return in the morning; three hours going up, and two coming down. Once for all, will you go?"

"I have no need now; your glowing description has placed it in my mind's eye with all the vividness of reality. I should learn nothing by going. When, however, I speak of my visit to Saint Louis, I will so discourse of Alton that men shall aver, that in Alton I was born and bred. So say no more; Alton shall not be forgotten." My friend finding me resolute, at length gave up, after giving me the additional information that Alton was built on the side of a precipitous and broken range of rocks and hills, appearing, at a distance, not unlike Vicksburg, being about half the size of that place; that the buildings are principally constructed of stone, and the surrounding hills finely wooded, the country round it, rich and well cultivated, the people intellectual and industrious; and that the prospect from a high promontory above the town, embracing the opposite shores for a great distance, and the mouth of the Missouri is one

of the finest on the Upper Mississippi. So ends my proxy sketch of Alton, to which my pen has, no doubt, done more justice than it would have done, had I visited that great emporium in person; and if this scrap should meet the eye of my Alton friend, I trust that his spirit will be appeased. This is my last sketch bearing date at Saint Louis. My next letter will be written on board of the steamer which bears me on my way to the east.

A visit to Saint Louis will well repay the traveller either from the north or south, whose route takes him past the mouth of the Ohio; and there are few going from New Orleans to the north, or from Pittsburg to New Orleans, who cannot spare four days for that purpose. By stopping at the mouth of the Ohio, and taking the first boat passing to Saint Louis, (and six or eight boats pass daily,) they can reach Saint Louis in thirty hours, stay there a day, and return in fifteen hours, and at an expense of ten dollars up from the mouth, and eight down. Such an opportunity at so slight a sacrifice of time and money, should not be suffered to escape unimproved by passing travellers.

There are five papers published here, and two daily. The commercial newspapers of this city rank among the first in the Union. Literature is little cultivated here, although there are societies for mutual improvement among young men. Literature is the fruit of leisure; leisure is an exotic not yet transplanted to the West, and all men and communities are too busy to think of repose: that will come the next generation, and then literary tastes will naturally be cultivated; they will not be forced. Literature is a drug in a commercial town, and a literary man is considered, by business men, a sort of distinct genius, whom they regard with mingled surprise and pity. In a busy mart not far from Saint Louis, a gentleman who had gained some literary eminence, was warmly recommended to a cashiership, but was rejected by the board of directors, (who were merchants) on the declared plea that he was an author, and, *therefore*, unfit for business. There is no political newspaper here of importance.

A broker charged me twelve per cent, to-day, on the Orleans bank bills. The Mississippi and Alabama railroad money is not worth so much blotting paper: men are laughed at for presenting it; and although accounts have recently appeared in the papers that the bills will now be redeemed, yet this announcement has created no confidence.

Louisiana money is little better than Mississippi. Three years ago, the traveller could go from one end of the Union to the other, without becoming the victim of usurers, or annoyed by the differences of exchange; because he carried with him those blessings to a traveller in the United States, the bills of the United States Bank. Now, alas! there is one universal chaos, from Maine to Louisiana, in the currency. Every fifty miles the traveller is shaved anew; the bills received at his last stopping-place, will not pass at his next; and every petty town, forsooth, will accept none other than its own bank paper. *Vive la bagatelle.*

J. H. I.

Original.

THE WALK OF BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

Who of us can read without emotion, and not read again with interest, the life and troubles of Paul and Virginia? What a delightful picture of friendship! What an interesting description of love commencing in childhood, and continuing until death! What a frightful representation of ambition, which destroys two families that Providence had brought together to assist each other. How can we avoid blaming Madame De la Jour, and interesting ourselves for Paul, and weeping for Virginia. Ambitious mothers may hence receive a lesson, while it portrays, in affecting colors, the attachment of their domestics.

This work has been translated into several languages, and its author has had the pleasure of seeing it perused as far as the distant rivers whence he took his picture. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, after having painted the riches of nature, wished to gratify his readers by a picture of felicity that he had found in private and humble life, and accordingly commenced his *Indian Cottage*.

Devoted to this work, he felt that it was only in the midst of fields that he should be able to give to it all that coloring and truth, which can only be drawn from nature. He left Paris, and took up his abode in the village of Etoile, situated between the Seine and the forest of Sennart. His home was in a castle which was owned by an opulent man of high rank, one whose happiness was heightened by an association with the most distinguished artists and writers of the day. Saint Pierre's room being in a wing of the castle, it was separated from the rest, and formed a delightful retreat. From one window was beheld the village of Corbeil, with its beautiful environs, and from the other, part of an immense forest, which contrasted beautifully with the rich and varied plain through which the Seine flows, bearing on its glassy bosom, to the capital, the productions of the most fertile provinces of France.

Sometimes, Saint Pierre seated upon the banks of the river, would give himself up to the charms of a deep reverie, at others, he would ramble towards the forest of Sennart, and gratify his love of nature, by viewing the ravines and wild scenery he met in his way.

This walk had more attraction for him than any other: here, his imagination could assimilate each scene and object to the sloping hills and silent deserts of Africa, where he had so often meditated upon the gorgeous beauties of creation.

If he walked in a pleasant valley, crossed by a limpid stream, he found himself in the Isle of France, near the river of Latiniers. If he climbed a hill covered with old trees, from which he saw the clock of the village, it brought again to his fancy the hills of Port Louis, from which he could see the church of Pamplermousses: if he met, at a short distance from each other, two cottages of shepherds, he stopped and beheld the dwellings of Magueritte and Madame De la Jour, while the echoes resounding from the cries of the woodmen and swains, seemed to repeat the dear names of Paul and Virginia. One day in autumn, when the rising of the sun gave the

promise of a clear and beautiful day, Saint Pierre, attracted by its charms, left the village of Etoile to walk in the forest, without remarking the road he took. Wrapped in the beauties of the landscape, it was not till fatigue and hunger recalled him to the recollection of his home, he then found that he had wandered so far from his accustomed path, that all traces of return were lost in the labyrinths of the forest, while he perceived by the rays of the sun, which shone less obliquely upon his head, that the day was far advanced. Having seated himself under a large oak, which was surrounded by an elevation of turf, the sound of a huntsman's horn, and the cries of hounds were heard to approach, and shortly after several Piqueurs and Gardes de chasse, who had started the game, arrived at the place where he rested. He inquired of them the road to Etoile.

"You are very far from it," answered one of them; "there are at least two leagues between you and your home."

"Two leagues," exclaimed the old man. "I shall never be able to reach it. I am weary, hungry and thirsty." None knew who he was, but his venerable countenance, his long white hair spread over his shoulders, and the sound of his voice was so imposing, that each was eager to offer him a part of what he possessed.

He was told that the gentlemen of the neighborhood had united in a hunting party, and their halt was under the oak tree, where they were seated. During this the hunters arrived to celebrate their success by a rural repast.

They all saluted the stranger, but none appeared to know him. They invited him to sit among them, and paid him every attention, when a hunter, a rich banker of Paris, riding at full speed to participate in the pleasures of the hunt, stopped all at once upon discovering the stranger, and exclaimed, "Whom do I see! Mons. Saint Pierre?" At the name they all surrounded the celebrated man, and congratulated themselves on the agreeable rencontre, but none expressed more pleasure than the black men who formed part of the equipage of the chase, and who, having been a long time in France, had read Paul and Virginia.

They at first respectfully regarded Saint Pierre as the friend of the blacks, their eloquent defender, then all at once they rushed forward and surrounded him. Neither the respect he inspired, nor the weakness he felt, could prevent their kissing his clothes, and his long hair—and the venerable philanthropist, who, but a few minutes before, a wanderer and alone, now found himself surrounded by those who vied with each other to serve him. Never was a halt so delightful. Gaiety and wit were united to friendship. Saint Pierre gave himself up to enjoyment. How brilliant and expressive all he said! Every word was remembered and repeated, while the colored people, placing themselves behind him, disputed the honor of serving him.

"It is my right," said one of them. "I am the oldest of all, and I am named Domingo. That name is a name of honor. It is on that account I am named Domingo, and my wife is called Marie; my dog, also, is named Fidele."

He then pointed to a fine hound, and told him to go to one that had been a friend to them. The dog obeyed, and laid himself at the feet of the author of Paul and Virginia.

Saint Pierre was not able to resist his emotion, and expressed his surprise. "It is all in chance, too," said one, "that Bernardin Saint Pierre, lost in the woods, should receive the caress of Fidele."

"Never," in his turn, cried the happy old man, caressing the hound, "never shall I experience a delight so pure, so deeply felt; but all this attention, and the happiness with which I am surrounded, cannot make me forget that I am two leagues from Etoile, and that my friends there, must be in a state of great anxiety. Permit me, then, to quit your society, and return to the chateau which I left this morning. All that I ask of you is, for some one to accompany me through the forest, that I may not again be lost."

"I offer you my horse," said one of the hunters, "and will escort you myself."

"No! no!" added another, "my caleche is in the road. I will take you to the chateau."

"You have no need of horse or caleche," said the negroes. "We have arms strong enough to carry our friend, and we will prove to him that we are all full Domingos." At the same time, they broke branches from the trees, of which they formed a litter, covering it with moss, and ornamenting it with leaves. They placed Saint Pierre in it, and carried the precious burden on their shoulders. As they went along they made the forest ring with sounds of joy, and the reiterated applause of all, who found, again, in this delightful sight, all that the author of Paul and Virginia had written with so much charm.

Having arrived at the chateau, Saint Pierre related all that had taken place during his ramble, and easily obtained the pardon of his friends. He obliged the negroes to rest, but could not offer such feelings any recompense—he declared that of all the pleasure he had received from Paul and Virginia, there was none that could bear any comparison with this he now enjoyed. He requested them to leave the litter as the dearest monument of his glory, and in showing it to the young students who sought his friendship, he said to them, "How can any one fear the thorns he may meet with on entering the road to Parnassus, or the length or fatigue of the route, when he has the hope of one day resting under such a shelter."

In benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is, the soul is, generally, in such cases so busily taken up, and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.—*Stern's Sermons.*

Original.

EDITH OF GLENGYLE.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

NIGHT was on the waters. The blue sails of the star-studded heavens were occasionally mottled by white clouds, which, rising in the boundless horizon, and careering on the wings of the invisible winds, seemed like angel visitants, soaring upwards, again, from earth, to the regions of the beautiful. The bosom of the ocean lay as placid as the sweet face of a sinless, sleeping babe—not a ripple broke its mirrored surface, or if there did, it looked as a dream ruffling the slumber of a mighty beauty. Peace had spread her mantle over all. Not a sound disturbed the holy silence, nor could creation have looked more lovely on the first night of its virgin birth. From the broad blue waters rose abruptly the high and rocky island of Canna, in the western highlands of Scotland, formed of rough and precipitous crags, with scarcely a vestige of verdure on their frowning fronts, but thickly inhabited by the gannet and other sea-fowls that sojourn there in the security of nature's fastnesses. On the summit of the island are still to be seen the remains of an ancient castle which tradition informs us, in early times, belonged to the family of Glengyle.

It was thus, as nature lay in the arms of midnight, that a small speck was seen to rise on the distant verge of the horizon, and gradually increasing in size, at length assumed the form of a boat or pinnace. Nearer and nearer it approached, 'till the figures of two men were distinctly visible. The first, who, from the sound of his voice, seemed to direct the movements of the other, was a young man of about twenty years of age. His face was perfect in every lineament, that betokened manhood's make, yet commingled with those traits of beauty that arise from the virtuous spirit that lights its fire within. His hair was dark and glossy, and fell in matted ringlets down his broad and manly shoulders, over which was thrown a dark green Tartan plaid, the folds were fastened on the left shoulder with a massive gold brooch, while his lower garments displayed the kelt or philabeg so peculiar to the Celtic character in days of yore—from his waist were suspended two silver inlaid pistols, while a short dirk, most richly mounted, completed his warlike equipments. On his brow was placed the peaked Highland bonnet, surmounted by a heron feather. Such was the personage who guided the rudder of the boat, and in a tone that depicted him a man of superior grade, directed the efforts of the other.

"To the left, Fergus," shouted he. "See, yonder the pine branch blazes brightly."

The Highlander looked askance to where a bright ruddy flame rose on the peak of a crag that towered high into the heavens, then plied his oar with a stronger energy, while, with a voice of jocularly, quaintly remarked, "Is it her eyes, or the pine, that burneth brightest?"

"Both, both, my cunning vassal," replied the young chieftain, Ronald, as the boat bounded against the bank

of the island. Like a wild deer he leaped ashore, and the next instant was lost in the gloom of a mountain corrie.

Was it to join his brother chieftains in the hour of battle? Was it to hunt the eagle in his mountain eyry, that thus so eagerly sped the youthful Ronald? No! but to meet the blue-eyed Edith, the sun-burst of his soul. Opposed to the father by the most inveterate bonds of hatred—for the younger brother of Ronald had fallen in a feudal skirmish with the clansmen of Glengyle, who a proud and powerful chieftain, was strongly incensed against the house of Ronald, which disputed his title to The Lord of the Isles, it was only by stealth he could obtain an interview with the object of his affections, the daughter of his implacable enemy. Such was the time selected for the scene we have just narrated. We will not detain the reader by a useless detail of the secrecy and danger with which the youthful chieftain, stole to the society of his love. Suffice it, they met. On the very summit of a rugged rock were the lovers seated. In the exuberance of their joy, they dreamed not of danger. The still hour of midnight seemed to hallow with its breath of silence, their words and vows of endearment. Earth and its sordid feelings were forgotten, the stars of the cloudless skies beamed as in brighter brilliance on their meeting, and life was, to them, one garden of bloom and blossom.

"And you will be mine, my Edith, through weal and through woe, through danger and peril, 'till the chill hand of death shall sever us?" exclaimed the impassioned youth, as he pressed to his bosom the true and blushing girl.

"Can you ask it, Ronald?" replied she. "Have I not plighted my faith before the presence of my God—before him unto whom all secrets are known? Yes, my Ronald, thine 'till mine eyes are dim in death." And as she uttered these words she extended her right hand to Heaven, and looking upwards, seemed to call to witness, the spirits of the just, who looked smilingly, as it were, from every star that gemmed the floor of the eternal paradise.

"I do believe thee!" fervently rejoined Ronald, "and look here," he added, "receive this as the symbol of our eternal faith," at the same moment unclasping the brooch that bound the folds of his Tartan. The maiden received the token, and placing it in her bosom—fell in tears—but tears of joy, in the arms of her lover. Suddenly a black cloud shot across the disk of the moon—vivid streaks of flame chequered the horizon. The sulen sound of distant thunder was heard—the wind swept past with mournful moan—big drops, the precursors of the coming tempest, fell heavily around, and gloom usurped, in an instant, midnight's reign of glory.

"Ah!" exclaimed Edith, "'tis an evil omen. Take it, take it back, my Ronald; the heavens frown in anger upon the gift."

"Foolish girl," he exclaimed, "is it for us, alone, think you, that the ruler of the storms seeks now to show his anger? In truth, Edith, I deemed you a maiden of a clearer soul. Old Duncan, the seer of second sight, should only be guilty of such superstition.

Farewell, my loved one; to-morrow, at the accustomed hour, I shall again be with you. Go! the night breeze will chill thy tender form," and he drew her mantle closer around her, and imprinted a burning kiss upon her ruby lips.

"Villain!" exclaimed a voice from some unseen figure that had been a witness to their meeting, and the next moment the crack of a rifle, followed by a deep groan, told that Ronald was the victim. Like a panther from his ambush, sprung forward the father of Edith; he rushed furiously to the body of the bleeding youth, seized it with Herculean strength, and dragging it to the brink of the precipice, hurled it to the depths of the dark deep ocean.

CHAPTER II.

Three years had rolled away, and all traces of Ronald were effaced, and although suspicion hung heavily on Glengyle, still no distinct proof had been found to fix upon him the crime of murder. The young Edith refusing all consolation, and wishing not to implicate her father, had renounced the world, and retired to the convent of Innisfail. One morning, at this period of our story, a small schooner, with every sheet of sail expanded to the wooing winds, was seen to enter the waters of Canna. The pennon that fluttered from her mast, denoted her of Spanish craft, while the bright brass cannon that looked frowningly from her port-holes, told that she was accustomed "to the battle and the breeze." Her crew were attired in a motley mixture of fanciful dresses, while their swarthy faces and brawny frames marked them for men to whom blood and peril were the day-deeds of their lives. As the gallant vessel rode gaily up the bay, she made the welkin echo with her brazen throats of thunder, and many were the surmises of the islanders whence she came and what was her object. Having anchored directly opposite the castle of Glengyle, a small boat was lowered from her side, and made directly for the shore. It was manned with six seamen, as we have already said, arrayed in the richest and most fanciful attire. He who appeared to be the leader of the party, was, however, even more gorgeously attired than the others. On his head he wore a cap of net-work of the brightest crimson, from which, over his left ear, dangled a large golden tassel—a blue and yellow striped jerkin encased his body—a snow-white shirt, similar to those worn by the Greek sailors, richly embroidered, hung in thick folds from the waist to the knee; his hose were of the deepest scarlet, a short boot or buskin enclosed each foot, and was bound tightly at the ankle by a large diamond buckle. A tartan scarf was thrown loosely around his throat—his dark hair fell in thick masses over his shoulders, while his sun-burnt face and bosom showed that he had been a rover in a sunnier clime. His bearing was bold and daring, while the tone in which he gave his orders to the crew, told that he was accustomed to command.

"Look to your arms!" shouted he, as they reached the shore, and fastened the boat to a large rock that lay on the margin of the bay—"look to your arms. There are sharks here that may show their teeth." In an instant their cutlasses were gleaming in the air.

"Follow me!" he cried, and leaving the boat in possession of one of the crew, the party briskly began to ascend by a path which led to the castle of Glengyle. The leader applied to his lips a small bugle which hung from his neck by a scarlet riband, and made the glens and the mountains of rugged Canna echo and re-echo again. The peaks of the island were, in an instant, thronged with the clansmen of Glengyle, arrayed in their bright colored tartan costumes, which showed like a tinted forest in the rays of an autumn sun. "By the mass!" said the captain—"but this is a gallant sight. I should like to try the prowess of these hardy clansmen. What say you, Spalatro? what say you, Henriquez?"

The two persons whom he addressed, were the next in rank on board the vessel—tall, dark-visaged men—scarred and mutilated from the various conflicts in which they had been frequently engaged.

"Ay, ay," responded Spalatro, "but their numbers, Senhor—the hawk wars not with the eagle. The boldest breast must fall before unequal numbers."

"Sagely spoken, my son of the billow," replied the captain, "but Henriquez thinks otherwise. I can tell by the fire that lights his eye, he would not shrink from the conflict."

Henriquez waved aloft his spotless cutlass, and only replied, "You say rightly, captain." A grasp from the hand of his commander bound them firmer in fellowship.

By this time they had reached the summit of the mountain island. The rude fortress of Glengyle stood full before them. On the outward wall paraded some hundred clansmen, while the centre tower and turrets were thronged with warriors ready to do battle, and wondering who could be the strangers who thus fearlessly broke upon their mountain strong-hold. A strong oaken gate thickly studded with bolts of iron, but better known as the portcullis, precluded all entrance, while, from the wall, hung a rude bugle, formed from the horn of the Caledonian bull, which, in those days, roamed the monarchs of the Scottish woods. The strangers paused. The strength of the castle, and the formidable array of warriors, showed that, although accustomed, on their own element, to rove as conquerors, yet here, they must, in submission bend. The captain approached the gate, he seized the horn, "and blew a blast so loud and shrill," which told he was no stranger to this mode of Highland calling. The ponderous gate rose slowly and Glengyle, followed by a numerous retinue, came forth, and briefly demanded the stranger's business.

"It is with Glengyle alone I must speak," said the leader of the party—"alone! free and unguarded—man to man, must our interview be held."

Glengyle looked around to his followers, who regarded the manner and language of their visitor with astonishment.

"What—do you fear me?" continued the stranger.

A deep blush covered the countenance of Glengyle. A breath had been cast upon the unsullied buckler of his courage, and his hand involuntarily grasped the hilt of his sword. The followers of the stranger, at the sight of this, like bloodhounds in defence of their leader, sprang forward. The vassals of Glengyle drew their arrows to the head—they waited but the signal from

their leader, and the next moment the feathered shafts would have been buried in the bosoms of the rash and fearless crew.

"Hold!" exclaimed Glengyle. "Never shall it be said, that by numbers we overcame a foe;" and he waved his hand for them to retire. Their bows were lowered to earth, the sinews of their arms relaxed, and their arrows rattled as they again were returned to their quivers. The captain, with a look, told his followers to desist. Slowly and reluctantly, as if disappointed in the dearest calling of their souls, they passed to a distance, and Glengyle and the stranger stood face to face. A breathless silence ensued. Conjecture, wonder and suspicion were busy in the soul of Glengyle. Revenge! deep, insatiable revenge alone occupied that of the stranger. He was the first to break the silence."

"You know me not?" said he, keenly eyeing Glengyle.

"No! No traces of your features dwell in my memory.—no sounds of your voice are familiar to my ear," replied the chieftain.

"Indeed! Yet we have met before—we have seen the sun-ray kiss the night tears from the heather—we have chased the deer over moor and mountain, and heard the pibroch rise on the gale, as we have shared in the conflict."

"Say you so?" exclaimed Glengyle. "When—where. I can call no sign to memory to remind me of our meeting."

"Follow me!" cried the stranger, and he made a motion to move.

"Whether?" said Glengyle.

"To a spot dear to thy memory and mine.

They passed on—the stranger leading the way—and though dangerous and intricate, yet from the apparent ease with which he threaded it, he showed that he was no stranger to the path. On the summit of one of the crags that overlooked the ocean, he suddenly halted, and turning to Glengyle, exclaimed, "Here pause we!" and as he spoke he looked on the broad, bright sky, then on the face of the boundless deep, where, like an albatross slumbering in its ocean cradle, his gallant bark swung by its deep-imbedded anchor. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed, "scene of my youthful happiness, bitter remembrancer of my blighted hopes;" and like a child he sobbed heavily in the agony of soul.

Glengyle regarded him with wonder and distrust. The memory of the past was busy within him, and remorse and terror clung to his heart like coiled serpents around their victim.

"To what purpose are we here?" asked Glengyle—"why this emotion?"

"Canst thou ask?" replied the stranger, in the most bitter accents of reproach. "Thou! destroyer of my peace, thou! blighter of my bower of beauty. Look here!" and he frantically tore open the garment that covered his bosom, and to the horror-stricken vision of Glengyle, displayed the mark of a fearful, although now closed wound.

Glengyle started back in horror. The past was fully clear before him; it looked like the dead returned to life, and he gazed mute and motionless upon the figure

of young Ronald, now the pirate captain, and who, in return, sought for retribution on the very spot where, three years before, Glengyle, assassin-like, thought he had destroyed him.

The brand of the rover gleamed fiercely in the air; he spoke not, but looked like the demon of revenge. Glengyle knew that appeal to his bosom was in vain; he therefore drew from its scabbard his sword—stern and savage was the combat that ensued—each in his turn sought to be the victor, but the prowess of young Ronald prevailed. Glengyle was thrown prostrate to the earth—his sword was shattered into many pieces. In the savage exultation of revenge, the conqueror dragged him to the very precipice from which he himself had been hurled. "Mercy!" shouted Glengyle; With a giant grasp Ronald held him above the waves. A loud shout rose from the pirate crew, as, from the deck of their vessel they beheld the figure of their commander thus triumphant, although, to them, was the cause unknown. Sense forsook Glengyle; he hung lifeless as a corpse in the clutch of Ronald. Revenge was gratified; humbled and helpless he had his enemy at his mercy, and mercy prevailed. He threw the senseless chieftain on the ground, winded his bugle for his comrades, and in an appealed yet moody spirit of revenge, sought, again, his bark of blood and battle.

CHAPTER III.

"Whither, oh, whither wilt thou roam,
Like a sea-bird seeking an ocean home."

When he reached the deck of his vessel, his gallant crew thronged around him, anxious to know the cause of the scene they had recently beheld. He spoke not, but walked moodily to and fro. The sun was now high in the heavens, and a brisk breeze came sweeping along, curling the face of the ocean. In an instant, as if struck by some sudden thought, he shouted aloud, "Heave the anchor, and set all sail!" With the speed of lightning were his orders obeyed, and like a thing of light and happiness she bounded across the waters. On her prow stood Ronald, gazing to the south, as if in expectation of some object which should strike upon his eye. With none held he converse, and seldom and few were his orders. Just as the god of day was descending in his car of glory, the solitary and storm-beaten abbey of Innisfail rose upon the sight. For the first time did he move from his position, and with hurried steps hastened below. In an instant he again returned, relieved of his weapons of warfare, and with a smile of joy beaming on his face. The vessel had now neared the shore. At the command of Ronald, was the anchor given to the deep, and accompanied by two of his crew, his favorite Spaniards, Spalatro and Henriquez, landed on the holy island. At once he directed his steps to the abbey. The vesper hymn was sweetly rising on the wings of evening. The grey twilight was drawing her veil across the face of the waters, and the dashing waves rose in mournful murmurs on the ear. Slowly and alone he approached the building; one solitary taper from a little casement, mingled its melancholy beam with the receding day and coming night, like the fading eye of departing mortality. Ronald's heart was softened. Boyhood's years were again before him,

when, unstained with crime, he placed his hand upon his bosom, and bowed in devotion at the hallowed shrine. Tears gushed into his eyes, and unconsciously he sank upon his knee at the postern of the abbey. The porter from within had beheld his approach, and unclosing the gate in charity and peace, bade him enter. He obeyed. The gate was again secured, and Ronald stood, for the first time, since the ocean claimed him as her son, within a house of prayer. "Your mission, son?" inquired the old domestic.

"Have you," said Ronald, "a daughter, called Edith Glengyle, in your sacred sanctuary?"

"We have! peace be with her," answered he

The rover felt as a brand had entered to his soul. Sight and feeling seemed to forsake him, and he grasped the shoulder of the domestic to save himself from falling.

"The saints be merciful," cried the attendant. "What has befallen thee—what ails thee, son. What have I uttered that thus thou shouldst be sick at soul?"

"Nothing, nothing, my good man," replied Ronald. "A sudden faintness came over me. Is she well? Does she ever think of me? Speak, I conjure thee."

"Of thee, my son? Who? what art thou that thus shouldst ask such questions respecting the Lady Edith?" inquired the old man, surprised at his singular and almost frantic manner.

"I am"—he was about to reveal himself, but a moment's reflection caused him to refrain. Then continuing, he said, "Can I not see her? She knows me well—no—she does not *now* know me, but"—he could say no more; the fount of feeling had drowned his utterance, and a stream of tears coursed down his manly face.

The domestic could not divine the cause of his sorrow, and only endeavored to soothe his grief with kind and consolatory words.

"Take this," said Ronald, "take it to her—place it in her own hands, and she will know that one who once was dear to her yet lives and loves her."

It was a small locket, containing the emblem of two hearts united, the first gift of the Lady Edith to Ronald. It was a precious one—he had ever worn it next his heart—in love and in joy, in despair and in hope, in banishment and battle, there had this treasure reposed—dearer than the blood tears of his bosom. And now—when she deemed him numbered with the departed—when the world was to her now but as a dream—when every hope was gone—but one—yet that the best and brightest—her hope in Heaven! again was she to be called back to earthly happiness—again was the bloom of beauty to blush upon her cheek, and the kiss of love to burn upon her lip. The old man departed. With tottering steps he sought the apartment of the lady abbess, and revealed his mission to her. In silent wonder did she receive the intelligence, and gaze upon the token. Edith, in their moments of converse, had unbosomed to her the story of her early love, and now the abbess knew that it was Ronald, who, like a spirit of the other world, had come to claim her for his own.

"Thy will be done!" ejaculated the holy matron, and at once sought the chamber of Edith.

To describe the feelings of Edith, when informed of her errand—of her doubt that it was Ronald who still existed, might be attempted, but weak would be the effort. They who have felt the pang of separation from all that was dear to them on earth—who have been unexpectedly restored to the object of their affections at the very moment when even hope appeared to have forsaken them, can best conceive the feelings of the Lady Edith.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "deceive me not. Is he alive? has Heaven yet such happiness in store for me? Oh! lead me to his presence. Ronald, thy Edith is yet true to thee."

Leaning on the arm of the abbess, slowly they followed the old man to the hall of the abbey. The shadows of night had fallen thickly upon the world; in a recess stood Ronald, lost in the intensity of his feelings. The soft steps of the party scarcely disturbed the silence that reigned around. The abbess consigned the trembling Edith to the support of the aged domestic, and advancing to Ronald, softly ejaculated, "Benedicite, my son!" He started at the sound, and beholding the abbess, fell upon his knee.

"Rise," she said. "Thou hast past through the furnace, and thy reward awaits thee. Edith approach!"

Edith raised her head, which, 'till now, had rested on the shoulder of the old domestic. The moon, at the same moment, burst forth in its majesty of radiance. The faces of the two lovers met each other's gaze.

"Edith Glengyle!" exclaimed the enraptured youth. A loud scream burst from the maiden, and the next moment she lay senseless on the bosom of her lover.

That night beheld her on board of the rover's bark, and the first beams of the morning saw her before the towers of Canna. Brief was the message that Ronald sent to her father, and brief was the answer that was returned. "*Peace and welcome!*"

That noon beheld the nuptials of the long-parted lovers in the chapel of the castle, and at the same altar did Glengyle and Ronald swear eternal fidelity. The bread was broken, and the cup was drained, and long and loud were the shouts of joy that arose, and deep and fervent were the blessings showered on the gallant Ronald and his lovely Edith.

The reader will naturally ask how came the lover to be the rover captain. The question is easily answered. The night on which Glengyle had hurled Ronald from the cliff, the pirate bark was cruising in the bay of Canna. A party of her crew had landed close to its base, for the purpose of reconnoitering, when the splash of the body in the waters attracted their attention, and having recovered it—for the deep folds of his Highland costume buoyed it on the surface—they found that life was not extinct. They bore it to their vessel, and when Ronald awoke to consciousness, he found himself careering over the blue waters of the Spanish main. No alternative was now presented to him but to embrace their lawless life. His noble form and daring soul soon raised him to the command, and seizing

the first opportunity to visit the scene of his love and injury, it was, as in the tale described, he gratified his revenge. With regard to Edith, in one of the Spanish islands he encountered a priest, who, in his pilgrimage, had visited Innisfail. In his discourse he happened to mention her name. Curiosity led Ronald to inquire the minute particulars, and thus was the clue to the discovery. It is almost needless to add, that from the hour of his nuptials with Edith, he renounced the life of a rover. Peace and plenty were offered to the remaining crew to leave their calling, but the dull life of the landsman accorded not with their feelings. The broad sea, the black flag, and the clearing cutlass were light and music to their soul, and the same night that beheld Edith and Ronald united, beheld them again on their path of peril and of death.

Original.

THE WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.

We parted! Oh, 'twas a most painful hour,
Not that I thought him lost to me for ever;
I knew that mighty love's resistless power,
Would re-unite us, ne'er again to sever.
For we are wedded, not as thoughtless mortals,
Incited only by terrestrial views
Enter that sacred fane's mysterious portals—
Our souls are wedded; that assurance strews
My widowed path with flowers of fadeless hues!

Yet is the briefest parting hard; for love,
Deprived of wisdom, is a rayless sun;
A summer midnight, when no star above
Throws down one cheering ray; 'tis good, alone,
Without her partner, Truth; or it resembles
Warm, melting charity, intent to bless,
When, without faith to guide her steps, she trembles
O'er the dark scene of human wretchedness,
Wondering if Heaven *permits* or *wills* distress.

'Twas hard to part, and while his spirit hovered
On the cold lips my kisses could not warm,
I pray'd and murmur'd; but alas! when covered
By the dark pall—they bore that manly form
To its cold grave—I lost the pang of sorrow,
For reason fled and I'd a dreamless sleep,
But woke in anguish on the coming morrow,
No more to murmur, pray, or even weep,
For grief is ever silent when most deep.

Humbled to earth, my self-upbraiding soul,
With mental tongue exclaimed, "thy will be done."
When through my bosom such a feeling stole,
As mocks the power of language, it was one
Of those delicious thrills of nameless rapture
We feel, when conscious Heaven and friends approve;
When earthly joys have lost their power to capture.
For Reuben's spirit whispered, "*Peace, sweet dove,*
We're joined for ever in conjugal* love."

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

*From the Latin term *conjugal*, a more intimate and internal degree of union than is understood by the term *conjugal*, which is from the Latin *conjugal*.

Original.

THE CHAIN OF GOLD.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

HOLLYWOOD FARM was the title of a beautiful domain upon the west bank of the Hudson River, a few miles above New-York. Before it, flowed the waters of that regal stream, speeding to the bosom of the mighty ocean, while a semicircle of majestic forest trees, interspersed with the beautiful evergreen that gave its name to the place, formed a barrier to intruders on the landward side. The farm boasted many a fair acre of arable and woodland, many a green, sequestered nook and valley, lapped in the centre of surrounding hills. The farmhouse stood on a gentle slope, commanding a view of the fresh and bounding Hudson. A few tall hickory-trees cast their cool shadows upon the mossy roof of the building, and the close-shaven lawn in front of it. The house, itself, was a curious, irregular pile of considerable antiquity, to which successive occupants had each added something in his own peculiar taste. It covered some extent of ground, with its stables and outhouses, and was enclosed by a neat white paling. The clustering honeysuckles of the porch, and the trim parterres of flowers that bordered the winding gravel walks, showed that female taste had contributed to embellish this romantic residence. The present owner, Captain Meredith, was a jolly agriculturalist, unfortunately something of what is termed, by way of palliative, a *bon vivant*, with a dash of the rustic sportsman, a great patron of trotting-matches, and a breeder of racing-stock, upon an unambitious scale. Nature had given him a hearty constitution, upon which his habits levied heavy taxes, and though his forehead was shaded by the grey tresses of fourscore, it rose without a wrinkle to a lofty height. Captain Meredith had an amiable, affectionate wife, and a daughter, the boast of his old age, the pride and darling of the neighborhood.

This charming girl bore the name of *Mary*, a name that always flows like music upon the tongue,

"And she to whom it once was given,
Had less of earth in her than Heaven."

Few there were who gazed upon her guileless blue eye, lit up by the innocent gaiety of youth and hope—upon her golden tresses that fell in natural ringlets over the fairest neck in the world—upon her elegant and rounded figure, light as the deer of her native forests, without predicting for the graceful creature a happy destiny. Alas! how futile are the prophecies founded upon youth and beauty. But of this anon. Mary had been educated carefully, and possessed not a few of the accomplishments generally confined to those who move in a higher sphere of life.

"She had been taught
The thousand nameless graces that adorn
The daughters of the wealthy and high-born."

None moved in the mazy dance with a lighter footstep or a more bounding bosom. Her voice was like the clear warblings of the red-bird; and her rapid sketches seemed the work of inspiration. Admired and applauded in her little circle, (and the praises of a country village are dangerous to a young heart,) she, alone,

seemed unconscious of her merits. It was a pleasant sight to see her upon Sunday, wending her way to the little village church that reared its sunny spire at no great distance from her own Hollywood, neatly and modestly attired, with her prayer-book folded in her hands. The rustic beaux clustered around the porch of the venerable edifice, welcomed her approach with smiles, and many a respectful bow greeted her as she proceeded to her seat in the singer's gallery, whence her pure orisons, conveyed on the liquid tones of a melodious voice, were wafted like incense to the gates of Heaven. Engaged in domestic duties, and in those of piety, the life of Mary Meredith flowed on as tranquilly and calmly as the river that flowed past her dwelling; destined, like that, to be agitated and disturbed, as it met the great waters of human existence.

In her solitary rambles—for she felt an enthusiastic love for nature, and was wont, like Campbell's heroine, to seek communion with the goddess in her unfrequented paths. Mary had singled out a romantic spot to honor with her peculiar affection, and this usually formed the termination of her little journeyings. It was a nook of land shut out from the prying eyes of the world by venerable forest trees, that rose to a great height, and interlocked their mighty arms above, a flourishing and gigantic brotherhood. Here, high upon the towering walnut, the wood-pigeon built its nest, secure from the roving fowler, for the name of Mary was a safeguard to the tenants of this sylvan spot. They seemed aware of their security, for they congregated in the leafy haven. Here the wood-robin poured forth his plaintive notes; here the chattering jay amused his companions with his vain *bavarderie*, and here the solemn and melancholy crow would sit for hours in the autumnal sunshine, bathing his plumage in the crimson light, 'till it faded from the curtains of the west. Beneath the moss-grown trunks of the forest trees, there lay a solitary pool or tarn, dark as a mirror of steel encircled in a frame of ebony. A few rushes wept over its waters, and rustled in the evening breezes when they crept over the still bosom of the pool. The banks of the water were verdant as a cultivated lawn, with their green mosses and their tender grass. Here the first blue violets of spring unfolded their delicate leaves in the companionship of other flowerets of the wild wood. Such was the favorite haunt of Mary Meredith, "herself the fairest flower of all."

One afternoon, in the early part of autumn, she sought the little valley with a volume of Shakspeare in her hand. It was the noon of a clear and tranquil day. The unruffled surface of the Hudson reflected many a flagging sail, undisturbed except by the occasional visit of one of those birds of passage

"Who dip their wings, and upward soar,
Leaving it quiet as before."

The melancholy kingfisher sat upon a dried branch that impended over the river, watching the lapse of the tide with his quiet eye, while afar in the blue heaven, a solitary eagle, the tenant of the distant mountains, soared and wheeled in the clear atmosphere, distinctly seen although at an appalling height. Mary read a few scenes in a favorite play, and then threw aside her vol-

ume for the book of nature. She gazed upon the many-tinted garniture of the woods with admiration, for the first frost had visited the exuberant foliage, and touched it with the first beautiful yet melancholy colors of decay. Now and then a few leaves were detached, and rustled to the ground, seeming like a golden shower in the sunlight. A few snowy clouds sailed with a quiet motion over the blue arch of heaven, and were reflected in moving beauty on the lonely pool, over which Mary bent in earnest admiration, like the guardian spirit of the place. It was in this attitude that she unexpectedly burst upon the view of a young painter who had strolled with his portfolio into that sylvan retreat, and, smitten with its various beauties, had halted to sketch them with a rapid pencil. He had transferred to his paper the tall embowering trees, the water seen through the interstices of the foliage, and the precipitous rocks that rose beyond where the form of the graceful girl suddenly broke upon his sight. Trembling with eagerness, and fearful that the sudden sight of him might deprive him of an exquisite model, he hastily insured a correct outline of her form, to be completed and filled up at leisure, and then retired from the spot, musing over the occurrence as he sought his little apartment in the public house of the neighboring village.

Edward Lindsay was an artist of great promise, and devoted to his profession. He had encountered, at the outset of his career, many of those difficulties which beset the path of poor young men of genius. Even want had stared him in the face, but desperate resolution had driven the "gaunt wolf from his door." It is true that many a bright vision had dawned upon his fancy, and peopled his solitary chamber with beings celestial. He devoted his leisure hours to study, and history marshalled before him many a scene of sublimity proper to live again upon his canvass. He walked forth into the quiet haunts of nature, and the tranquil beauty obliterated his care and gave fresh vigor to his youthful imagination. He was now on the eve of embarking for Italy, whither he went with high hopes and flattering prospects, having received commissions from several wealthy patrons, to paint copies of the wondrous masterpieces of Italian art. Edward was a handsome, dark-eyed youth, and his rambles in search of the picturesque had imparted a fine glow to his cheek, and strength and firmness to his graceful figure. He had sought the banks of the Hudson to procure sketches of American scenery, to be taken to Italy, and there wrought into pictures at his leisure. He had been rambling about for several weeks, but was now domesticated in the quiet village of H—.

At his inn, he tarried awhile in the public room, for he was fond of seeing life in all its varieties, and studying the ever-varying play of different countenances. Here he was accosted by a bluff jolly farmer, who had before spoken to him, but whose name he had not heard.

"Well, Mr. Lindsay, how have you been passing the morning? While I was getting in my corn, I suppose you were busy in your line. Let me see what you've got in your big book there?"

Lindsay goodnaturedly placed his recent sketch in the rough hands of the farmer.

"Why, man alive!" exclaimed the jolly agriculturist; "this beats my notion all to pieces. Here's the very place. Why, man, you've been trespassing upon my premises. Here's the old hickory-trees, and the elder-bushes, and the pond, and—no it isn't—yes, by George! it is—it's my girl sitting by the water-side, in a pair of India-rubber shoes, with her play-book in her hand. Well, I declare, you are a genius!"

"Your daughter?" exclaimed the young artist—"is it possible?"

"Ay, I'm very sure of it," rejoined the farmer; "as sure as that my name's Jacob Meredith, and here's Mary. I say, youngster, I must see more of you. What do you say to jumping into my wagon, and making us a visit to Hollywood Farm? By George! you shall paint the whole family on one canvass, as big as the side of the barn."

"Are you serious?" inquired the delighted artist.

"As serious as I ever am. I'll take you there to-night; and you can send for your oils and pots and brushes, in the morning. My old woman and the gal will be righteous glad to see you."

The treaty was speedily ratified, and Edward soon found himself in the Dutch wagon of Captain Meredith drawn rapidly over an excellent road by a couple of well bred colts, upon whose merits he descanted with the air of an enthusiast in horse-flesh. As for our artist, he was too much occupied in dwelling upon the features of his morning's model, called before him by a vivid imagination, to pay attention to any sublunary topics, so that farmer Meredith, becoming weary of his own favorite subject, the merit of his greys, and feeling somewhat puzzled at the random answers of his companion, himself relapsed into silence, and commended the painter to his reveries. They soon arrived at the gate of the avenue which led up to the farmer's hospitable mansion. A grinning negro-boy threw the gate wide open, and an old farm-servant, whose dark countenance was surmounted by a few bunches of white wool, appeared to take the horses. Edward and his companion left the wagon, and wended their way to the house. At the threshold they were met by Mary, who sprang towards her father with delight, but instantly checked herself on perceiving that he was accompanied by a stranger. Her father saw and laughed at her embarrassment.

"Come here, girl!" he exclaimed, in his rough, frank manner, "come here and kiss me!" When seeing her reluctant, he caught her in his arms and saluted her fair forehead. Mary escaped from him, and disappeared into the penetralia of the building.

"It seems but yesterday," said Captain Meredith, "since she was a mere child, the pet of everybody in the house, and their pest, too, sometimes; always racketting about, and full of mirth and mischief. She's the same merry creature now, though she's had seven hundred dollar's worth of schooling. But what an old fool I am, to stand here prating about my daughter, when we ought to be doing justice to her cookery. Come on, then, and if your ride has given you my appetite, Mary shall see justice done her talents. This way."

He marshalled the young man into a huge sitting-room, almost one entire side of which was occupied by an old-fashioned fireplace, that, in the winter season, was wont to send up a roaring volume of flame through the tunnel of the chimney, diffusing a genial warmth through the large apartment. The ceiling overhead was crossed by several huge rafters, in the fashion of the past century. From these depended, upon hooks, the sporting-apparatus of the farmer—fowling-pieces, rifles, landing-nets, and patent fishing-rods. The furniture of the apartment was plain and substantial; but our hero must be pardoned if his eyes rested, with particular pleasure, on the supper-table which was set out in the centre of the room, furnished with a snow-white cloth,

"Wove by no hands as you may guess,
Save those of Fairly Fair."

The dishes that graced it, proved the rough hospitality and profusion of the jolly farmer's *ménage*. Besides tea and toast, and the usual concomitants of the supper-table, there was a cold round of beef, a dish of vegetables, and a pitcher of capital cider. To each and all of these did the farmer do ample justice, at the same time pressing them upon his guest, with all the assiduity of a Persian host, desirous of dining an English traveller to repletion. Edward would for ever have lost the good graces of his host's daughter, had she been one of the Belindas or Armidas of fashionable novels, who "never eat" in public, and condemn an appetite *in toto*, taking care, however, to indemnify themselves in private, for their abstinence, after the manner of the far-famed "Violante in the pantry." As it was, with all her amiable qualities, she was a girl of sense, a creature of flesh and blood, and saw nothing very surprising in the appetite of youth. Her mother, who presided at the table, appeared to be as much pleased with the young man as her husband. When the repast was concluded, and the family had betaken themselves to their quiet domestic avocations, there was opportunity for cheerful conversation, in which Mary, who now found herself on a footing of easy acquaintance with the young artist, took an animated part. She was very fond of painting, and the interest she took in the art encouraged the young artist to speak with all the enthusiasm he felt of his beautiful profession. He spoke with delight of the anticipations he indulged, in regard to his travels in Italy, the classic land of poetry, painting, music and sculpture. It was to be his good fortune to wander by the haunted Arno—to witness the Medicean Venus in her own fair Florence—to admire the wonders of the Vatican, and to recall the glories of old Rome, standing upon the ancient Palatine. "But I shall return," he said, "to my own country, as to the bosom of a mother. The glories of art in the ancient world, will only teach me to prize more dearly the beauties of nature in the new. And happy shall I be if my humble endeavors and my humble talent can do something towards the establishment of the fine arts in my own beloved America."

Days passed away and the painter found himself for a time domesticated at Hollywood House. His ostensible occupation was painting the grand family picture, in the grouping of which, not however without many

compunctious murmurings of his taste, he followed the directions of Mrs. Meredith. This employment formed a pretext for many a delightful hour's conversation with Mary, since, as his subject she was obliged to give him many sittings. Neither did the fine arts form the exclusive topic of their conversation, though it must have been of a very interesting nature, for Mary never seemed better pleased than when summoned to her seat beside the painter's easel.

They were sitting together one evening on a small piazza that overlooked the Hudson. The valley of the river lay in deep shadow, but the edges of the woods upon the farther bank were dimly lighted by the moon which, now at its full, had just heaved its yellow disk above the horizon. The painter held a guitar over the strings of which he threw his skilful fingers, and then, with a voice tremulous with feeling, he sang the following lines to an irregular yet pleasing melody.

"Flowers for the festal board!
Lips for the rosy wine!
And healths for hearts adored,
And smiles for eyes divine!
We think of pleasure only,—
No tears unbidden start—
None here shall know the lonely
And desolated heart!
"Thus flowed their careless mirth—
I waited for the knell
That gave to sorrow birth
And broke the fairy spell.
"To-morrow, ay, to-morrow—"
I said it with a sigh
"The agonizing sorrow—
Of parted love is nigh."
"Red lips for me to-night—
And starry eyes that shine
Through tear-drops of delight
In looks of love on mine!
My sails upon the ocean,
To-morrow's wind shall swell,
As I with mute devotion
Shall wave my last farewell."

The melody died away over the still bosom of the waters. There was a long silence which was broken by Edward addressing his companion.

"Yes, Mary, I enjoy this pleasure for the last time. To-morrow, I must take my leave of you."

"To-morrow! Is it possible?"

"Ay, to-morrow. A few days ago I should have embarked for Europe, full of the brightest anticipations, and impatient of the least delay. But now, America is doubly dear to me. Perhaps there exists an urgent reason for my instant departure. Your words alone can resolve my doubts."

"I do not understand you," replied Mary in a low voice.

"I will speak more plainly, Mary," said the painter, unconsciously approaching nearer to her side and taking her hand; "I have dared, since my happy residence in this beautiful retreat, I have dared to indulge the wildest dreams—nay, spurn me not—I have dared to love you."

The hand which Edward held trembled violently.

"You tremble!" cried the artist, "Miss Meredith, I

have alarmed and affronted you." A slight pressure of the hand re-assured him and he continued. "I have dared, Mary, to look upon you with the eyes of a lover, and I am so happy as to have obtained your father's permission to address you. I hastened to acquaint you with my feelings and to learn my destiny at once."

The accents in which Mary conveyed the avowal of her pure affection to the enamored artist, fell upon his ear like the sweetest music, and that hour seemed to re-pay him for all the privations and toils of his former life. He clasped the blushing maiden to his bosom and snatched from her unresisting lips the first warm kiss of love. His eye kindled, his form dilated, and he sprang to his feet, and stood upright animated with the feelings of rapture that thrilled through his frame.

"My own Mary!" he exclaimed, "I thank you for the words you have uttered this night. They will dwell for ever in my recollection, and be a source of comfort to me after the bitter parting of to-morrow. In the midnight calm of the great deep, as I lie awake and think of home, your figure will glide before me, lovely as you now stand and fill my thoughts with peace and beauty. In that lovely Italy where I am unhappily doomed—I once should have said fortunately destined for a time to dwell, I shall think of you as I am pursuing my solitary studies, and if I strenuously toil in the pursuit of fame it will be but to fling the wreath when I have won it, at the feet of my beloved."

Such was the language of the painter, for the language of passion is always exaggerated. He took from his bosom a small chain of gold to which was attached a miniature. He threw the former around the neck of Mary.

"It is a humble gift," he said, "but I hope you will value it for my sake. Promise me, that whatever betide you, you will never part with this chain. Day and night wear it for my sake, and be sure that that image is worn next your heart, so will I cherish yours in my bosom."

Mary promised never to part with her lover's gift. Thus they plighted their loves, as they stood hand in hand, gazing upon each other, beneath the same soft moon and beside the same refulgent river, which have listened to so many vows of love. Their shadows were clearly defined on the piazza by the moonlight. Once again those merged in one as they bade each other good-night and parted.

* * * * *

Months, years rolled over the heads of the parted lovers, and the lapse of time had produced many of those changes which are constantly occurring in this variable world. Misfortune and imprudence had ruined poor Farmer Meredith. Acre by acre of Hollywood Farm had passed away from his possession, and grief at the downfall of his hopes soon hurried him out of the world. The neighbors all came to his funeral, but very few visited the widow and her daughter. The character of the farmer was discussed by his quondam boon companions in the public sitting room of the Spread Eagle, and handled very roughly.

"Ah!" said one gentleman, with a mulberry visage who

had almost lived upon the liberality of the deceased, "I always told him what he'd come to at last, but he never minded what I said. I told him that his horse racing and cock fighting would bring him to no good and no they haven't. Tripped up his heels at last." Such was the funeral oration of Farmer Meredith pronounced by a contemporary.

The widow and her child removed to the city, but to describe their existence, would only be to repeat the worn-out tale of innocence and industry, struggling against ill-health and a combination of untoward circumstances. Alone, unfriended, in the heart of a vast city, they buffeted the waves of fortune as they best might. A sense of duty alone enabled poor Mary to ply her daily tasks, (she supported herself and mother by her needle,) for she had been disappointed in her dearest hopes. From Edward, since his departure for Italy, she had not received a single line. Of him, indeed she heard occasionally, for he was not unknown to fame, and while successfully pursuing his studies in the Eternal City, was sending from his easel, works which obtained him emolument and reputation even in the classic land of painting. "Alas!" sighed poor Mary, as the conviction finally forced itself upon her mind, "caressed, flattered, and surrounded by high-born ladies, he has forgotten the poor girl to whom he plighted his troth upon the moonlight banks of the Hudson. And I have loved him so faithfully! Day and night have I worn his little picture next my heart, and I have prayed for him continually. But God's will be done!"

At length it seemed as if the affairs of Mrs. Meredith and her daughter were approaching a fatal crisis. The former fell very sick, and at a time too, when, on account of a previous illness of Mary, they were totally unprovided with comforts and even necessaries. The poor girl could not send for a physician, nor could she even purchase food. For hours she sat by the bedside of her mother who watched her with sad and hollow eyes, suppressing every moan and murmur lest they should give pain to her beloved child. "What can I do," thought the poor girl. "We have no article of value left to sell. Ah! yes, I forgot, I have one ornament left. I promised *him* that I would never part with it—but to save a mother's life—my course is plain—I have worn the chain of gold too long." She rose from her seat, kissed her mother, and telling her that she should soon return, slipped on her bonnet and went forth into the street. She was faint from watching and want of food and her heart was heavy within her. It was a beautiful morning of spring and the streets were filled with manhood, beauty, and fashion. The shop-windows displayed their most costly and tempting finery, and number of beautiful equipages that rattled over the pavé, showed that wealth was abroad for exercise and enjoyment. Mary threaded her way slowly through the animated throng. As she approached the Park, a sudden thought flashed upon her mind. "I will not sell the chain outright," she said, "I will pledge it at a pawnbroker's. Perhaps! Oh! joyful thought!—Providence may yet smile upon us, and enable me to redeem it. Unfaithful as he must be, I cannot bear the thought of parting with his gift for ever."

This thought imparted new vigor to her frame, and under the influence of the excitement, she traversed the Park with speedy steps and emerged thence upon the crowded side-walk of Chatham-street. But nature could sustain her no longer—her head swam—the voices of the busy passers-by rang like the murmur of waters in her ears—their figures swam before her eyes—she fainted. The chain of gold, which she had removed from her neck and carried in her hand, escaping from her relaxing fingers, fell to the ground. A throng immediately surrounded her prostrate form. Hurried exclamations of "woman in a fit!"—"has been taking poison," etc., circulating from mouth to mouth, increased the excitement of the scene. But now a young man, who had been seen to stoop and pick something from the sidewalk, forced his way furiously through the dense throng until he stood beside the fainting girl. An exclamation burst from his lips as he beheld her.

"She is dead!" he exclaimed frantically, "and I have arrived too late to save her. Is there no medical man here?" inquired he looking round. A benevolent Samaritan had already appeared and was feeling the pulse of poor Mary.

"She lives," he said, "she has only fainted. Assist me to support her."

Slowly indeed did Mary regain her senses—but she was no sooner in possession of them than she started to her feet. "I have been unwell," she cried. "I have been sick—but my poor mother, she is sick, dying. I must haste and return to her with food and medicine. Don't hinder me, I beg of you. Oh! Merciful Heaven, where is the chain?"

The medical gentleman shook his head "the chain!" he repeated mildly. "I fear, poor girl, your reason suffers. Where do you live?"

Mary mentioned the name of the street and number.

"She ought not to walk," said the physician to the young man. "How shall we get her home."

A carriage was instantly called, into which the physician and the young stranger assisted Mary, who was now wringing her hands and shedding tears. Arrived at her house she again mentioned her loss.

"Your chain is found," said the stranger, casting its glittering links about her neck. "Mary Meredith! have you forgotten me?"

Faltering the name of Edward Lindsay, the poor girl fell upon his neck and relieved herself by a flood of tears. The good physician wiped his eyes also. Explanations followed speedily. Edward had written though his letters had miscarried—and he had labored long under the dreadful apprehension that he had been forgotten by his betrothed. He had been extremely prosperous and had returned to his native city, rich in the world's gear. The recovery of his betrothed rendered him emphatically a happy man. Under the influence of their improving fortunes, the health of Mrs. Meredith revived, and when it was completely re-established the nuptials of Mary and Edward were celebrated. The bride was dressed in a plain robe of spotless white and the only ornament she wore was her husband's gift—the CHAIN OF GOLD.

F. A. D.

Original.

CHARITY.

"If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then shalt thou support him: yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee."—Levit. Chap. 24th, v. 35th.

WHEN the finite mind of man contemplates the greatness of the Omnipotent—when it considers the immensity of creation, called into existence by the fiat of the Almighty, how impotent are all its ideas of His power and greatness! Man, in the strength of his pride, cannot create the lowest thing in the scale of nature, nor with all his skill and science, can he make a grain of sand! How low, then, should be his pride and vanity, when he considers that our globe bears no more comparison to the immensity of the creation, than a grain of sand to the earth we inhabit, and that he bears not the comparison to the Almighty, that a mite does to the whole creation. But man, puffed with conceit, seems to think that this, our beautiful world, was made for him individually; that charity is an unmeaning word—that futurity will do very well to amuse children, and to frighten the simple, but He, the lord of the creation, has nothing to do with the misfortunes of others—that circumstances should father his faults, and that as long as he gratifies his passions, he fulfils the intention of his Creator. Is man necessary to the Almighty? Charity would answer that He who protects and feeds the widow and the orphan, created man in his spiritual likeness, that through righteousness he might enjoy everlasting life, "through acts of charity in this world, to inherit a habitation with the blessed in the next. 'If thy brother be waxen poor, and falling in decay with thee, then shalt thou support him.'"

Maimonides says, in relation to the first part of the text, that there are eight degrees, or steps, in the duty of Charity. The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret; this is the gift of the hand, and not of the heart. The second is, to give cheerfully, but not proportionably to the distress of the sufferer. The third is to give cheerfully and proportionably, but not until we are solicited. The fourth is, to give cheerfully, proportionably, and even unsolicited, but to put it in the poor man's hand; thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame. The fifth is, to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty and know the benefactors, without their being known to him. The sixth which rises still higher, is to know the object of our bounty, but to remain unknown to them. The seventh is still more meritorious; namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved object, nor they the name of their benefactor.* Lastly, the eighth, the most meritorious of all, is to anticipate charity by preventing poverty; namely: to assist the reduced brother, either by a considerable gift, or a loan of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, that he may earn an

honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding up his hand for charity; to this the scripture alludes in the above passage.

"Yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner," i. e. of a different religion or nation. In the address of Jesswant Sing—Rajah of Jondpore to Aengzebe, he says: "Your royal ancestor, Ahher, whose throne is now in Heaven, conducted the affairs of the empire in equity and firm security, for the space of fifty-two years, preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness; whether they were the followers of Jesus or Moses, of David or of Mahomed, were they Brahmans, were they of the sect of Dharius, who deny the eternity of matter, or of that which ascribes the existence of the world to chance, they all equally enjoyed his countenance and favor, inasmuch, that his people, in gratitude for the indiscriminate protection which he afforded them, distinguished him by the name of Juggot Grow—'Guardian of mankind.' If your majesty places any faith in those books of distinction, called divine, you will there be instructed, that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of the Mahometans alone. The Pagan and the Musselman are equally in his presence. It is He who gives existence. In the temples, in his name the voice is raised in prayer; in a house of images, where the bell is shaken, still he is the object of adoration. To villify the religion and customs of other men, is to set at nought the religion of the Almighty—when we deface a picture, we naturally incur the resentment of the painter, and justly has the poet said, 'presume not to arraign or scrutinize the various works of power Divine.'" Had other nations possessed the charity of him whom they would have called an infidel, a barbarian, humanity would not have groaned at the oceans of blood shed in the cause of religion, as if religion could exist without charity, or charity abide in the dwelling of bigotry. "That he may live with thee." What inference should we draw from that passage? Should it not teach us to respect the opinions and consciences of others; to share with them our political rights—to enter into bonds of friendship with them, although of different faith? But how different it has been understood by the mass of those who profess that the foundation of their religion is charity, without which their good actions would count as nought. Fathers have bled through the charity of their children; children through that of their parents: brothers have been proscribed by their sisters; sisters by their brothers. Kings have waded in the blood of their fellow beings, and all through religion! through charity! "True charity," says an able writer, "is an active principle; it is not properly a single virtue, but a disposition residing in the heart as a fountain, whence all the virtues of benignity, candor, forbearance, generosity, compassion and liberality, flow as so many active streams." Charity teaches us to love the Lord with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our might. It teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves. It teaches us to assist the distressed! to succor the widow—to protect the orphan. It teaches us to love all mankind, to have respect for their opinions, to hide their faults, to return our thanks to the giver of all good, by relieving

* There was a room in the temple of Jerusalem, called the chamber of silence or inostentation, wherein the good deposited, secretly, whatever their generous hearts suggested: and from which the most respectable families were maintained with equal secrecy,

the wants of others, by the bounty he has blessed us with. It shows us what we are—what we would be, without the charity and mercy of the Most High. In a word, without charity, this world would be a desert, futurity a curse, and mankind without hope. s. s.

Original.

FAME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

OH, tell me not that lofty minds may bow
 In pleasant homage to a thought of mine—
 That laurels yet may greenly deck this brow,
 Or that my silent grave may be a shrine
 In after years, where men may idly crowd,
 To mark how low my humble dust is bowed.
 Oh, ask me not to toil for empty fame,
 Or, sordid, coin my heart for yellow gold,
 That careless lips may whisper o'er my name,
 When this frail form is lying still and cold.
 Let the wild flowers that spring around my tomb,
 Shed over me their sweet and silent bloom.
 I would not that a stranger's foot should tread
 The long dank grass that thrills above me dead.
 It were no recompense for wasted life,
 That men should breathe my name, an empty sound,
 And when this heart is broken with the strife
 Of thoughts that kill, the green and solemn mound
 That pillows me, be haunted by the throng
 That knew me not, save in my broken song.
 The enfranchised soul should seek a higher aim,
 Nor droop its pinions down to earthly aim.
 Oh, fame is not for woman; she must yield
 The very essence of her being up,
 Bare her full heart, fling off its golden shield,
 And drain its very life to fill the cup,
 Which, like a brimming goblet rich with wine,
 She poureth out upon the world's broad shrine.
 Upon its golden rim they grave her name,
 Fling back the empty bowl—and this is fame?
 I would not toil for gold, nor swerve my heart
 From its sweet impulses, that men may say
 She made a barter of her sacred art
 And coined her music 'till it paved the way
 To the lone grave, or that she meanly bowed
 Her spirit down, to win a purer shroud,
 Then wrap his sister women, and so died,
 Her heart all hardened with its earthly pride.
 Woman may toil for gold, and but to find
 That, for base earth, she hath debased a mind.
 And yet methinks if sometimes lingered one,
 Whose noble presence unto me hath been
 As music to the harp—around the house
 Which death had given me, though all unseen,
 The sweet, mysterious sympathies which drew
 My love to his, as blossoms drink the dew,
 Would once again arouse a spirit strife,
 And wake my marble heart, once more to life.
 Ask me not, then, to toil for wealth and fame,
 But with affection's voice, awake the flame.

Original.

A POET'S LIFE.—KÖRNER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

AMONG the most brilliant of the phenomena which have lately appeared in the beautiful German literature, was Charles Theodore Körner—alas! too suddenly withdrawn. This noble-hearted youth was born at Dresden, on the twenty-third of September, 1791. His father was, at that time, counsellor of the court of appeals, in the Saxon electorate, and his mother, a daughter of the engraver, Stock. In his childhood, a delicate boy, he early displayed a soft heart, ready susceptibility of every thing noble or good, and a great degree of firmness of mind, fancy, and warmth of friendship. It was not easy to rivet his attention, but this once attained, he comprehended quickly. He acquired an extensive knowledge of history, natural philosophy and mathematics. In the acquisition of languages, he had little talent, and still less inclination; and his decided repugnance to the French tongue, was remarkable. Various gymnastic exercises gradually rendered the delicate boy a strong, active, robust youth. Körner was considered a spirited dancer, bold rider, vigorous swimmer, and particularly an adroit fencer. He also displayed a love for painting, and drew landscapes and other subjects, with skill and effect. But in the higher walks, we find he possessed soul and talent for music, and practiced much upon the violin, but as he was more charmed with the guitar, to that he devoted himself almost exclusively, and with Zither upon his arm, he felt himself transported back to the days of the troubadours.

His ruling taste, however, was early displayed for poetry. In this he found little encouragement, at first, from his father, who feared an inclination was mistaken for a vocation. But his youthful spirit, however, heeded this but little, and soon ventured upon the difficult undertaking. Schiller and Goethe, both intimate friends of his father, and the favorite poets, at the paternal mansion, became the instructors of young Körner—instructors worthy of such a scholar. Schiller's ballads, probably the first poetry which he read, filled the high-minded youth, so susceptible of every thing glorious, with inspiration. He did not, however, venture immediately upon serious poetry. His first attempts were occasional fugitive productions of a comic character, and rhymes flowed without any difficulty. Körner remained at the paternal mansion until his seventeenth year. He attended the Kreuzschule in his native city, and at the same time enjoyed the instruction of his venerable father, and good private teachers, among whom, the subsequently great historian, Dippold, deserves to be named with distinction. The genuinely religious form of his mind, Körner owed to Roller, at that time pastor of Lausa. The arrangements of his paternal home were adapted to give the noblest inclination to the youth's character, and to unfold each bud of talent to the fairest blossom. In the family, united by affection and mutual confidence, the rights of the boy or youth were equally respected; and thus without ruling, he early enjoyed, within his own

sphere, a blameless liberty. Here was every facility to the enjoyment of poetry and music, and a select circle of scientific men, frequently assembled at the house, to enjoy an evening of intellectual entertainment, in which the young Körner ventured timidly and artlessly to take a share. In the female part of the family, also, a small circle of ladies, equally distinguished by purity of character and cultivated minds, daily assembled, who enjoyed and encouraged the unrestrained vivacity of our youth; and he thus acquired the most elegant ease of manner, and a just appreciation of the pleasures of intellectual intercourse. Prudently and tenderly Körner's father endeavored to guide his only son in the choice of his future occupation. "A careful consideration" (thus he informs us in his well-written biography of his son) "of the advantages and disadvantages of each situation, is not to be expected from youth. It often decides from insufficient grounds, and at the same time it is dangerous to oppose its determination; for it is frequently to be regretted, particularly with active and powerful natures, that the profession and inclination were not congenial." And Theodore Körner was obliged to select an employment which would secure to him a competency for the future, as he could look for but a small inheritance. The mining business for which Körner was at length destined, possessed many attractions, both in a poetical point of view, and in the rich mental food which its auxiliary sciences offered to the scholar. After he had prepared himself for it by the customary studies at Dresden, he proceeded to the mining institution at Freyberg, under the superintendence of Werner. Here he pursued the science, particularly at first, with true enthusiasm. It was here that his mind acquired, by the aid of intelligent friends, gradually a more serious texture, and more manly consistency—here his poetical ideas were excited by the sublime sensations with which he was thrilled while penetrating into the depths of the earth—and here he proclaimed, in the most spirited poems, his exalted feeling of patriotism, his love of freedom, and reverence for religion.

Religion, with him, was no dread intruder upon innocent enjoyments; she was the trusted friend of his soul, and the staff upon which he leaned. The whole course of his education had accustomed him to act only from the purest motives, and to honor, not fear, the most sacred things. This was the source of his beautiful scheme, (which, from subsequent obstacles, remained unexecuted,) of a "Manual for Christians," and of which he thus expresses himself in one of his letters. "And shall the religion for which our fathers fought and died, not also inspire us? and will not their tones reach many a soul which still retains its purity?" Körner completed his academical course in Freyberg, in the summer of 1810, and repaired to the university of Leipsic. Here his first collection of poems appeared, under the title of "Buds," which received decided approbation. He pursued his studies with industry and fidelity, particularly philosophy and history, but soon enchanted with the animation of a student's life, became in danger of losing sight of the higher aim of his existence. His deep and acute sense of honor, induced him to resort to unlawful ways

of defending it, and to the commission of many youthful errors—and after a short residence at Leipsic, he left it, and proceeded to Berlin. Here, also, he remained but a short time, for a violent illness, followed by a protracted weakness, rendered a visit to Carl's-bath necessary. His parents accompanied him thither. Restored, again to health, he repaired, in 1811, to Vienna, and from that period, a new and brilliant era commenced in his poetical existence. The splendid imperial city, with its literary facilities, ethological institutions, and social circles, operated beneficially upon our youthful poet. The Prussian ambassador, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and the distinguished scholar, Frederic Schlegel, patrons and friends of his father, received the promising youth cordially at their houses, and the well-known poetess, Caroline Pichler, gave him a favorable reception into her extremely intellectual circle. A charming girl enchained and inspired, at the same time, his whole being, by her affection, and the fairest dreams of the future arose in his happy soul.

He exerted himself powerfully, and with incredible productiveness, in the sphere of poetry. Many dramatic pieces, the *Bride and the Green Domino*, the *Watchman Toni*, and the *Atonement*, appeared in quick succession, and were performed in the theatre of Vienna, with intoxicating applause. To them succeeded his unexampled delineation of the Hungarian Leonidas Zring, his thrilling drama, *Hedwig*, and his great tragedy of *Rosamond*. His fame was established, and united with Kotzebue's interest, it obtained for him the honorable situation of poet to the theatre in the imperial capital; thus securing the general homage rendered to his genius, as well as a certain income, and a life of ease. Körner was considered the favorite of fortune; at the same time—certainly a striking proof of the loveliness of his character—he could not complain of envy or cabal in his theatrical career. Far from slumbering in such favorable circumstances, they rather imparted to his active mind a new impulse. All its strength was put forth, the goal ever placed higher and higher, and the diffident youth never closed his ear to an instructing or admonishing voice, when, by refinement, knowledge and experience, or female gentleness, it had obtained his esteem. But long had the patriotic Körner secretly mourned over the oppression beneath which his fatherland then sighed, and his noble resolution was confirmed to seize the sword instead of the pen. The battle of Aspern was his encouragement, and the archduke Charles, his hero. In the flames of Moscow, Theodore, as well as many of his countrymen, beheld the dawning light of better times. Napoleon fled, the Prussians arose, their voices summoning to the strife—to the defence of their most sacred possessions, freedom and their country, resounded to the most distant vallies of the Danube.

Full of animation, Körner obeyed the call. "Germany arises,"—thus he wrote to his father—"the Prussian eagle awakens with its vigorous strokes the joyous hope of German freedom in every breast. Allow me to prove myself a worthy son of my fatherland. Now, when I know what blessings life can give, now when my happy star beams down upon me her brightest rays—

now it is, God knows an exalted sentiment which inspires—now it is the powerful conviction that no sacrifice is too great for the highest human good—the freedom of our country. An uncommon period demands uncommon souls, and I feel the power within me to become a rock in this human sea. I must forth and breast the stormy waves with a fearless spirit. Shall I only attune my lyre, with effeminate inspiration to celebrate my conquering brethren? I know you will suffer much uneasiness, my mother will weep! but God comfort her; I cannot spare you this sorrow. That I risk my life is not much; but that this life is adorned with the blooming wreaths of love, friendship and joy, and that I still risk it; that I cast aside the sweet conviction that ‘I have caused you no trouble or anxiety’—that is a sacrifice to which only such a prize could be opposed.” On the nineteenth of March, 1813, he entered the free troops which Major von Lutzow was forming at Breslau, and with his brothers in arms, was dedicated to the holy struggle in the church of Rochan. Soon after, appointed corporal, he accompanied his major, von Petersdorf, upon a tour of business, which conducted him to Dresden some days in advance of his comrades. Once more he pressed his father and mother, whose blessing he received, and all his loved ones to his burning breast. He bade them farewell, never again to behold them upon earth!

Lutzow's chasseurs proceeded to Leipsic, where Körner was made Lieutenant. Thence through Dersau and Zerbst, to the seat of war. Here the free troops joined Count Walmoden's corps, and with them, passed the Elbe, for the purpose of attacking the French, who were lying at Danneburg, and were present at the battle of Goerde. Körner distinguished himself greatly. The French were defeated; but Walmoden, not deeming it prudent to pursue his advantage farther, withdrew, with all his troops, across the Elbe. After Lutzow's engagement, upon the same day, his infantry, under the command of Petersdorf, found themselves condemned to a vexatious inactivity, and wandered up and down the shores of the Elbe, in increasing displeasure. Körner, eager for combat, felt his oppressive situation deeply, and as soon as he learnt that Lutzow, with his cavalry, four squadrons of chasseurs, and fifty cossacks, meditated an expedition to Thüringia, he eagerly requested to serve with the cavalry. Lutzow, who valued him highly, granted this entreaty, and appointed him his adjutant. In pursuit of the exasperated foe, the “Black troop” proceeded through Eisleben, Buttstädt and Schliss, towards Plauen, not without great danger, for this region swarmed with scattered divisions of the French army, but yet not without the desired success. Couriers were captured every where, provisions seized or destroyed, French troops routed, and their important communications interrupted. Napoleon became so much exasperated, that he swore to destroy the audacious troops; and he resorted to the most atrocious treachery to accomplish it.

Lutzow had received certain intelligence, at Plauen, of the conclusions of a truce. He immediately ceased all hostile operations, naturally anticipating no opposi-

tion from the enemy, and retreated, by the nearest road, to join his corps. He received the most peaceful assurances from the hostile commander, and proceeded unmolested to Kitzen, a village in the neighborhood of Leipsic. Here he found himself suddenly surrounded by a division of the French troops, and traitorously menaced with an attack. Körner was despatched by Lutzow to the advanced column of the enemy, to demand a parley and an explanation of such proceedings. Unsuspecting and unprepared for a violent assault, Körner rode up to the commanding officer with his sword in the sheath, and addressed him. Instead of replying, this villain gave him a powerful stroke upon his head, and it was only by the speed of his horse that the wounded youth escaped into the neighboring thicket, at the same time the French, thirty times more numerous than the “Blacks,” rushed upon them before they had time to draw their swords, and it was only by the most heroically courageous efforts that Lutzow, with a small party of his forces, succeeded in cutting through the enemy, and reaching the right bank of the Elbe. The rest of the corps fell a sacrifice to this shameful treachery, or were captured. Some of the French troops had followed Körner to the wood. They were already near him—to fly was impossible—when a singular instance of his presence of mind saved him. With his whole strength he shouted towards the wood the command, “Fourth squadron advance!” The enemy paused—turned—wavered—and finally fled as if they already beheld a squadron of the dreaded “Blacks” galloping after them. In the meanwhile night had fallen, and Körner, exhausted with the loss of blood, endeavored to conceal himself in the thicket as well as he was able. Here he laid awaiting death.* His last strength was failing, and he sank into a slumber of faintness and exhaustion. But his powerful constitution conquered, and when he awoke in the morning, he beheld some peasants standing before him, who offered him their assistance. This providential aid he owed to some of his comrades, who, in their flight through the wood, had met these country-people, and told them that one of their officers lay wounded in the thicket, and if they would seek and aid him, he would reward them richly. By these persons Körner was removed to a place of safety, and nursed; and by the assistance of his friends he reached Leipsic, and thence he repaired to Carl's-bath, where, during two weeks, he enjoyed the best medical assistance, and the truest solicitude for his restoration to health. After he had passed some time subsequently in Berlin, he returned with all his former strength and energy to his troop, which was awaiting on the right bank of the Elbe, above Hamburg, the renewal of hostilities. They received the youth, whom they had believed dead, with the most animated demonstrations of joy. At length the seventeenth of August brought the termination of the truce. The vengeance-breathing “Blacks” obtained the dangerous advanced post, and from this time were daily engaged in battle. Gloriously Körner and his comrades fought at various engagements with the

* It was in this situation he composed the touching sonnet, “Farewell to life.”

French, who were, at that time, commanded by that scourge of the land, Davoust. Lutzow had appointed the twenty-eighth of August for a bold expedition in the rear of the enemy. At evening the Black troops reached a place which was well stocked with provisions for quartering a French regiment. They seated themselves at the tables so well spread for the enemy, and refreshed and strengthened, marched nearly to Rosenberg. Here, in a wood, they halted, and sent out scouts to reconnoitre a camp of the French a few miles beyond them, which they intended to attack. While awaiting the return of the scouts, some cossacks, lurking in a grove upon a neighboring eminence, at seven o'clock in the morning, perceived one of the enemy's transports of ammunition and provisions, escorted by two companies of infantry. It was immediately resolved to attack it. A hundred cossacks assaulted the enemy in front, Lutzow, himself, with a half squadron of the Blacks, fell upon their flank, while the other half remained close as a reserve. Körner, as the major's adjutant, was at his side. During the halt in the wood an hour previous, our poet had composed his celebrated sword-song—alas! like the notes of the swan! At daybreak of the twenty-ninth, he wrote it into his pocket-book, and was reading it to a friend, when the signal of attack was given. The engagement commenced near a wood, on the road from Gadebusch to Schmerin. The hostile troops, although more numerous than it was thought, fled into the wood. Körner was among the boldest of the pursuers, but the Tirailleurs sent a shower of balls around him from the thicket. One passed through his horse's neck, and thence into his body, penetrating the liver and spine. The death-stricken youth immediately sank senseless and speechless, and a few moments after, his glorious spirit had departed!

He had met the fairest death—that death which he had often celebrated in his immortal songs—death in the holy struggle for his fatherland. His beloved corpse, decked with oak-leaves, was buried by his comrades, solemnly and honorably, beneath an old oak tree, near the village of Wöbbelin, and the name of the poet and hero engraved upon its bark. His burial-place is now surrounded by a wall, and high above it is reared an iron monument. Körner's only sister, who, in March, 1815, followed her beloved brother from grief for his loss, sleeps at his side.

L. S.

Original.

A SONG.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

BRAID not the jewel,
Love, in thy hair!
For such adornment,
Thou art too fair.

Suits not, the diamond,
Tresses so light,
Floating like golden mist,
Changefully bright.

Weave its wild lustre
Thro' the dark braids,
Whose raven cluster,
Helen's eye shades!

There will its splendor
Fittingly play;
Thou art too tender
For such array.

Take this white rose, love,
Stainless as thou,
Let it repose, love,
By thy fair brow!

And as its fragrance
Softly steals by,
Sweet as thy balmy breath,
Pure as thy sigh,

Think of the lover,
In whose fond sight,
No gem of Ophir
Makes thee more bright!

Original.

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

THE green-draped hills, and bending sky,
The waterfall and glen,
With all the melody of earth,
Are beautiful, as when
With bounding step and throbbings wild,
A part of each I was, a little child.

No tumult now—but o'er me comes
A sweet, yet saddened pleasure—
It sinks upon my inward sense,
A calm that has no measure—
And now I feel each thing to be
An oracle of peace, and love to me.

I mark the blossoms, loving still
The shadow of green wood;
The lowly trailing vine becomes
A minister of good;
And gurgling on, the pebbly brook
Smiles upward with its pure and tranquil look.

The last year's leaves are grey and old,
And damp beneath the tread;
But 'mid them, with their pointed cups,
The flowrets lift their head;
The uncouth root is rounder o'er
With velvet-seeming moss, like fairy floors.

And here, beneath the roots, behold,
The squirrel's store is left—
A heap of darkened walnut shells
Piled in this cosy cleft—
How like the poet's musty rhymes,
On dusty shelf away, in after times.

Original.

A TALE OF THE HEART.

"Oh, life to come, if in thy sphere
 Love woman's love our heav'n could be
 Who would not *then* forego it here
 To taste it there eternally."—*Moore's Alciphon.*

ONE of the strongest passions which sway the human breast is Love. All must experience it. It is a destiny from which none are exempt in however humble or exalted a sphere fate may have placed them. The object of rags, wretchedness and deformity, as well as the inheritant of splendor and magnificence will once acknowledge its gentle sway, or remain the monuments of its blasting disappointments. It has been confined to no one age or people. It is as old as the world itself. Ancient mythology has said there was a time when primeval chaos and Love, eldest of the immortals, moved in solitude over the tenantless Earth. It presided over the first creation; and the earliest of the human race felt its divine—its conquering influence. They entailed it upon their heirs for ever; for where is there one of their vast descendants who has bounded into the flowery and intoxicating scenes of youth and manhood, whose garden of happiness is complete without some fairest eve to adorn it with beauty, sweetness and love.

Poetry and song have pronounced it a heaven-born passion over which the god's exercise especial sway: Yet would we ask—

"Ye sacred powers, which rule on high
 If love's a Heaven-born passion, tell me why
 Do mortals love, and Heaven so oft deny?"

Why is it that hearts which have met and mingled together should, so often, be blighted with disappointments. Our people, engaged in the acquisition of wealth, present on every side the most busy, bustling and animating scenes of business: yet how many noble nature's; how many glorious hopes; how much of the seraph's intellect have been crushed and blasted for ever? Occasionally we see one, not steeled to the selfishness of the world, with the frosts of misery, not of years, predominating over the bright locks of boyhood; a lonely wanderer in the thoroughfare of being, whose affections are unshared, buried in his own bosom in eternal solitude.

How oft remembrance recalls those blest and hallowed scenes of life's young morn, when, in pleasure's fairy bowers, we roved with the fair haired girl of our early love, or in sportive mirth danced the merry round when all was light with joy and each young heart felt free and happy? How often, as we stand amid the ruins of our affections and the overthrow of our hopes, do we pant for the days of our bounding boyhood, when the varied emotions of our hearts were undeveloped? How joyously did the soul then take its first step into the mystic regions of our first and blushing love? There were no shattered fragments of experience; and we rejoiced in the radiant beauty of its presence. Our young pleasures came on golden pinions and ever spoke in voices of melody; for the hand of time had not yet mouldered them to decay. Well do I remember a scene of my college-days, the unhappy fate, the torturing desolation of heart which fell to the lot of a companion and classmate. He

was one of the brightest ornaments of our institution. The brilliant dawn of his intellect, his gentlemanly deportment enhanced the esteem of all; and at once introduced and rendered him a welcome visitant among the polished circles for which the town of our temporal residence was so highly eminent.

An intimacy was contracted with the beautiful and intellectual daughter of the reverend Doctor ———. That intimacy ripened into the most ardent affection—*They loved.* All my friend's visions of happiness and distinction, every ambitious aspiration was painted for her. She was the rose which gave a fragrance to every surrounding object. She obtruded herself, with all her fascinations, upon the tedious page, the lovely landscape and in the dreamy visions of midnight. She was his being—life and soul.

The novitiate of our studies was at length completed. The period had already arrived when another band of youths were to bid farewell to their *alma mater*—the associations and companions of their youth.

Previous to our disbanding, my friend proceeded to consult the father of the being in whose hands were placed his destiny and happiness. It was the last event of his life in which energy stamped his actions.

The venerable old man took him by the hand and with tears in his eyes, thus addressed him: "I have loved you as a son. Your brilliant talents; your gentlemanly manners have long excited my admiration and praise. You have expressed a regard for one who is among my dearest objects on earth. Could genius, intellect, honorable feeling and noble and generous heart be the *only* qualifications which I would desire, then would my fondest wish be gratified by placing the hand of my daughter in yours: But I regret that *one* thing is wanting. I could never without violating a feeling of duty, which is imperative, consent to give that hand to one who was not a follower of the same lord and master whom I strive to serve and obey."

My friend and the object of his love met for the last time. She understood the nature of his visit: She apprehended the result, and falling upon his neck poured forth tears and exclamations of the most passionate anguish. * * * * *

The fate of my friend was sealed for ever. From that day all ambition; all his energy of character took its final flight. He returned to the bright clime—the home of his childhood. But few years have since passed; yet of the few he lingered fever. Consumption marked him as her own. It was a claim he did not withstand:

"Sad fate for one with heart and life
 And all youth's sun shine round him still."

And where is the lady of his love: does she *live*? She is *alive*: but sorrow has marked her for its own—the light of joy illumines not her eye—the rose of beauty is fading from her cheek—the worm is in the bud; and the sun of autumn will smile upon her grave.

HE that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—*Tillotson.*

Original.

THE MIRROR;

OR, A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

In the insulated principality of Mountbeliard, on the Upper Rhine, is still to be seen the castle of Rhudenbeck, which, for five centuries, has bid defiance to the ravages of time. In a small chamber in the left tower, is shown an ancient mirror, surrounded by a thick oaken frame, and inserted in the wainscoting of the apartment, to which tradition has affixed a story of considerable interest. One of the lords of Rhudenbeck had united himself to a young and lovely bride, the daughter of the Italian house of Tassoni. She was every thing that imagination could conjure up, or language portray—pure in her faith, and spotless in her beauty. The light of love fell brightly on their path, and their bed was blessed with a sweet pledge of their union. In a gorgeous autumn evening, in the small chamber already mentioned, sat the young Countess with her beautiful babe. The last beams of the departing sun were glancing through the narrow casement, and filling the apartment with a flood of liquid gold. The vesper hymn of the minstrels of nature was ascending to the portals of Heaven, and the distant tinkling of the bells of the abbey came sweetly upon the wings of the evening, like the voice of a mountain streamlet, joying in its course of beauty and of song. From the tower of Rhudenbeck floated the white banner with its cross of gold, scarcely moved by the gentle breeze which swept across the face of the landscape, scattering the treasures of autumn on the silver-breasted Rhine. The steel-clad warrior, as he kept his monotonous pace on the frowning battlements, gazed with silent admiration on the glorious scene that lay before him. In his heart, remembrance was touching the lute of vanished hours—the forms of the home of his youth rose thickly around him. The blue hills which died away in the distance, recalled those days when, on their breasts, he roamed in the joyousness of youth—moments, which come like the arrows of lightning through the gloom of the tempest, thrilling and brightening the memory and mind.

The shrill blast of the bugle rang suddenly upon the air—the prancing of horses was heard. The Countess rushed to the window. The pennon of her lord was seen fluttering above a small band of warriors in the midst of which from a glittering casque streamed a plume of the brightest scarlet. Margaret knew that her Rhudenbeck was there.

"Gianetti," exclaimed the Countess to a young and lovely girl who sat in the corner of the apartment deeply engaged in the contents of a small volume. "Gianetti, look yonder—'tis he—'tis my Rhudenbeck that comes," and kissing her beautiful boy and clasping him to her breast continued—"thy father, thou gem of his bosom." The young girl rose slowly and looked from the window, but no joy appeared to impart its thrill to her heart, at the sound or sight of Rhudenbeck's approach—but again retiring, she stood before the mirror and mechanically, yet carefully, seemed to arrange the long, dark tresses that flowed in luxurious thickness over a neck and shoul-

ders of the fairest hue. The Countess sped from the apartment, leaving the babe to the care of Gianetti, to the court of the castle to welcome her lord. Gianetti gazed intently upon the infant, her dark, deep eyes flashed with an unearthly brightness, the blood seemed to mount in torrents to her face and her bosom heaved with quick and heavy breathings. "Scorpion!" she exclaimed as she seized the child with a fierce and sudden grasp. "Thou art the barrier to my bliss, the curse of Gianetti's wishes," the helpless innocent checked in the midst of its sunny mirth knew not whether to weep or smile; "Yes! yes!" she continued, "the eye of Rhudenbeck is there—his brow of beauty is thine! Imp! devil!" and her eyes filled with tears as she rudely displaced the infant upon the floor. The footsteps and happy voices of Rhudenbeck and his wife were now heard in the corridor—Gianetti wishing to avoid their presence, was quitting the apartment when the Count and Countess appeared at the door. She started back. The smile of hypocrisy played upon her features. She curtsied lowly to Rhudenbeck and snatching up the babe, placed it in the father's arms.

"Ah! Gianetti, my Spanish maid," said Rhudenbeck, "thou art more beautiful than when we parted; by St. Dennis, those eyes will win for thee a prince! what says my Margaret; is she not beautiful?" and as he said so, he kissed his smiling boy, who, delighted with his warrior habiliments, was clinging and shouting with joy around his neck.

"Yes, my Rhudenbeck," replied the fond and guileless wife, "she is indeed! Gianetti, I shall grow jealous of thee, if my Rhudenbeck is so lavish of his praise."

Gianetti turned from the gaze of Rhudenbeck—her right hand seemed to seek for something beneath the folds of her drapery, and suddenly quitting the apartment, faintly articulated, "Good night, my lord and lady!"

"Is she not well, my Margaret?" inquired Rhudenbeck, as Gianetti departed.

"For aught I know, my lord," replied Margaret, "but from some cause to me unknown, of late, her mirthful spirits seem to have forsaken her; for hours will she sit in the silence of her apartment, lost to every sense of sound or sight, and when accosted, her replies are ever short and sullen."

"Ah!" said Rhudenbeck, laughingly, "some lover has entrapped her; we must find him out, and if he be worthy of her, Gianetti shall not want a dower. Come, my loved one, the shadows of night are gathering thickly around. I am weary and in need of rest; to-morrow, with the dawn, I must again depart."

"So soon, my lord?" sorrowfully exclaimed she. "Thou art ever absent; if it were not for thy image in the features of thy child, Heaven knows but my home would be a dreary one!"

"Come, come, another month will quickly pass away," replied he, "and then the din of arms will no longer strike upon the ear, the frown of war shall be exchanged for the smile of peace, and my presence again gladden the halls of my fathers."

The confiding creature fell upon his bosom, and in the

ecstasy of present bliss and anticipated joy, passed to the chamber of domestic love. But whither had Gianetti departed? In the deep twilight within her own room, she stood alone. The footsteps of Rhudenbeck and his wife, as they passed her door, was the first sound to rouse her from her deep abstraction. She started as if a peal of thunder had burst upon her ear—the kiss of love, which, in their fondness, they fervently exchanged, fell on her heart like the bolt of death. Faint, and almost falling, she clung to the door for support. The receding sounds of their footsteps died gradually away, but the closing of the heavy oaken door of the chamber of Rhudenbeck rung the knell of her distraction. Sense forsook her, and falling on the floor, she lay cold and lifeless in the arms of oblivion. What art thou, love? Mysterious and inexplicable spirit, art thou of Heaven or earth? Where is thy dwelling? Thy name is the music of the spheres—thy essence the adoration of Heaven. Like the light of the god of day, thy beams are felt in the breast of the peasant as well as that of the prince. Rank finds in thy eye no favor, wealth no respect. The distant lover is happy under thy holy influence, Power and oppression, at thy presence are forgotten. The warrior, on the bloody field, values life but for thy inestimable blessing, and the monarch in his crown and robes of ermine, regards them with disgust, if thy light falls not upon him. Thou art the cynosure of all hearts—the barque of beauty on the sea of hope. Yet, beautiful as thou art in thy purity—terrific art thou in thy hate. Then thou knowest no bounds of restraint, thou art guided by no rules of art; philosophy, and its pedant laws, are, by thee, disowned; pity is turned to revenge, and, like a demon, thou walkest abroad, carrying blight and desolation in thy path. She that is more lovely than the dew-kissed lily of the morning, whose smile is mild as the beam of innocence, in whose eye dwells the light of mercy, let but the cloud of suspicion overshadow the sky of her confidence, and her blood is turned to poison—her sweetest feelings to the bitterest gall.

Midnight had now arrived. In the same room in which Gianetti had abruptly left the Count and Countess, she was again standing—in her left hand she held a small lamp, her right was resting upon the handle of the door, to which she placed her ear as if listening for some expected sound.

"Will he come?" said she, "or is he sound in the arms of —"

She could not speak the name—a strong shuddering came over her; it was the shudder of conscious guilt at the reflection of the past, and the thought of what was to come.

A step was at length heard lightly to approach the door. Hurriedly she placed the lamp in the recess of the window, and retired to the farthest corner of the room. The door opened slowly and a figure, habited in the thick folds of a martial cloak, was seen to enter.

"Gianetti!" the figure exclaimed. She sprang forward. The mantle fell from the form, and the next moment Rhudenbeck and Gianetti were in each other's arms. In the confidence of heart—in the affection of

love had the beautiful Margaret fallen into the deepest repose. The brightest visions of bliss were peopling the atmosphere of her happy slumbers, while encircled in her arms lay her rosy infant in the balmy sleep of innocence. God! could the heart of man forsake the couch of virtue for the embrace of vice? Yes, Rhudenbeck could do this. In the warm breath of passion he could imprint the kiss upon the lips of Gianetti, and tell her that the wife of his bosom was to him as nothing—that she, Gianetti was the idol of his soul—that but for the bonds of wedlock, his Spanish angel, as he, in his passionate frenzy, was wont to call her, would now be the lady of his hall—the sunbeam of his existence. Gianetti, like the daughters of the land of Spain, was endowed with the warm, passionate, and dangerous feelings of her sex. She had been seen, by the Countess, in her own native vale, where, like a thing of light, she moved the centre of the village throng. Attracted by her modest bearing, and her rustic beauty, the Countess extended to her the hand of protection, and raised her from obscurity to splendor. Alas! she dreamed not that she was fostering an asp in her very bosom—pure in her own thoughts, she suspected not crime in others, and at the moment when she looked upon her as a very sister, Gianetti could have placed a poignard in the heart of her benefactress.

From a long sickness which followed, in giving birth to her babe, the Countess had been closely confined to her chamber, and the young Gianetti entrusted with the domestic duties of the castle. It was in this capacity that she first attracted and seduced the heart of Rhudenbeck; passion usurped his throne of reason—he saw Gianetti with the eyes of admiration, and in the delirium of his heart, he sacrificed the honor of his bed on the shrine of crime. Like a broken vase of chrystal which may be repaired, yet for ever must bear a blemish, so is it with the wedded honor of the husband, once parted with, it is for ever stained. Cunning may conceal the wound, but never can restore it to its pristine beauty. So is it with the woman who has given to the winds the zone of virtue—the jewel of her life is gone. The streamlet of her mind is stained—crime follows crime, 'till desperate and despairing she cares not what befalls her—she is ripe for the deadliest deed. So was it with Gianetti. She felt that while the Countess existed, she must ever be the debased creature of Rhudenbeck—she loved him madly—his very breath was, to her, life, his smile, to her, Heaven. What then must have been her feelings when, folded in his arms, he told her the Countess alone prevented him from making her his bride; was it to be wondered at if the most fearful passions took possession of her soul—and they did. From that moment, in the solitude of her heart, she vowed the destruction of the Countess. We shall not describe their meeting, their vows of passion, and their fearful loves. Let the veil of pity be drawn over them. The hour of retribution is at hand. From the scene of crime Rhudenbeck again returned to his chamber, where still lay the beautiful Countess and her babe, in the arms of slumber. As he gazed upon them, the iron of remorse entered deep into his soul;

he stood a thing of guilt at the couch of his wedded love. Tears gushed from his eyes, and in the contrition of his soul he sank on his knees, and audibly asked the forgiveness of Heaven. The Countess, at the sound, awoke from her slumber. The beams of an autumn morning were struggling through the silken curtains of the casement, and the memory of her lord's departure at once took possession of her mind.

"Ah! Rhudenbeck, so soon astir!" exclaimed she.

"Yes, Margaret, the bell has sounded the morning-watch—I can hear the horsemen in the court of the castle." The Countess arose and looking upon her babe with a mother's love, exclaimed, "my boy, as thou art in features like thy father, may'st thou prove in honor and in faith the same." Rhudenbeck turned away—the shaft had entered his heart. When equipped he kissed the beautiful creature who hung around his neck:

"Let me see, my lord," she exclaimed "depart from his castle in the pride of honor and of heart—God's blessing on thee, Rhudenbeck!"

"Nay, 'tis impossible," replied the warrior, "the morning air will chill thy tender form—it cannot be," and once more embracing her, he was about to take his leave—but the Countess insisted that she at least should gaze from the little chamber where the evening before, she had witnessed his approach with her boy and Gianetti. Rhudenbeck felt as if Providence had marked him for the victim of remorse. It was the very spot from which but some few minutes before he had parted from the embrace of guilt.

Hanging on the arm of her lord—they reached the little apartment. Gianetti had fallen into a deep slumber in the oaken chair. As they entered, she started from her sleep, exclaiming—"Ah! Rhudenbeck, is it you?" The Countess, started back looked with amazement on the girl—the place, and her presence, at so untimely an hour, for the first time sent suspicion to her heart.

But the cloud was soon dispelled, for as guilt is ever the handmaid of falsehood—Gianetti artfully avowed that it was the young Lord of Rhudenbeck to whom she referred, and of whom, in her slumbers she had been dreaming. While her appearance at so strange an hour was accounted for by the clamor of the warriors in the court yard who had disturbed her slumbers. The bugle at this moment sounded, and Rhudenbeck bade adieu to his wife.

The Countess overcome by her feelings sank into the chair—she raised her eyes to heaven to ask its blessing on her lord and husband. Great God! what a sight struck upon her vision. Distinctly in the mirror she beheld reflected, the figures of Rhudenbeck and Gianetti. In his arms he held the Spanish girl, while their lips met in silent and passionate fondness. Margaret's every feeling was frozen—she sat motionless as a statue, and it was only when Gianetti who now stood looking from the window told her to come and gaze upon her gallant Rhudenbeck!—that the chain of oblivion was broken. She started from her seat—and her limbs trembled beneath her.

"Not now, girl," she said, "not now," and with an

assumed step of firmness quitted the apartment for her own chamber. She reached it, gazed wildly upon her beauteous nursing—and bursting into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "my child! my child!" sank unconsciously upon the couch.

From the loophole of the lowest vault of the castle, when the bell told out the hour of midnight, a faint light was seen to come. While followed by four of her domestics; servants of her father's house, devoted to her interests, in heart and soul, the Countess directed her steps to the chamber of Gianetti. On her couch she lay in the deepest slumber, her cheek rested upon one hand and in the other was a small miniature, on which she had apparently been gazing. Quietly did the Countess remove it, and held it to the tapers' expiring flame. Conviction was now beyond a doubt. It was the likeness of Rhudenbeck. Frantically she seized the helpless girl by the throat. Gianetti starting from her sleep and rendered desperate from the terror of the scene, with the energy of despair extricated herself from the grasp of the infuriated Countess, and fled to the door of the chamber—but she fled only from the fangs of the wolf to those of the tiger. The domestics already instructed, secured the helpless victim and stifling her cries conveyed her to the vault of the castle—where stood a monk and two domestics by the side of a grave excavated in the rock. In vain did she appeal to the mercy of the Countess.

"Wretch! viper!" exclaimed the injured woman—"let thy shriving be brief, seek for mercy in heaven!" The monk advanced, bewildered and trembling, Gianetti pressed the cross to her pallid lips, and the next moment the tomb received a *living tenant*—Gianetti was no more.

When Rhudenbeck returned to the castle, he eagerly inquired for the Spanish girl. "Follow me," said the Countess who had received him with a well dissembled face. "She has changed her apartment, for a fitter and more welcome one." She led the way to the vault—

"Whither go you?" said Rhudenbeck, astonished at the direction in which she was proceeding.

"To the home of Gianetti!"—they passed on, when suddenly, she paused, and exclaimed, *There!* at the same time pointed to the cavern tomb. Rhudenbeck started back—on the covering was inscribed—*The Home of Dishonor!*

"What, dead?" he inquired in the agony of mind.

"Ay! dead—knowest thou the cause?" exclaimed she, at the same moment presented to his gaze the miniature she had snatched from the hand of Gianetti. Rhudenbeck at once divined the sequel of her fate. That night he left the castle, never again to return. On the field of ——— he found a soldier's grave. Grief settled on the soul of the Countess. Like a lily chilled by the breath of winter, slowly she withered, and departed, in the glory of her youth. The young heir of Rhudenbeck grew to manhood and fame. No blot stained the scutcheon of his honor, bright as his shield was the courage of his heart. In his life he was adored, in death regretted—and his memory enshrined in the bosom of his people.

Original.

SCOTLAND.

BY ANDREW M'NAKEN.

OH, Scotland, land of song and mirth,
Of Helen's love, and Bruce's glory,
I worship at thy social hearth,
And doat upon thine early story.
Thy forest homes and vallies too,
Where twang'd the bow and rung the quiver—
Begirt with many a mountain blue,
And streaked with many a shining river.
Of Tweed and Tay, and "Bonny Boon,"
And Ayr, whose waves are brightly glancing,
Along whose banks at sultry noon,
The peasant flocks are gaily dancing.
Here hath thy bards in other days,
By silent glen, or blooming heather,
With inspiration trill'd their lays,
And link'd the burning words together—
Words that have spread along each vale,
Like heath-fires by the tempest driven,
Or soothing wrought, 'neath shining mail,
"A feeling less of earth than Heaven."
My fancy hears a thrilling sound,
Of pibroch to the battle pealing;—
Then swells the coronach around,
A chieftain's requiem revealing.
I see on every rocky height—
By day a smoky column streaming,
By concert changed in troubled night,
A beacon fire on each is gleaming.
The dove returns—my dream is gone—
The harp descending from the willow,
By minstrel hands renews its tone,
And peace is bending o'er each pillow.

Original.

STANZAS.—WHAT, WEARIED OF LIFE?

"Yes, I am sick, sick and wearied of life."

WHAT, wearied of life? in the morning of thy days,
Ere half thy path thou'st threaded through life's uncertain
maze?
When Love's bright star might guide thee with pure
unceasing light,
And the sunny beams of hope are glorious and bright,
When the beauties of the earth, and the images of sky,
Are traced upon thy soul in Memory's deepest dye!
When the rainbow of delight, thy pathway gildeth o'er,
And the blithesome hours of youth come round thee as of
yore,
And the thoughts of loved young friends for ever pass'd
away,
Still rise before thy soul like beams of radiant day,
Ere thy heart, like bird, went forth on restless wings to
roam
Throughout this earthly space, to seek a joyous home.

No marvel that thou tirest if thou thinkest e'er to find
Aught in this earth to satisfy—to glad immortal mind!
The world is cold and selfish, and man, a base ingrate,
Repays thy lavish'd favors with scorn, yea, almost hate;
Earth's promises, though flatt'ring, are, oh! as false as fair,
And man's oft boasted honor has prov'd itself a snare.
Oh! trust not gaudy pleasures that lure but to betray,
Nor cling to earthly treasures that flee thee in a day,
But look through earth's dim vista to holy worlds above,
Where skies are never clouded—but vales of peace and
love;
Then when with earth thou'rt harrass'd, when friends
have prov'd untrue,
Oh, then thy clouded visions will take a brighter hue.
Oh! turn to Him in faith who has sought thee with His
love,
Turn, ere the mandate's sent from the sacred courts above;
Turn ere thy sands run out—thy last farewell be spoken—
"Ere the silver cord be loos'd, the golden bowl be broken!"
Turn, ere the "Angel's flight leave Bethesda's waters
still,"
Ere thy last fond sigh is breathed—thy heart, in death,
grows chill.
By the reverence thou bearest thy parent's prayer of love,
By the orisons I've sent to Heaven's throne above—
By the glorious achievement—a Saviour's dying hour—
The tears, the prayers, the groans, in Gethsemane's
moonlit bower—
Oh! may'st thou pass securely over "Jordan's swelling
wave,"
Reposing in the love of Him who died thy soul to save.

H.

Original.

TO

ON THE OCCASION OF A TEMPORARY SEPARATION.

WHEN the cares of the day, and its troubles are spent,
Twilight's moments should always to Memory be lent,
For the sound of a word, or the sight of a flower,
May revive a whole life-time in that single hour;
Oh! think of me, then, when the day is declining,
And stars that first smile, on the evening are shining;
When the vesper hymn warbled by voices I love,
Wings softly to join with the chorus above.
When the mild moonlight steals through the leaves of
trees
That shade our lov'd seat, and the gentle night-breeze
Shall kiss from the blush of your soft cheek the tresses
It rejoices to hold in its playful caresses;
As you trace on the mirror-like face of the lake
The mellow'd reflections th' unclouded stars make,
Give one thought unto him who has been with you there,
Those feelings of pleasure, so hallow'd, to share.
And when the dear circle has gather'd at night,
In our own cottage-parlor, so cheerful and bright,
And sweet hopes are born in each kind, sunny smile,
And the heart it rejoiceth with pleasure the while;
As in music or converse the hours pass away—
In the calm, stilly eve at the close of the day,
When ye bow round the altar in prayer, ere ye part,
Let one thought fly to him who is *present in heart*.
Hill Cottage, Asbury, N. J.

Original.

REPENTANCE, CONVERSION AND REGENERATION.

TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS WOODWORTH.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

IN the creation thou canst surely see
 A still far greater work of Deity;
 A *new creation* of the *fallen soul*,
 In order's orbit once again to roll;
 For, oh! the human mind is now, alas!
 By nature, a chaotic, shapeless mass,
 Devoid of love and wisdom, truth and light,
 And deeply shrouded in the shades of night;
 But He who gave the first creation birth,
 'Tis He, alone, can renovate the earth,
 For this, His spirit, like a Heavenly dove,
 Broods o'er the waters of our minds, in love,
 If we consent to have our wills renewed
 With every evil love and lust subdued;
 "Let there be light," he says, and soon we find
 Truth, like a sunbeam, pouring o'er the mind.
 This light is good—and we confess it His,
 And first perceive the great JEHOVAH Is;
 Without which knowledge, in our sins we die,
 The fate of all who thus the Lord deny:
 That He's essential goodness in his love,
 Which warms and vivifies the hosts above;
 And in His wisdom, pure essential truth,
 Which is the light of Heaven itself, in sooth;
 This light exposes all the soul to view,
 With sinful passions that we must subdue
 By deep repentance—thus enjoins the word,
 Repent, and be converted to the Lord.
 This is *our part* of the great work; and we
 Must set about it soon, and earnestly,
 For this is opening wide the mental door,
 When the Lord knocks, which sin had barred before;
 Thus washing in *Bethesda's pool*, 'tis plain
 Will make us clean from sin's corroding stain,
 And put away our evils ere they rise
 In dark array before the Saviour's eyes.

"Cease to do evil," is the next command,
 To which he claims obedience at our hand,
 And if obeyed, with hope our bosoms swell,
 For we have learned the art of doing well.
 He next creates a firmament, we find,
 To separate between the sensual mind
 And Heavenly thoughts, and loves which mount on high,
 To hold communion with the Deity.
 We now perceive two natures in the soul,
 The spiritual and earthly—the control,
 The former claims—and this is order's plan,
 That all must yield to the *internal man*.
 For now we first perceive, and gladly own
 That all our goodness comes from God alone,
 Who, in us, worketh but to will and do
 His own good pleasure—this we feel is true.
 By this new light, with judgment now we see,
 That as all goodness comes from Deity,

So all the evils of this heart of ours
 Must be ascribed to the infernal powers,
 And so adjudged to hell—from whence they rise;
 This is *true judgment* in Jehovah's eyes.
 So the oppressed affections are relieved
 From their accusers when the truth's received,
 And thus we judge the fatherless, when we
 Teach others to adore the Deity,
 And thus we plead the widow's cause, in sooth,
 When we instruct inquirers after truth.
 We must be gentle, tractable and mild,
 Receiving truth just like a little child.
 We must deny ourselves in thought and word—
 Take up our Cross, and follow with the Lord,
 And if the Cross too heavy should appear,
 We pray for grace, and strength to persevere,
 And not stand still, and for *assistance* wait
 To lift the burthen that appears too great.
 Thus saith the Lord to Israel's pilgrim sons,
 "Cry not to me. Go forward, Ransomed ones,
 Put your own shoulders to the wheel, and when
 Ye pray in *active faith*, I'll help you then."
 We must abstain from sin in thought and act,
 And search our hearts for secret sins, in fact,
 For self-examination will disclose
 A host of ambushed and insidious foes,
 Which we must fight against, and put away,
 Before we can expect to win the day;
 And thus we must proceed from strength to strength,
 Until our Saviour crowns the work at length.

After six days, with Peter, James and John,
 From the high mountain which we stand upon
 We shall behold the great Transfigured One,
 With gracious visage shining like the sun,
 And raiment like the light, as white and clear,
 As whilom to the *three* he did appear,
 For, oh! these three were faith and love combined
 With holy works in the regenerate mind,
 Then to our view the Saviour stands confest,
 God over all, and that for ever blest.

Through six successive states we thus must toil
 Keeping our evening lamps well trimmed with oil,
 While we with patient resignation wait
 The coming of our Lord, that Sabbath state
 Which we account most holy—then to meet
 The glorious Bridegroom, and with him to eat
 The marriage supper. Then temptations cease,
 And all within is happiness and peace;
 Then our week's labor will be crowned with rest,
 And the regen'rate soul be truly blest;
 This is the Sabbath we're enjoined to keep
 And sanctify, before in death we sleep.

WITHOUT reason, as on a tempestuous sea, we are
 the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, 'till
 the event hath determined it, how the next billow will
 dispose of us; whether it will dash us against a rock, or
 drive us into a quiet harbor.—*Lucas on Happiness.*

OH! DO NOT BID ME CEASE TO LOVE.

A BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY W. C. PETERS.

CANTABILE.

Oh,

do not bid me cease to love, Nor teach me to for - get; The charm that Time can

ne'er remove, Is ling'-ring round me yet; The spell which made my

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'CANTABILE'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system begins with a vocal line and a piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some passages marked with slurs and accents.

heart thy own, Still haunts each hal-low'd spot; Still lives in each re-mem-ber'd

tone, That will not be for-got— Still lives in each re-mem-ber'd tone, That

will not be for-got.

SECOND VERSE.

And though no more the burning ray
Of Passion's Sun may shine,
The moonlight of Memory
Will glad my lone decline:

Thy spirit-voice, on Life's dark tide,
Will charm from every ill,—
Bid every stormy wave subside,
And whisper—'Peace, be still.'

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE MAN AT ARMS: *Harper & Brothers.*—This novel is the latest production of the indefatigable, prolific, and intellectual James. The field which he has selected for the present display of his genius, has already been occupied by him in the production of his *Huguenots* and others of his writings—the action of the novel being at that memorable period—the struggle between the Catholics and Protestants in France. Although in his former works he has drawn the scenes and personages of those days with a fidelity of truth and historical knowledge, as to leave an opinion that all interest, in that quarter, must have been exhausted, yet we find him again on the same course, fresh and vigorous in the race, and reaching the goal with his imagination nothing impaired. The productions of James are always marked by a strong desire to exalt morality, truth and virtue. He dives into the secret recesses of the heart—he touches the sweetest chords of the human breast—he plucks the child of virtue from the grasp of vice, and casts the mantle of ideal beauty and historical truth around the scenes and characters of his fertile imagination. In his writings, you meet with no overstrained and uncouth personages—creatures, the offspring of a morbid mind—abortions of humanity. You find no character but which might have lived, no incident but which might have occurred. There is no striving after effect, no trying to create something surprisingly grand and beautiful, and after all, producing only a deformity—an incubus of mind. James, at all times, discovers a thorough acquaintance with the country and historical associations of the period on which he founds the incidents and characters of his novels. You find in them no modern conceptions amalgamated with those of antiquity, no personages who are made to act and speak in olden times, in the deeds and language of the present day—the prevailing characteristics of the most of our modern novelists, who too often mistake exaggeration for nature, inflated phraseology for beauty of style, and petite detail for graphic description. With him, all is perfect and natural. Look, too, with what ease he at once introduces his characters to his readers—how skillfully he blends the individual with the scene—a few bold touches of the pen, and you have the landscape before your eyes as vivid, almost, as reality. Again, here are our novelists at fault. They appear to think it requisite that the smallest minutiae of a country must be elaborately depicted and defined before they can present their characters to the reader, and when they are presented, they generally accord not at all with their intents, but look as intruders, foreign in act, thought and word—but with our author, all is in keeping—a skillful blending of color—a universal harmony pervading the whole. *The Man at Arms*, although, perhaps, not equal to the *Huguenots*—*Richelieu*—*Attila*, and a host of others, is, nevertheless, a work that can challenge competition with any author of the present day. The character of Henry de Ceron is beautifully conceived—a young soul of honor, who stakes his all upon his courage, and achieves the meed of love, fortune, and renown. The Prince of Condé is one of those creations in which our novelist is so happy in delineating—a high-minded warrior—the flower of chivalry, daring and doing the acts of heroism and faith. The death of this prince is one of the many powerful sketches which James, alone, can so faithfully describe. The characters of Stuart—Martin Vern, Solomon Ahar, Moric Edom, are all excellent, while the two heroines, Louise Blancard and Miriam, are bright and beautiful beings, sweet illusions of an inspired mind. The incidents are numerous and stirring, being a succession of battles, and hair-breadth escapes, nor can we withhold our approbation of the thrilling description of the Massacre of Paris, which closes the volume. This chapter, alone, would stamp any writer an author of the highest order.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK: *Lea & Blanchard.*—The eighth and ninth number of this capital work by Boz, is before us. Of its high character the preceding numbers have given substantial proof. The same excellence marks the present one, while the neat typography and illustrations entitle it to commendation and support.

BACCHUS; AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE, CAUSES, EFFECTS AND CURE OF INTEMPERANCE, by RALPH BARNES GRINDROD: *J. & H. G. Langley, New York.*—This is a reprint from the London edition of the Prize Essay, composed for the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. Its tenets are the advocacy of Temperance in the strictest form, illustrated by a collection of important facts, shewing the baneful effects of intoxicating liquors on individual happiness and welfare, and their destructive influence on the intellectual and moral powers of man as well as upon his social virtues and domestic enjoyments. The work is well written, and we trust, that it will go far to disseminate a hatred to this frightful destroyer of the mental and physical happiness of man.

THE ROSE OF SHARON FOR 1841: *P. Price.*—This annual is intended as a religious remembrancer, adapted to the taste of all sects and restricted by no creed whatever. The contents are various, and for the most part, fairly written. Among the prose articles we may instance that of "Felicia Hemans," by Horace Greely, conceived in a true love of her genius and character, and admirable in its style of composition. The *Twin Sisters*, by J. B. Thayer, is also well treated, and the story of *Peregrine*, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, is deserving of praise. To the poetry, we cannot award our strongest approbation; like the most of this class of writing of the present day, it is only passable—rhyme with pretty words being too often mistaken by the writers and received by the mass, for poetry. It is not the stringing of words and rhymes together, that constitutes poetry—it is widely different. Poetry is a love of the beautiful in nature, expressing its adoration of its objects in the spontaneous outpourings of the soul. Nevertheless, there is much to approve of in this annual. The plates are in the first style of the art, equal to any thing of the kind which has yet issued from the American burin. It is beautifully printed, tastefully bound, and altogether, a present well fitted for the youth of both sexes.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, by Lord Brougham: *Carey & Hart.*—These volumes are a compilation of some of the most remarkable productions of this profound statesman and author. The letters on National Education, and the Education of the People, will be prized by every philanthropist for their perspicuous exposition of the subject, and their fervent advocacy of the cause. One speech, we believe, is, for the first time, published in America—that memorable one delivered in the House of Commons, in answer to Peel's charges against the Education Committee. The circumstances which elicited it, were singular, and showed how retentive was his memory, and how felicitous his command of language. Called upon unexpectedly—quite unprepared, and laboring under every disadvantage from the premeditated trickery of his accuser, it was then that he delivered this celebrated harangue, which, for withering sarcasm, playful ridicule, and power of language, was, perhaps, never surpassed by even any of his own writings or orations. The other contents of the volumes, although pertaining to subjects of foreign policy, are, nevertheless, beautiful productions, and will be perused with pleasure and instruction by every statesman, orator and lover of his brilliant wit and purity of style.

THE POLITICIAN'S MANUAL: *William Wilson.*—This is the title of a small volume containing the Constitution of the United States and of New York, also the Formation of the Judiciary—the Common School system, and the various duties of all the State, County and Town officers of New York. As a book of reference, it will prove extremely useful, embracing in its pages a large quantity of political and civil information. The author, or rather compiler, George Le Row, A. M. appears to have executed his task with correctness and ability.

BORDER BEAGLES: *Carey & Hart.*—A new novel by the author of *Richard Hurd*. This is decidedly an improvement upon his former production, containing more natural characters and greater fluency of style. The plot is well conceived, perspicuous and stirring in its arrangement and exciting in its denouement. We venture to recommend it to the reading community.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

JACK ASHORE: Carey & Hart.—This is one of those Nautical novels, which of late years have, to a considerable extent, been popular among the readers of light literature; a passion for which, was engendered by the writings of Marryatt, and while these were marked with delicacy of language and natural incidents, deserved and received a liberal encouragement—but Marryatt presuming upon his success, ventured to overstep the modesty of nature and run riot in the regions of folly. The author of Jack Ashore, is too much addicted to this—he appears to hold no restriction over his expressions, he gives loose to the excited impulses of his imagination and deals out broadsides of oaths and asseverations without the least regard to morality or the delicacy of his readers. We are sorry for this, as it serves to militate against his success, and Mr. Howard is an author, who, without doubt, is endowed with the faculty of invention, the principal and essential ingredient in a novel-writer. However, we can assure those individuals who are not over fastidious that they will in Jack Ashore, find much to amuse them.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THEATRICALS.

THE PARK has once more commenced successful operations for the season. "The divine Fanny!" which appellation, by the way, we cannot see the wit or meaning of, for the first fortnight continued to draw a series of the most fashionable and crowded houses. There has been upon this lady, however, lavished an inordinate and almost fulsome adulation that very much reflects upon the character of our country. Genius at all times deserves, and should receive, the generous meed of encouragement, but when we observe a servile worship, an utter prostration of common sense and a sacrifice of every feeling of self-respect on the shrine of folly, we cannot but pause in pity and exclaim in disgust—

"Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder."

We marvel much if such ebullitions of popular approbation were ever manifested to the best and greatest of our forefathers, who achieved our rights and liberties at the peril of their lives. It is almost sacrilege, we know, to express such a supposition, the comparison of character and circumstances being so widely different, but it is impossible for us not to put forth our hearty disapproval of the silly conduct evinced by our city during the professional career of this lady. That she is the mistress of her art—the very goddess of grace and motion, we readily and cheerfully admit. That she should receive the warmest demonstrations of public patronage we also allow—but there is a point when admiration merges into folly—and should receive the censure of every individual of sense and spirit. For the honor of our city, we trust, however, that it was only the heated fancies of foreign minds, actuated by foolish habits, and a few of the youthful hearts of our own community, intoxicated by the fascinating figure and elegance of the beautiful danseuse. Partly during the engagement of this lady, and afterwards, Mr. Buckstone, the successful dramatist of above a hundred pieces, which have delighted almost every play-goer, performed a series of characters in his own productions. His acting is of that quaint, quiet, natural style that is not adapted to suit the mass, consequently an inferior actor with buffoonery and grimace will be more likely to command the applause of the million, but in the performances of Mr. Buckstone there is a truth to nature, and a just conception of character which will ever command the praise of the judicious. The opinion of one of which is "worth a whole theatre of others." The next star in the theatrical hemisphere was the facetious and mirth-inspiring son of Momus, Mr. Power, who for three weeks contrived to keep the risible faculties of his patrons in continual play. In the course of his engagement, several new pieces were produced, among which we may particularize "How to Pay Rent," "His Last Legs," and "The Happy Man." The first of which, written by himself, is a very entertaining farce, although some of its scenes are of too prosy a character, quenching the spirit of merri-

ment the moment it is set in motion. The early part of the performance is particularly so and might, we think, be altered to the great advantage of the piece. One thing let us especially commend to his notice, a judicious curtailment of the passages abounding with too much inflated sentiment, which in their situation are altogether out of place and detract much from the strength of Mr. Power's own representation. However well he may speak the language, still a feeling will implant itself in the breast, that he whose accustomed province is the ridiculous can never tread in that of the sublime. His "Last Legs," is all that the lover of fun can desire, a more amusing trifle perhaps was never seen. The "Happy Man" although not equal to this production is nevertheless a capital entertainment.

OLYMPIC.—This little Theatre has been redeccorated with great taste, and is in the full tide of fortune. This establishment is entitled to particular consideration and support for the neatness, correctness and decorum, which every where pervades both the audience and stage department, and while the same attention is manifested by Mr. Mitchell, we are sure his exertions will meet with a corresponding patronage from the public.

THE NEW NATIONAL is nearly completed, and opens early the present month. Report speaks highly of the beauty and elegance of the building. In our next we shall take an opportunity to inform our readers of the quality of the performers and performances.

EDITORS' TABLE.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—At the commencement of the present volume we took occasion to express our pleasure at the numerous and unprecedented accession to our subscription list—and we are now proud to acknowledge an additional increase of nearly five thousand new names, in the short space of six months. A strong evidence of the high character of the publication. The contents of the next volume, we promise our subscribers, will in no way fall deficient in their accustomed excellence. We have made arrangements with several *new contributors* whose writings have placed them high in the ranks of literature. These added to the valuable names which already have adorned and will still continue to illumine our pages, must place the "Companion" in the very foremost walk of American Magazines.

The typographical department which is one of its particular characteristics, will receive our strictest attention. The engravings which have elicited the highest encomiums, will still be confided to the execution of that admirable artist, Dick, while the musical branch of the work is under the critical acumen and scientific taste of a distinguished composer. With these remarks we close our thirteenth volume, suggesting, to such as are not already subscribers, that the November number will afford them an excellent opportunity to add their names to the roll of our already numerous supporters.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT FAIR.—This being an affair devised and executed by the daughters of Massachusetts, to acquire sufficient funds to aid in the completion of this great national undertaking, we consider that an outline of the order of the exhibition, and an enumeration of the principal names of the fair creatures who contributed the offerings of their mind and labor on the occasion, will not be out of place, and also will gratify our distant *Lady Companions*, who may have heard of it, but cannot, from vague information, acquire any correct idea of its extent and character. In all ages and countries the most memorable actions which have obtained the meed of praise, either for moral, intellectual or charitable character, have been greatly indebted to the harmonizing influence of woman. In whatever station of life you find her, you find that the better virtues of the heart are there. Look at her in the confiding purity of soul, staking her all on the being that she loves. If adversity come, and the barque of domestic bliss should founder, to the last moment of existence she will cling to the mate of

her bosom—murmuring not, or repining, but with her sweet face smiling away the gloom of despondency and shining in her love like the sun of the morning through a rainbow of tears. In her moments of prosperity, how beautiful she appears, moving like an angel in the robes of purity, diffusing bliss and happiness around, and when the cry of misery falls upon her ear, is she not the first to seek out the sufferer and breathe the balm of comfort on his wound, to extend the hand of welcome and to bestow the boon of charity? It was reserved for the ladies of Massachusetts to complete what their husbands and fathers had begun, and how nobly they have accomplished their object, after ages will bear them witness, when they point to the pillar of Freedom, and exclaim "*Behold the offering of beauty to the memory of the brave.*" Quincy Hall, which was devoted to the purpose, is three hundred feet, six inches, and was divided into five different sections, in which were erected tables on each side, containing the wares offered for sale, the produce of which sales, is to be expended in the completion of Bunker Hill Monument. As you entered the Hall from South Market street, the first object which greeted your sight on the left, was the talented authoress, Mrs. Hale, in the capacity of Editress, distributing a petite daily paper, containing the news of the fair and a list of the various articles for sale—next to her was the Post office, attended by the Misses Walter and Crowningshield—immediately opposite was Mrs. C. Green, and several ladies from Lynn; passing from this you now entered Section second, where you found the following ladies of Boston in charge of the different numbered tables: No. 5—Mrs. T. Turner, Mrs. Bailey; 6 and 7—Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Rollins, Mrs. W. Appleton, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Parker and Miss Gardner. In Section third, No. 9—Mrs. Frothingham and Mrs. Homer; 10—Mrs. Darracott; 12—Mrs. Ewer and Mrs. Joseph Hale; 28—Mrs. Albert Fearing and Miss Emmons; 29—several pretty Orphan Children; 30—Mrs. Josiah Bradlee and Mrs. Wales; 32—Mrs. Derby. In section fourth, 15—the Misses Prentiss; 17—Miss Pierpont; 19—Mrs. Kendall; 21—Mrs. Beale; 24—Mrs. Wheelwright and Miss Russell; 25—Mrs. Cartwright; 26—Miss Wentworth; and in Section fifth, 22—Mrs. Loring and Mrs. Haughton. We are sorry we cannot also enumerate the names of the ladies of the various towns, who so laudably contributed their works and attendance on the occasion, but we are confident they will exonerate us from any feeling of partiality, solacing their hearts with the sweet reflection, that Charity is ever most beautiful when clothed in the guise of silence. We are happy to hear that the sum collected was *twenty-five thousand dollars*, which will nearly finish the monument.

MR. TASISTRO'S LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.—We attended the first of a series of lectures which this gentleman purposes to give during the coming winter, in New-York. His dissertation upon the writings of the immortal bard, like the generality of such compositions partook more of the character of an elegant eulogy than a critical analysis. This must ever be the tone of Shaksperian lectures, for, to attempt to define the genius of the poet by the trade of a discourse, however ingeniously conceived or admirably delivered, is utterly impossible. That genius embraces such an infinite variety of subjects, such a profound knowledge of the human mind—that nothing but a long acquaintance with, and a careful study of his writings can impart a thorough knowledge of their character. When we reflect that there is hardly a scene in either of his plays but what teems with practical axioms, and domestic wisdom, precepts and doctrines fitted to all classes of society—a fertility of invention unprecedented in any time—a historical acquaintance with almost every age and country, a deep knowledge of the human heart, and all these displayed with the most correct skill, and arrayed in the most consummate phraseology, that there is nothing left undone, or that the appetite of imagination can desire for more—can such creations of the poet be, therefore, properly defined in the short space of a lecture? Their beauties may be pointed out, and excellently illustrated, but as Johnson has, in his criticism on the writings of Shak-

speare, said, that he who tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the peasant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen, so will the same remark be applicable to Shaksperian lecturers. As this, however, is only our opinion, as far as regards the subject matter, it does not, in the least, detract from the excellent quality of Mr. Tasistro's composition. It was conceived with infinite judgment, and clothed in most classical language. It showed a profound acquaintance with his subject, and was deserving of the approbation of every admirer of the poet. His assertion that *Othello is never jealous*, was a proposition, however, that will admit of much argument before it can be received as a truth.

MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.—Our readers will be apt to censure us, for publishing the article of Mozart's Don Giovanni, as original, when it has already appeared in Colburn's New Monthly, for August, and since, in some of the American papers. The fault however, is not with us. The manuscript was placed in our hands as *original*, and as such, introduced into the pages of the Ladies' Companion. When we became aware of the error, we lost no time in apprising the authoress, who immediately forwarded the following note, from which it will be seen, that both, Mrs. Ellet and ourselves, have been deceived by the singular behavior of the London publisher.

"The translator of 'Mozart's Don Giovanni,' owes an explanation to the Editor, and readers, of the Ladies' Companion, to account for the appearance of the same article, as *original*, in Colburn's New Monthly, for August. The story was sent many months ago to the London publisher, not as a contribution to his magazine—but as a specimen of a small volume of similar Tales—which on certain conditions, would be forwarded for publication in the New Monthly. No answer to the communication being received, the writer thought no more of it, and in June last, sent the article in question, with some others, to the Ladies' Companion, not anticipating its appearance in the London magazine. E. F. ELLET."

AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS.—We are not much disposed to devote the pages of the "Ladies' Companion," at any time to remarks upon Mechanical productions, the nature of our work not permitting us to pass beyond the province of polite literature, but in the present instance we are tempted to depart from our accustomed rule and express our admiration at the beautiful display of American ingenuity which we witnessed on a recent visit to the SLENDID CARRIAGE REPOSITORY of F. W. Cremer & Co., in Canal street. The extreme luxury of life appears to be centred here in this species of elegant convenience. The most sumptuous furnishings and appointments being lavished, with an extravagance of taste and beauty on their construction, as almost to make you realize the pictures of fairy romance. The enterprise and skill of the proprietors are in the highest degree deserving of the approbation of the American public for the high perfection to which they have brought this beautiful line of art.

NOTICE.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the year of the Ladies' Companion commences in May or November. All subscriptions expire, either with the April or October number. Persons receiving the first number of a new volume, are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon. It is the duty of every subscriber to give notice at the office, *personally*, or by letter post-paid, if he desire the work stopped, and not to permit it to be forwarded to his address for several months after the year has expired. When a person once causes his name to be registered, it is not for any definite period—but so long as he suffers the work to come in his name, he is answerable for the subscription, (see Judge Thompson and Judge Williams' decisions,) whether it is taken from the post office, or allowed to remain there by the person whose name it bears. No subscription can be transferred without the consent of the office, otherwise the person first subscribing, is held responsible.

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